

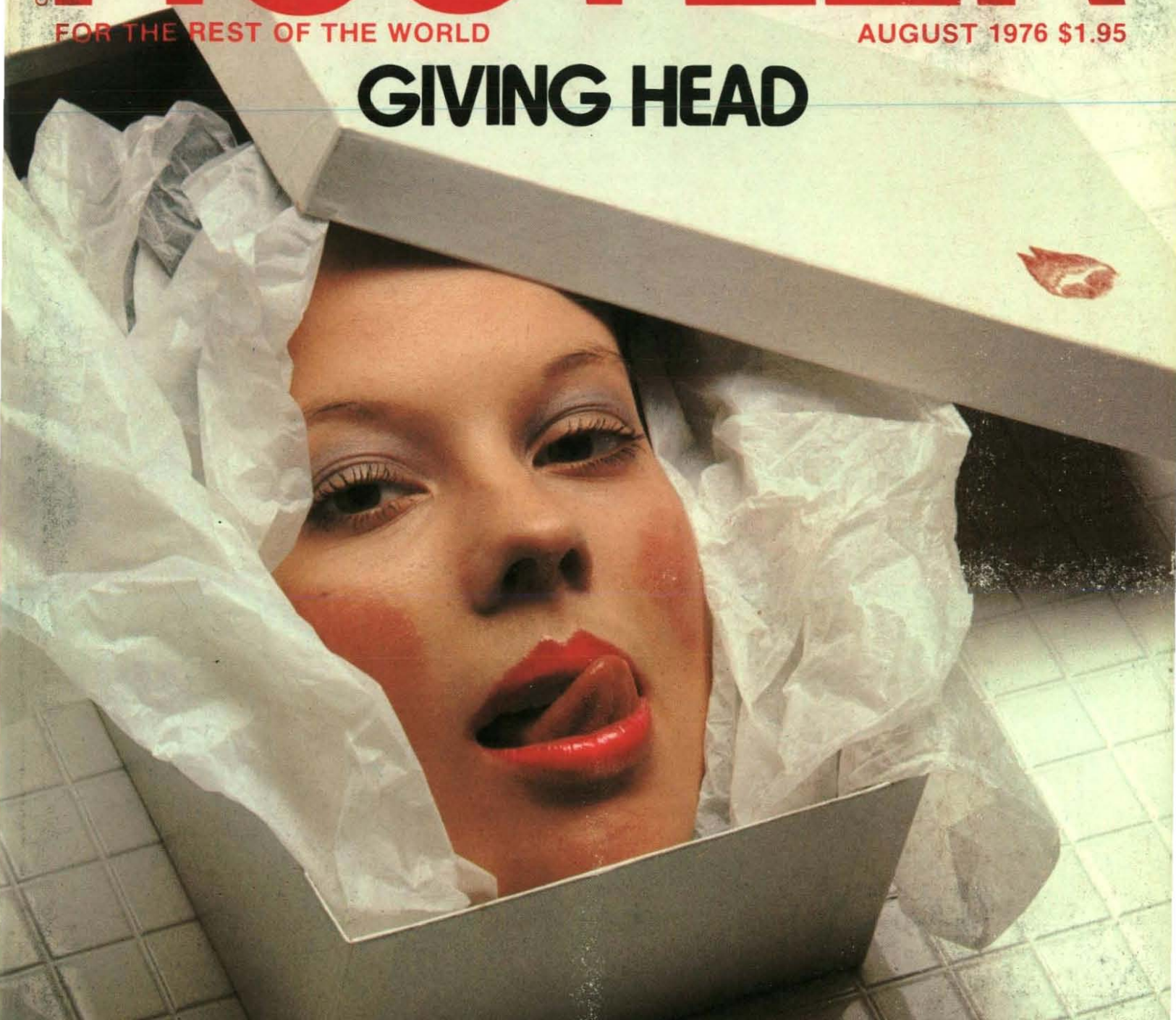
CDC 00085

HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

AUGUST 1976 \$1.95

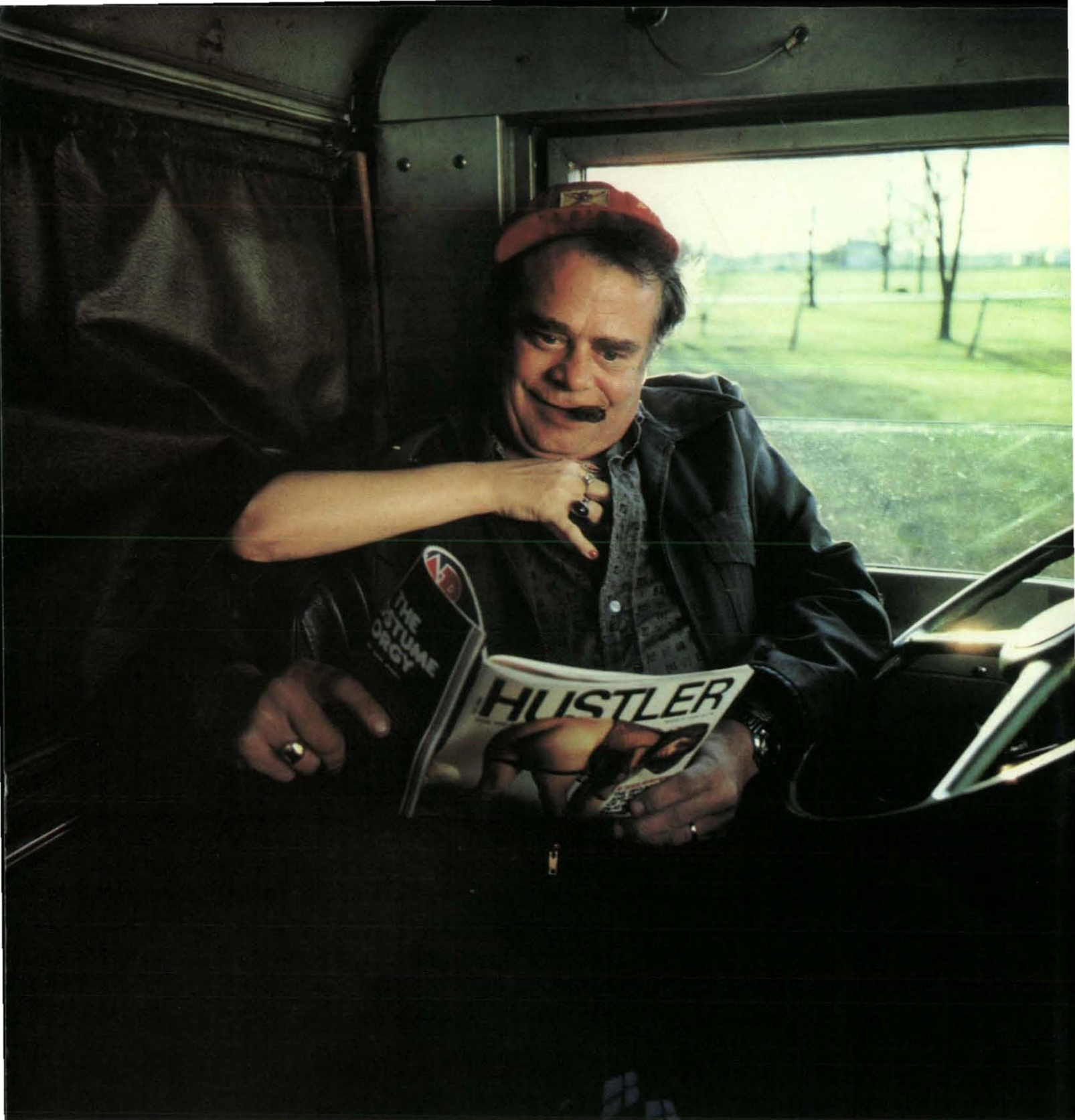
GIVING HEAD



**BROTHER BOB HARRINGTON:
EVANGELIST SPEAKS ON SEX AND SALVATION**

**SEXPLOITATION IN ADVERTISING:
MADISON AVENUE PREYS ON PERVERSITY**

AUSTRALIA \$3.75/BELGIE 160 FRF/DEUTSCHLAND 11 DM/FRANCE 19 NF/ITALY 2900 LIRE/UNITED KINGDOM 2 POUNDS



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS HUSTLER?

A man of the world with no time for frills. He's on a tight schedule, but still finds time for simple pleasures — good food, a beer, a good smoke, congenial company . . . and HUSTLER Magazine. And when he's ready to put the hammer down, HUSTLER is the straight ahead, no B.S. magazine that rides with him. That's a "BIG" ten-four.

HUSTLER MAGAZINE • 40 West Gay Street • Columbus, Ohio 43215 • (614) 464-2070

HUSTLER

5

PUBLISHER'S
STATEMENT

6

FEEDBACK

8

ADVISE & CONSENT

10

BITS & PIECES

Cock Locks and
Hot Pussies.

18

SEX PLAY

Let Them Eat Cock!
by Tuppy Owens

23

BONNIE

Laced with Lust.

28

HUSTLER INTERVIEW:

"CHAPLAIN OF
BOURBON STREET"
BOB HARRINGTON

No Sympathy for the Devil.

36

RHONDA

Freewheeling Frail.

42

MANNY & FAYE

Dead End Trip.

Fiction by M. V. Clayton

47

UNDER THE TABLE

AT TONY'S

Dishing It Out and Taking It.

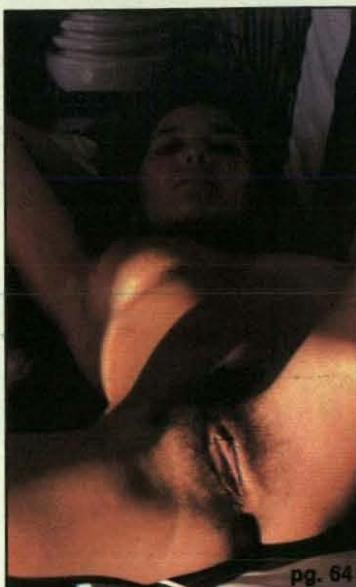
55

SEX BITS

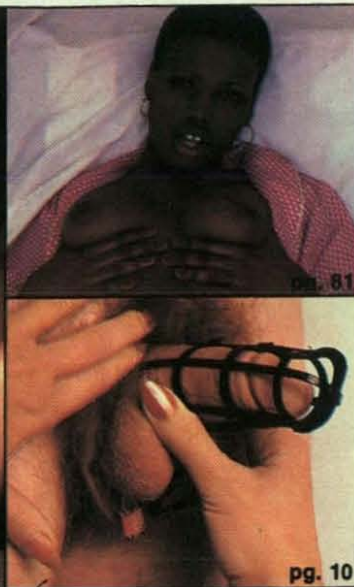
58

SEX IN ADVERTISING

Hard Sells.
by James MacNeill



pg. 64



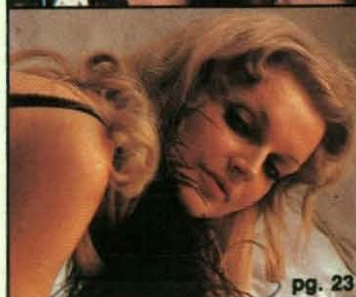
pg. 81



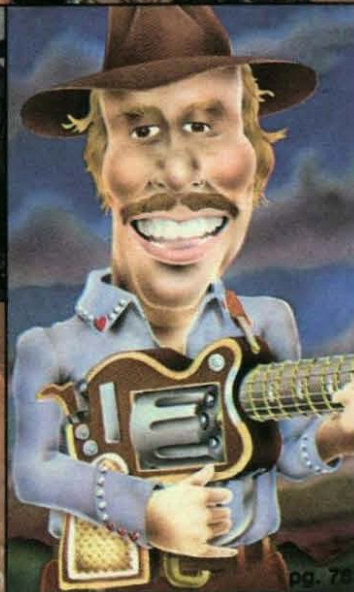
pg. 36



pg. 47



pg. 23



pg. 70

64

CENTERFOLD:
TORRID TINA

74

HUSTLER HUMOR

76

HUSTLER PROFILE:
HANK WILLIAMS, JR.

This Man Ain't Lonesome.
by Michael Bane

81

NAOMI

Pink on the Inside.

88

KINKY KORNER

The World's Greatest Slut.
by David Budd

95

X-RATED REVIEWS

All the Nudes That's
Fit to Print.

100

NANCY KOTEX

Ragtime.

Cartoon Humor by Yossarian

111

HUSTLER'S
BEAVER HUNT

More Neighborhood
Snatchshots.

124

HONEY HOOKER

Honey Becomes an
Athletic Supporter.
by Jim McQuade

129

MAIL-ORDER
FEEDBACK

Consumer Reports for
Cocksman.

AUG. 1976 VOL.3 NO.2

HUSTLER

"FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD"

Larry C. Flynt
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

Jimmy R. Flynt
COPUBLISHER

Althea Leasure
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
& EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Bruce David
MANAGING EDITOR

Bob Flora
ART DIRECTOR

Dwaine Tinsley
HUMOR & CARTOON EDITOR

Eric Loveman
PHOTO EDITOR

Bud Wallace
ARTICLES EDITOR

Mark Baker, Hugh Cavanaugh,
Jim Heinisch
COPY EDITORS

Tim Conaway, Steve Hanley,
Michael Sheeter, Dane Stitts
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Pat Garling, Jeff Smith
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTORS

Marie Stelzer
TALENT COORDINATOR

Melissa Ludvigsen, Pat Ryan,
Steve Wygle
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

Harvey Shapiro
VICE-PRESIDENT OF SALES

Jack Sharp
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Al Van Schaik
VICE-PRESIDENT OF PRODUCTION

Carole Trimble
PUBLIC RELATIONS

Tim Beckley, Boye DeMente,
Carol Rossinow, Tuppy Owens
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

James Baes, Peter Hurd,
Siver Ohlsson, Uwe Ommmer
CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Alex Ebel, Tom Hachmann,
Doug Taylor
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

HUSTLER magazine is published monthly by HUSTLER MAGAZINE, INC., 40 West Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. Copyright © 1976, by HUSTLER MAGAZINE, INC. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights in letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER's** right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between the people and places in fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos, nor words used to describe them, are meant to depict the actual conduct or personalities of the models.

HUSTLER AUGUST 1976 VOL. 3 NO. 2
U. S. subscriptions \$18 for one year. Foreign \$21.

Second-class postage paid at Columbus, Ohio, and at additional mailing offices.

Printed in U. S. A.



Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.



SHOW & TELL

AUGUST IS FOR HEATSTROKES

After last month's ball-busting pace to produce a top-quality Bicentennial issue, the pressure was on again for a repeat. Of course, we're no strangers to pressure here at HUSTLER; we've been playing hardball in the big leagues for over two years now, and the experience has made us as thick-skinned and imperturbable as rhinos. Incidentally, that gang of misfits now includes our new Humor & Cartoon Editor, Dwaine Tinsley. Dwaine is the creator of our **CHESTER THE MOLESTER** cartoon feature, which has been burning up the bluenoses for some time now.

Speaking of heat (and bluenoses), we here at HUSTLER have often been warned by outraged religious fanatics that we're doomed to eternal hellfire for promoting "immorality" (i.e., sex). So, we invited a leading practitioner of fundamentalist theology, Reverend Bob Harrington, the famed "Chaplain of Bourbon Street," to come to Columbus and debate the issue with us in this month's timely **HUSTLER INTERVIEW**. Harrington's stimulating dialogue with Larry Flynt didn't result in any conversions, but Brother Bob would probably be comforted to know that the hard-bitten cynics at HUSTLER spent that evening discussing God and Man (and Woman) at an editorial dinner meeting.

Also in the area of transcendent religious experiences, the staff was up for several days and nights, poring over the detailed revelations of Britain's noted sexologist/cocksucker, Tuppy Owens, on **HOW TO GIVE BETTER HEAD**, written especially for our female readers.

The staffers had already spent countless hours editing the photos for our **UNDER THE TABLE AT TONY'S** fantasy spread on page 47, in which an uninhibited couple eat (each other) out for lunch. Apparently, they hoped Tuppy's article could give their girlfriends some pointers on how to gobble a lunchtime tube steak.

If you haven't guessed by now, the staff is always looking for sex. One of the places they've spotted sexual shenanigans is in the supposedly conservative advertisements of major magazines. In this month's article, **SEX IN ADVERTISING**, by James MacNeill, it is shown that while Madison Avenue frowns on HUSTLER's open sexual stance, the ad boys sneakily use sexual imagery themselves to get readers excited about the products they're pimping for. It's another honest HUSTLER expose.

That's what HUSTLER is all about: honesty, excitement, and sex. I think you'll find all three in August's steamy issue. Good reading to you.

Althea Leasure

Associate Publisher
and Executive Editor

CHIC

Two years ago, HUSTLER was an idea and an ideal whose time had come. It has enjoyed a success unequalled in publishing history because it provided realistic eroticism in a format of honesty and irreverence. In those two short years, we have established a circulation of three million, with an estimated total readership of 15 million for every issue. The overwhelming positive response and support of the American public to HUSTLER have enabled me to finance the launching of a new men's magazine—CHIC.

To my way of thinking, reading erotic magazines is like fucking: Everyone likes to do it more than once a month. The crossover readership of men's magazines is incredible; everybody picks up more than one. The competition is fierce, especially since an extremely successful product such as HUSTLER creates room for competitive magazines. There are and will be many publications that try to fill that space by copying HUSTLER. For them, an imitation of success is sufficient. It's not enough for me. I want even my competition to be the best possible, so I'm creating my own.

I have spent the last six months assembling the staff for CHIC, whose offices will be in Los Angeles. I have hired the best photographic, art and editorial talent available in this country as well as in Europe: Jean-Louis Ginibre, the editorial director, has been editor of *Jazz* magazine, coeditor of *Cahiers du Cinema* and editor-in-chief of *Lui* in France; he also started *Oui* magazine in America as a coeditor.

Knowing Jean-Louis as I do, I am giving him the freedom at CHIC to create the quality product that *Oui* promised but never delivered.

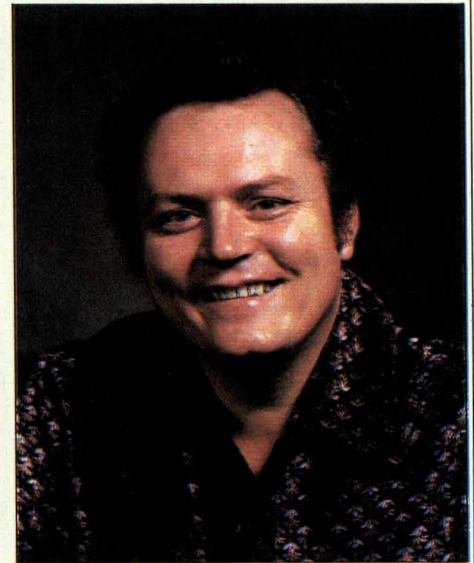
James Baes, photo director, has been a photographer for *Cinema* and *Oui* in America, *Playmen* in Italy, *Stern* in Germany and *Lui* and *Playboy* in France.

Art director Mike Salisbury formerly directed *Rolling Stone*, *West* and *City* magazines and was creative director for United Artists Records. Mike has also been a contributor to *Twen* in Germany, *Nova* and the London *Sunday Times* in England, *Lui* in France, and *Playboy*, *Esquire*, *Vogue* and *Surfer* in America.

John Lombardi, the editor, has been associate editor at *Rolling Stone* and *Esquire*, articles editor of *Oui* and a contributor to *Philadelphia*, *New York*, *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, the *Village Voice* and numerous newspapers in America and England.

Jon Carroll, contributing editor, has been the assistant managing editor of *Rolling Stone*, managing editor of *Rags* and *West*, coeditor of *Oui* and West Coast editor of the *Village Voice*.

My responsibility as publisher is to put the right people together under the right conditions to produce the best possible publication. And I feel that this is one of the most creative groups of editorial personnel ever assembled. They have the potential to develop a refreshingly dynamic magazine. CHIC will not attempt to mimic HUSTLER. Striking out in new directions, CHIC will be a highly erotic, unpredictable and



cross-cultural publication that will not only reflect the mood of the late '70s but set the pace for the '80s as well.

Don't worry: My heart will always belong to HUSTLER. The interest and money I am investing in CHIC are meant to insure that HUSTLER has worthy competition. I believe that CHIC will deserve and receive the same support you have given to HUSTLER. CHIC is now scheduled to hit the newsstands in September. However, if you would like to see it sooner, you can subscribe at the rate of \$18 per year. Send your order to CHIC, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Of course, there will be open cunt in CHIC: It's a Larry Flynt publication.

A stylized, handwritten signature of Larry Flynt in black ink.

Editor and Publisher

Feedback

HAIRBRAINED "EXPERIENCE"

For shame. Your pictorial entitled "Ms. Kojak" ("Hairless Experience") in your June 1976 issue turns out to be a rip-off. From the sour expression on your model's face, it is doubtful anyone would ever want to try this exciting hairless style. She looks like one of the collaborators in France after the fall of Paris, which I am sure did not do much to advance the "bald look." Not only have you used a blah model, but you gave us black-and-white prints. I would assume that this is the photographer's way of setting off her alabaster look, but I think your readers would really have preferred the natural skin tones of her bald head.

I certainly do hope that girls shaving their heads to match their bare beavers becomes the newest fad. This is quite exciting to someone with sadomasochistic inclinations. So far you have not disappointed your readers with your shaved splits, but the blah layout of "Ms. Kojak" leaves a lot to be desired.

"Disappointed"
New Haven, Connecticut

We're sorry we disappointed you. We felt that it would be paradoxical to show the model reacting to such an experience with a shit-eating grin. But bear with us, and you might see a replay of this subject with a treatment more to your liking.

"HILLBILLY SLIME BALL?"

Where the hell do you get the gall to associate your shitty magazine with such high-flown phrases as "freedom of expression" as you did in your June 1976 *Publisher's Statement* ("A Court with No Appeal")? Why the hell don't you call a spade a spade? (I hope your liberal nigger friends will excuse the intended pun.)

Freedoms of the press and expression, indeed! You pansy-assed liberals have been screaming this tripe ever since the Jew, Ralph Ginzburg, tested the liberal courts.

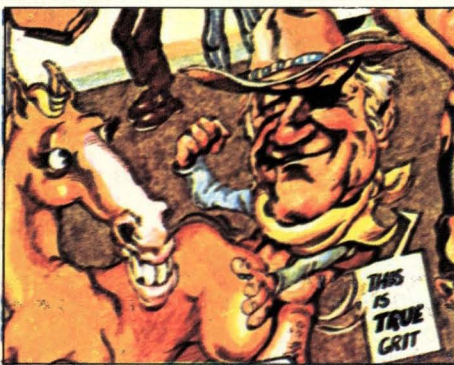
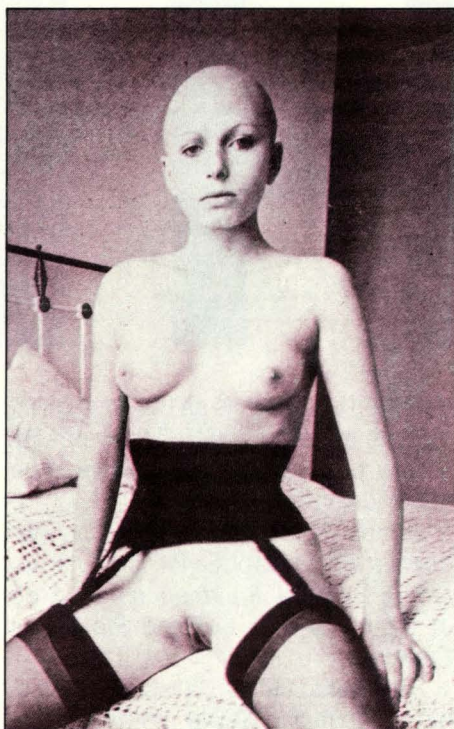
First Amendment MY ASS! Call yourself a porn peddler as you did on the *Tomorrow* TV program, Flynt. You are no more than a slime ball cashing in on pervers and degenerate appetites, and the appalling thing is that you hide behind the First Amendment.

Sorry you feel the way you do about Nixon, but I am sure he isn't worried what you knee-jerk liberals think about him, you hillbilly! You probably have decided that I am a redneck, tobacco-chewing hillbilly. Wrong! Just come off the First Amendment bullshit.

This country is slowly but definitely moving out of the liberal phase that was the curse of the Kennedy years. Those two dangerous men, John and Robert Kennedy, as William Kuntzler said, did more harm to the nation than anyone since Hitler. I don't see any put-downs about JFK and his alleged sexual escapades in your magazine. Why not? Or have you canonized this creep?

James Hill
Nelsonville, Ohio

The dangerous men are the ones who want to



take away freedoms and place the country in the hands of power-crazed politicians—men like Nixon and his cohorts. If a U. S. president has a taste for an occasional piece of strange pussy, as JFK did, we don't mind, but when scumbags subvert our basic freedoms, as Nixon and his Supreme Court did, it makes us work that much harder to see that our rights are fully preserved.

—Larry Flynt

HORSING AROUND WITH DUKE

Fuck you! You can gripe about preachers all you want. You can criticize the government all you want. You can even downgrade America all you want. But how dare you print such horrible filth about John Wayne as in "Orgy of the Stars" in the June 1976 issue! Wayne was depicted screwing his horse. Is nothing sacred? Could I have your autograph to add to my "Scum of the Earth" collection?

George Kenny
Morgan City, Louisiana

No, no one is safe from our irreverent barbs, not even myself. I was pictured balling a newsboy at the beginning of the "Orgy of the Stars" feature. You can have my autograph any time you want. All you have to do is cut it out of the Publisher's Statement.

—Larry Flynt

WELLES'S SPREAD BEAVER

Just writing to tell you that you're doing a great job. Your magazine is the best. I love your girls, I dig your format, I love the beavers. I go bananas over your humor, I love the shaved beavers, I think your editorial policy is great, and I love the beavers.

I was fascinated with the picture of Jennifer Welles (*X-Rated Reviews*, *Honey Pie*) in your May 1976 issue. Could we see more of her? She's my ideal of the perfect woman. How about a full spread on her along with some information on her?

I can hardly wait to see the movie *Honey Pie*, even if I have to travel out of state to do it. There must be thousands who feel like me about Jennifer Welles, so see what you can do for us.

Mike Oprian
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Your letter is typical of the favorable responses X-Rated Reviews has been receiving, and we'll continue to expose the turn-on antics of sex stars in that section. We are considering a photo spread of a number of porno personalities and will be working to open up the possibilities. But we were wondering: What do you think of the beavers in HUSTLER?

FLOGGING NAVY LOGS

Being sailors on a U. S. guided missile destroyer (DDG) currently deployed in the Mediterranean, we were elated when we received the first issue of our subscription to HUSTLER after a long

(continued on page 21)

**GET
YOUR
HANDS
ON
THESE!**



BACK ISSUES

We still have a limited supply of most back issues (April, May, and July '75 are sold out) ... SO ORDER NOW. Just fill out the coupon, or call in your credit card order TODAY!

Send To: **HUSTLER MAGAZINE**
P. O. Box 2204 0876
Columbus, Ohio 43216

I have checked _____ issues at \$2.25 each,

and _____ Aug. '75 (Jackie O. Nude Photos Issue) at \$5 each,

PLEASE PRINT

totaling \$_____

Add 50¢ per order for postage and handling.

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order. (Cash not accepted) Or, charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (M.C. Only) _____

Signature _____ Expiration Date _____

ORDER NOW BY PHONE — USE OUR
TOLL-FREE HOTLINE! Call 1-800-848-9107
(in Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> JUL '74 | <input type="checkbox"/> SEP '75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AUG '74 | <input type="checkbox"/> OCT '75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SEP '74 | <input type="checkbox"/> NOV '75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> OCT '74 | <input type="checkbox"/> DEC '75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NOV '74 | <input type="checkbox"/> JAN '76 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DEC '74 | <input type="checkbox"/> FEB '76 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JAN '75 | <input type="checkbox"/> MAR '76 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FEB '75 | <input type="checkbox"/> APR '76 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAR '75 | <input type="checkbox"/> MAY '76 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JUN '75 | <input type="checkbox"/> JUN '76 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AUG '75 (\$5) | <input type="checkbox"/> JUL '76 |

Advise & Consent

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups, or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write to us. Direct all letters to: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Like many men, I have a problem with premature ejaculation. I've read a lot of magazines and tried a lot of things, but nothing has helped. All I do now is oral sex because if I try to have intercourse I come as soon as I get it in, which is more discouraging to me than it is to my girlfriend. I'm willing to try anything. I would like to know everything about it. I hope you can help me.

Conrad Smith
Warren, Michigan

Nobody can claim to know everything about something as mysterious as sex, but HUSTLER can give you some advice on techniques that will help. First of all, don't wait until you're in bed, just at the point of lovemaking, to try to solve your problem. You should think beyond that. Masturbating once a day can be very helpful. Through regular self-manipulation, you may be able to gain more control if you practice holding back your orgasm longer each time. Another measure you can take is to wear tight underwear and

trousers that keep your testicles warm and snug by holding them close to your body. Over a period of time, this will tend to slow the production of sperm, enabling you to fuck for longer periods of time before ejaculating.

During lovemaking, try a procedure that has proven successful for many men who share your problem. As soon as you enter your girlfriend's vagina, reach behind your back and push your testicles firmly forward with your hand until they are pressing against your woman's body. The pressure should be quite firm but not to the point of pain. Hold yourself in this manner until the sensation of having to come passes. Don't be discouraged if this method fails the first time you try it. Patience and perseverance are definitely called for here. Meanwhile, you are very fortunate to have a girlfriend who remains undisturbed by your problem—you must be great at oral sex!

I have a problem with the girl I've been going out with for three years. We have sex often and do just about everything except fuck. Every time we fool around, I try to get into her, but she won't let me. She says that she wants to marry me first, but I don't want to get married. I would like to hear any advice you have to offer on how I can get into her.

Bill
Boston, Massachusetts

There are plenty of girls who are not only willing but eager to be initiated into the rites of love. Why

hang yourself up, mooning over this girl? She'll be ready sooner or later, and by that time you'll have had some practice with other young ladies and should be able to show her a better time.

I've always worn snug-fitting trousers and tailored shirts. Now my girlfriend says that she would be turned on if I left my tight undershorts at home and let my large, soft cock bulge down my left trouser leg. I've always worn my cock so that it doesn't show. We've agreed to wait for your opinion of what she claims to be the newest style of dress for men. She has bombarded me with articles from women's magazines with titles like "The Emergence of the Male Bustline" (conspicuous cock), "King of the Bulge," etc. One article even predicted the return of the codpiece, in which a guy's cock and balls hang outside in a pouch for everyone to see. While I have no doubt that the stares from other girls turn her on, I'm not ready to let it all hang out. What do you suggest?

S. T.
Stockbridge, Massachusetts

Crotch-watching is another sign of the new trend among liberated women to focus the spotlight away from themselves and onto men. Your girlfriend is getting her inspiration from the new women's magazines that feature nude, sexy men, and we think it's great!

Being a sex object takes some getting used to, however, and we can understand your reluctance to show your stuff. Besides, your boss may think it's a little weird, and the people you work with may take offense at obvious bulges or even get the wrong idea. Therefore, our suggestion is that when you're going to visit or spend time with your girlfriend, leave your shorts at home and let her get her kicks. The rest of the time, do what's physically and mentally comfortable for you, and keep your bulge to yourself.

My problem is that my body is extremely hairy. Often when I meet a new girl, she gets turned off as soon as she sees how much body hair I have. Once or twice I have had women who liked my pelt, but usually they don't. I'm really covered with it: thick, dark hair over my entire body. I think it feels nice and soft, but I guess it doesn't look too good when I'm naked. Do you think I should try to remove it? What would be the best way to do it?

Neal Walker
Providence, Rhode Island

No doubt you go to the barber to have your hair cut to make yourself more attractive. If you are so fussy that women can't stand it, removing some of your body hair may, in fact, improve your sex life. Shaving body hair is a bad idea since it will only make the hair grow back stubbly and tougher. You should consider electrolysis. This procedure, using electric needles to deaden hair roots, is very effective, but it can be expensive.

Another idea is to try a new device called Depilatron, which is now being sold in this coun-
(continued on page 118)



"I can't help it, Tony. Just the sight of little curly hairs drives me bananas."

from Woodley Herber:

2 BRAND NEW ANCIENT IDEAS FOR LOVERS...

...and they're LEGAL!

Sensuous, exciting herbal blends that you smoke like marijuana, or mix with your stash. VOLUPTÉ* is a secret mixture of herbs used as aphrodisiacs for centuries, including rare Ginseng root from China, plus Damiana, Verbascum Flowers and 7 more. FIORD* contains African Yohimbe Bark, one of the most powerful herbs ever discovered. Smoke a joint with your lover... and feel your bodies smile at each other.



FIORD — contains African Yohimbe Bark, Eucalyptus, Mullein, Millefolium, Spearmint, Hyssop, High Angelica, Blessed Thistle, Wormwood, Lycopodium Selago. \$4.95 per lid.

VOLUPTÉ — with Ginseng Root, Damiana, Yarrow, Verbascum Flowers, Blue Pimpernil, Humulus Eupus, Angelica, Echinacea, Lobelia, Star Arise. \$5.95 per lid.

CAUTION: Avoid driving or operating heavy equipment for 4 hours after smoking these products.
"Woodley Herber," "Volupte" and "Fiord" are trademarks of The Woodley Herber Company.

ORDER NOW BY PHONE — USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Send to:
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

0876
I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER
Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

Please send:

Date _____

____ Lids of **FIORD** (#2501)
at \$4.95 ea. \$ _____
____ Lids of **VOLUPTÉ** (#2502)
at \$5.95 ea. \$ _____

SUBTOTAL	\$ _____
Ohio Res. add	_____
4% Sales Tax	_____
Postage & Handling	1.00
TOTAL	_____

PLEASE PRINT:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Cash not accepted)
Or charge to my ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____ Expiration Date _____

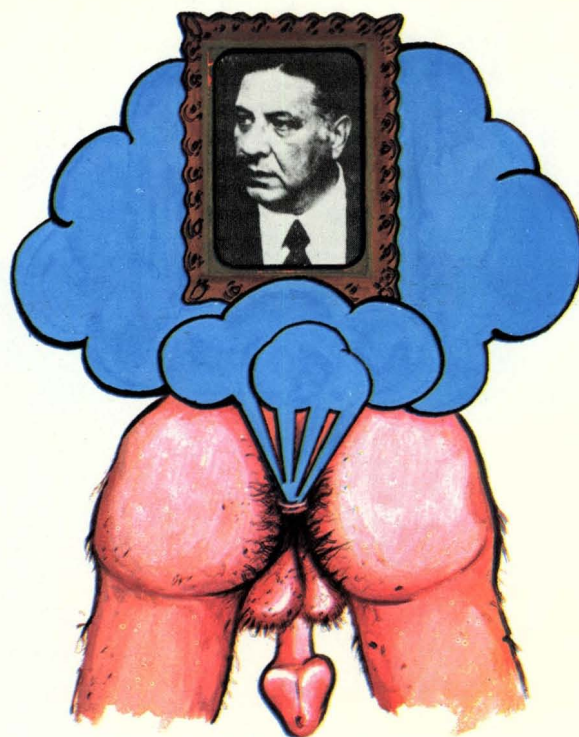
(Foreign Orders add \$2.00)

Bits & Pieces

OOPS, POP, YOU FORGOT SOMETHING

Did you ever get the feeling you left something behind? The dumb cunt pounding on your door starts screaming that you knocked her up. Then you recognize her as the broad in whose bed you found yourself one hung-

over morning—and then it hits you. The image of that rubber you forgot in your drunkenness has come back to haunt you. You've fucked your way into the chains of wedlock with some chick named Linda. Or is it Sue?



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Frank L. Rizzo, the mayor and former police chief of Philadelphia, has more than earned his smelly place in HUSTLER's "Brown Eye" this month. The mayor has always handled his official duties with all the dignity and restraint of a baboon jacking off in front of little old ladies at the zoo. But recently this fat, spittoon-breathed punk tried to wipe his stinking ass on the U.S. Bill of Rights by reputedly allowing (if not encouraging) his knuckle-dragging, putative followers to physically attack a major paper.

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* had printed a satire of Rizzo's feeble-minded public utterances, and after the mayor read the piece he flew into a gibbering, Donald-Duck-with-his-cock-caught-in-his-zipper rage. He publicly denounced the offending article as "treason," apparently having taken upon himself the role of King of Philadelphia. At this point, Rizzo hit the *Inquirer* with a \$6 million libel suit, and a posse of strong-arm men, allegedly friendly to the mayor,

descended upon the *Inquirer's* offices.

The goons claimed to be protesting a different *Inquirer* article that had appeared more than a week before. According to local news media that witnessed the scene, they roughed up and threatened newspaper employees as city cops on the scene watched happily, stepping in only to warn the journalists against trying to defend themselves. The cops were from the same department that "Ratso" Rizzo ran before becoming mayor.

Rizzo has long been suspected of being a hysterical wimp. It's alleged that several reporters have actually found themselves being slapped around after crossing him. But now there has been an outright, daylight attack on freedom of the press in Rizzo's city.

And Rizzo's city is Philadelphia, where, you'll remember, 200 years ago some brave men kicked King George III square in the balls for the same kind of horseshit. It can happen again, Ratso!

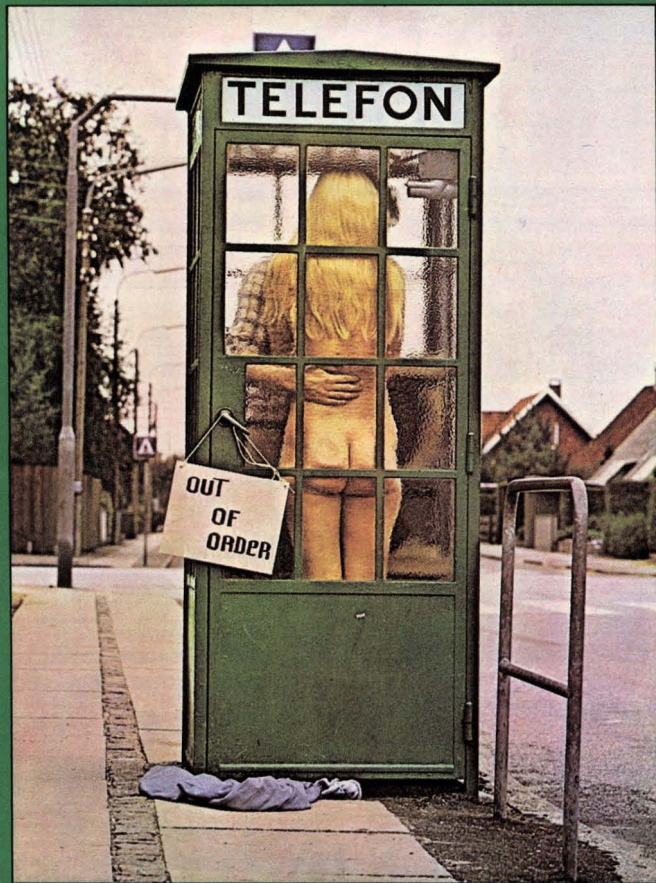


OBSCENE PHONEBALL

A few years ago, the monopolistic mothers at Bell Telephone devised an advertising campaign that used foreign celebrities to tell about the advantages of America. The reasons these glory hounds admired this country ranged from the availability of multi-colored condoms to the wide spectrum of cures for the clap, but one comment was how much they liked our phone

system. If you've been to a foreign country, you'll know why this statement rings true.

As this poster reveals, phone service in other countries is so shitty you have time to knock off a quickie while you're waiting for your call. It appears that the cops don't mind, either. After all, they have to put up with the same lousy service. It would be nice to be able to fuck in the privacy of a phone booth if the urge hit you. Hell, we've been pissing in them for years.



PLASTIC FANTASTIC LOVER

If you could never figure out why the lady of the house has kept that ugly plastic fruit on the table all these years, we think you'll be surprised at what HUSTLER's private dick has discovered. He's found undeniable evidence that some of those fruit baskets do more than simply decorate—they conceal dildos as well!

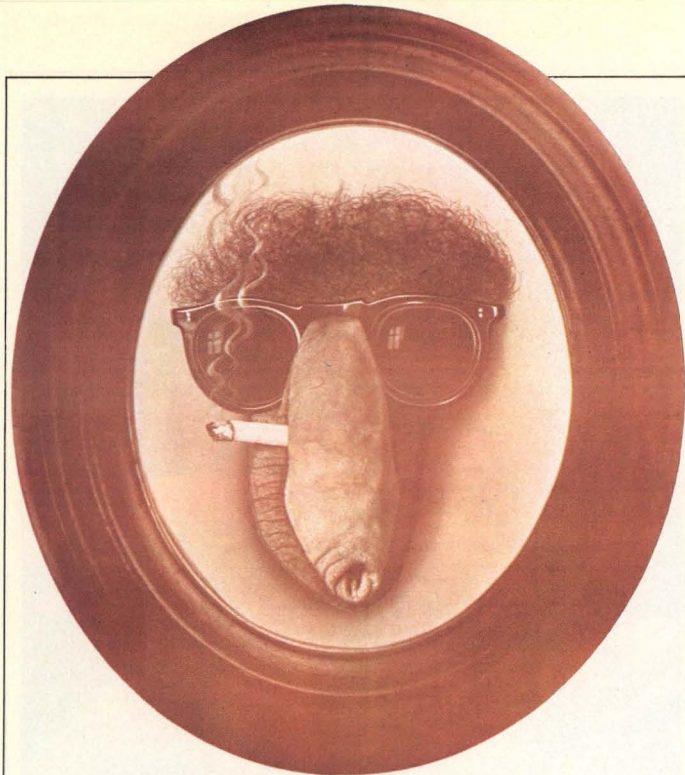
Keep an eye on that piece of fruit your wife is peeling. You might see it do a disappearing act up her cunt! This could hardly break up a marriage, but if you see giant bananas in the centerpiece, you'd better take the matter in hand.

THE GALLOP POLE

One of our readers sent us this snapshot of temple sculptures from Khjaraho, India. The ancient sculptor may not have known art, but he did know what he liked. In this case, the master's piece turned out to be a Three Stooges tableau on filly fucking. Of the three figures seen here, it'd be tough to pick the one in the most hazardous position.

Take the dude waving his cock in the horsie's face. All the beast has to do is to mistake pubes for sage grass and this guy's in big trouble. Then there's the sportsman nailing old Nubbins in the ass. Not only is he in jeopardy of a place kick, but the hostile citizen behind him (probably the horse's jealous boyfriend) is fixing to sail that two-by-four squarely up the offender's ass. That's what we call riding tall in the saddle. Yippy-ty-yo!





HE AIN'T JEWISH

If you've ever wanted to rob a bank and not get caught, do it stark naked, and nobody will recognize you. For double protection, shove your gun in a horny-looking teller's face. Who knows? Along with the cash, she might even throw her phone number into the bag. Imagine the police trying to get a description out of her.

"What color was the robber's hair?"

"Black and curly."

"Was he Italian?"

"Maybe, but he sure wasn't Jewish."

"What color were his eyes?"

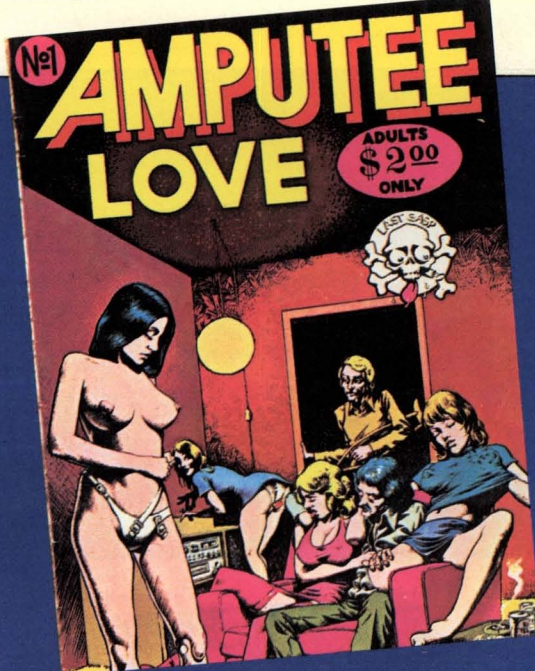
"He had only one eye."

"How tall was he?"

"Well, he wasn't standing straight up."

"Do you have anything else to say?"

"Yeah. When's the next robbery?"



DISARMING SMUT

Amputee fetishism is on the rise, as is indicated by the new literature coming out on this subject. The comic book *Amputee Love*, supposedly written by a double amputee and illustrated by her husband, is a good example of this craze. The story concerns two female amputees who arrange parties for other amputees and for people who get their rocks off by doing weird things with stumps. For example, one man says to the amputee he's making it with, "Roll

over, chickie, that little stubbie feels so good that I wanna lick it 'n' see if it tastes that good, too."

The drawings illustrating the action are crude, but they vividly depict all sorts of strange sexual acts performed by amputees and their lovers.

If this form of eroticism doesn't unhinge your joints, *Amputee Love* could be the brace you've been looking for. You'd better hurry, though; this lamebrained craze may be on its last legs.

"I COULD DO THAT BACKWARD!"

The ultimate twist on any feat of daring is to perform the stunt backward. Consider that extra jolt your favorite lady often experiences when you flip her over and surprise her soft little ass.

Motorcyclist Roger Riddell aims to extend the gimmick of backward daredevilry to the sport of stunt motorcycling. This particular shot shows Riddell, who calls himself "Mr. Backwards," setting a world record by jumping backward over five cars at the Akron, Ohio, Coliseum. In fact, Riddell claims that any stunt that Evel Knievel can perform forward, he can do backward.

We can admire Riddell's



brashness and his HUSTLER-style ambition, but we'd hate to be his insurance agent. Let us

know what the Snake River Canyon looks like backward, Rog.

SHORT STROKES

House Armed Services Committee chairman, F. Edward Hebert, gets the nod for the best verbal counterpunching recently heard in the U.S. House of Representatives. When an amendment to a defense bill that had been offered by Colorado congresswoman Pat Schroeder was defeated by a margin of 25 to one, the indignant female legislator bawled at her male colleagues, "The only reason my amendment failed is because I've got a vagina."

"Well," replied Hebert, "if you'd been using your vagina instead of your mouth, maybe you would have gotten more votes."

HE'S FUNNY THAT WAY

An Illinois reader has been on our case lately as a result of the "Half-Man Half-Woman" transsexual photo feature that appeared in HUSTLER in our February, 1976, issue. Why, he/she asked, did we go out of



the country to "find a beauty, when there are so many of them here." He included this self-portrait as "proof."

Frankly, this reader's claim that there are lots of hermaphrodites in America gives us the willies. The hot pussy market is tight enough right now without our having to pinch all the fresh tomatoes we talk to in order to make sure that they're the real McCoy. If they aren't fresh—hell, if they aren't *tomatoes*—we're out of business.

To add insult to injury, look at the schlong on this "sweet" young thing. You'd think if he didn't want it, he could damn well give it to some more deserving 'character. On second thought, that's probably just what he does. There's no frigging justice in this grimy world.



"PARDON ME, BUT DOES ANYONE KNOW THE WAY TO THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION?"

HUSTLER'S 10 MOST-WANTED LIST

HUSTLER's irrepressible editor and publisher, Larry Flynt, sometime this month will flash his disarming down-home grin while posing atop a pile of one million crisp dollar bills. The money represents some of the fruits of HUSTLER's phenomenally successful first two years, and, in typical Flynt fashion, our fearless leader plans on returning the bread to you readers by using it to develop an editorial project so bold, so unprecedented, and so much of a turn-on that it will keep heads shaking in rueful envy at the Playboy Building until Barbi Benton gets her virginity back.

With this photo as proof of his proposal, Flynt is still offering that million-dollar pile of pesetas to any of the world-famous lovelies on the follow-

ing "10 Most-Wanted List" who agree to pose nude in HUSTLER's inimitable "open pussy" style. The HUSTLER "10 Most-Wanted List" includes those celebrated beauties whose gashes you, the readers, would most like to gaze upon, according to voluminous reader requests, informal surveys, and our own average-Joe peter meters.

The envelope, please. The winners are:

Patty Hearst
Raquel Welch
Barbara Walters
Caroline Kennedy
Julie Nixon Eisenhower
Susan Ford
Sally Struthers
Mary Tyler Moore
Gloria Steinem
Cher Bono Allman



COCK-LOCK

Is this the women's libbers' idea of a bad joke? This "Male Chastity Belt" was doubtlessly developed by a jealous bitch who wanted to muzzle her cockhound husband's manhood to prevent him from chasing pussy.

Of course, the renegade blacksmith who forged this prick padlock justified it with the same old bullshit excuse that all the condom manu-

facturers use: "Sold for the prevention of disease only."

The idea apparently being that you can't spread syph if your clap is in irons and your chancres are shackled.

Maybe so, but that's cold comfort to a manacled male who can only sit and contemplate can openers, blow-torches, and blasting caps as he waits for the girl who holds the key to his hard.

SHOP TALK

As every woman who's passed by a construction site can tell you, America's workers are full-time pussy chasers. A look at the average hard hat's slang gives us a hint as to why his libido is pumping like a diesel all day. You'd be horny, too, if you spent the day handling "horse's cocks" (wire pullers), "sill cocks" (hose faucets), "tits" (pipe caps), "nipples"

(short lengths of pipe), "pecker heads" (splice boxes), and "hickies" (pipe benders).

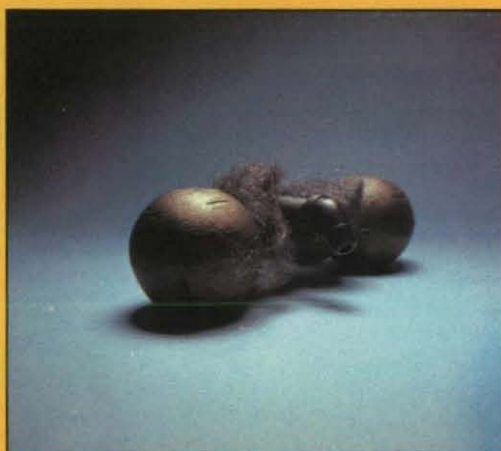
Inspired by this imaginative nomenclature, ace shutterbug Thomas Orlowski decided to scrap the usual ideas about pipe and provide a new twist to the sexual imagery of construction materials in a photo essay called "Sexual Nuts and Bolts." Orlowski shows that,

like their human counterparts, these ballsy tools must undergo the inevitable crises of "circumcision" and "masturbation" in order to finally experience the "ultimate blow-job" or "socketing" it to a female plug.

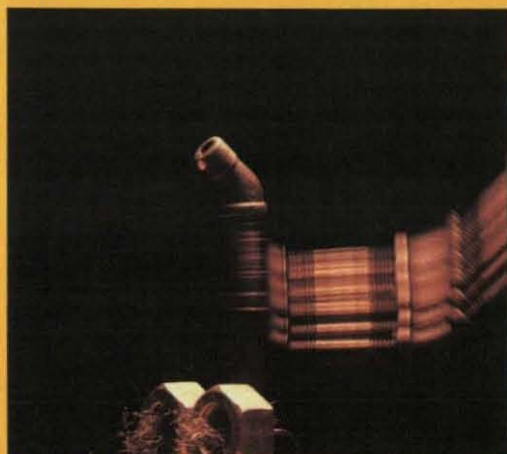
So, the next time your own woman is ready to handle a horny man, just have her ream your pipes.



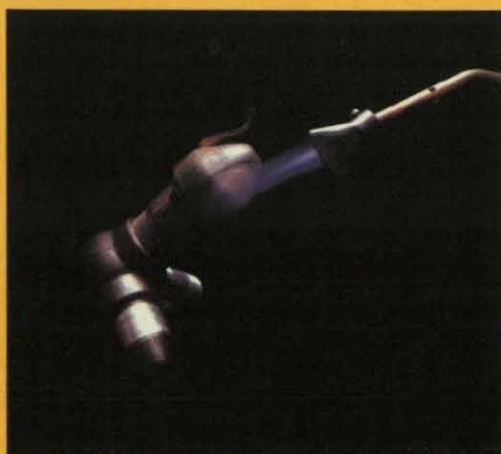
CIRCUMCISION



BLUE BALLS



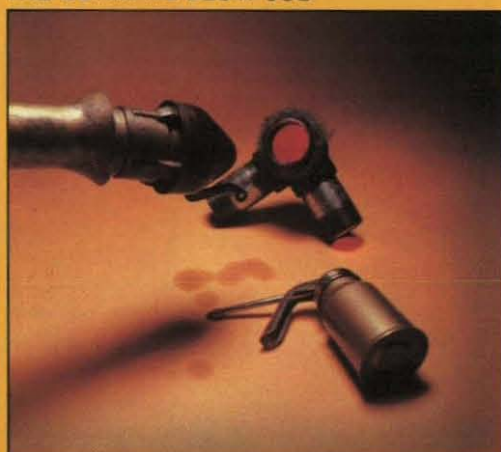
MASTURBATION



THE ULTIMATE BLOW-JOB



SOCKET TO ME



THE BORDELLO-TYPE LAY



HUMP-TY DUMPTIES

These two pregnant babes' bulging bellies have been bouncing around Berkeley, California, and other Bay Area locations as part of the "Free Store Theatre Company." This theatrical group, under the direction of 69-year-old Vito Paulekas, evolved out of a dance class at Sonoma State College. "Free Store" puts on a contemporary vaudeville show that claims to be in the tradition of the strolling players of the Renaissance.

However, if the above picture is any indication, these ladies weren't strolling when they were playing. If this sort of audience participation is part of the act, it's no wonder "Free Store" can draw a crowd of a thousand people on a Sunday afternoon in Golden Gate Park.

The troupe's theme song is titled "Whatever You Want to Know, You're Going to Find It at the Free Store." Somebody obviously found what he was looking for, but it looks more like a contemporary rendition of "I Left My Wad in San Francisco."

WINE BY COCKLIGHT

One traditionally effective way to loosen up a tight cunt has always been to invite her over to your house for an evening of music and wine. The folks at the Pleasure Chest, 248 E. 50th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, were hip to this fact when they de-

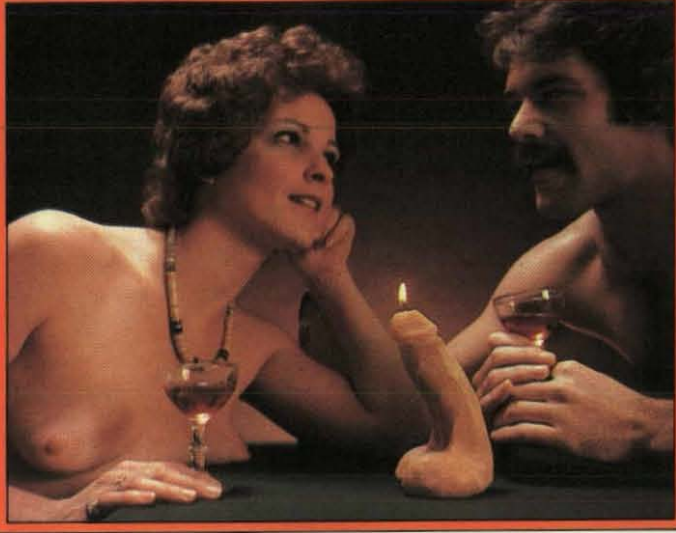
signed the cock candle seen here. Imagine your date trying to keep her eyes off the flame as it flickers at the end of your hard-on candle. If that doesn't start visions of sugarplums dancing in her head, then she probably isn't worth the \$1.98

you invested in that bottle of Ripple.

The cock candle has a dual purpose. Not only does it have the power of suggestion, it can also serve as a dildo in the event that drinking copious quantities of wine leaves your

cock as soft and squishy as cottage cheese.

If you have one of these flickering dicks, be sure to pay heed to the wise words of the Christopher Society: "It is better to light one little candle than to curse the darkness."



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



STICK IT UP YER ASS

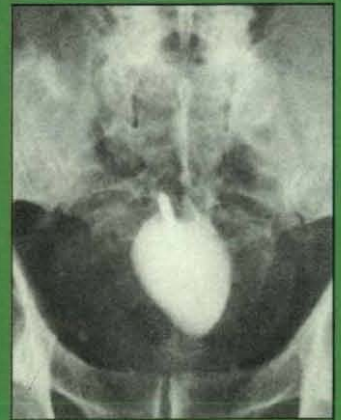
These are X-ray pictures of a Coke bottle, a steel rod, and a stone trowel blade that were actually found in various persons' rectums. They are only a few examples of the incredible objects that have been surgically removed from people who have had their heads (or something) up their asses, according to a detailed article in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*.

The medical journal documented some of the more "bizarre but true" cases of bung-hole plugging. One doctor found 1,874 cherry pits up a patient's anus. Another physician reported removing two soft-drink bottles from some asshole who'd inserted them in tandem. This idiot probably believed that bullshit about Coke being the real thing.

Other weird-ass objects that have required surgical removal from people's shit pits include: broom handles, light bulbs, chicken bones, steer horns, and dental plates. Don't feel sorry for the man with dentures stuck up his ass. Just think about the poor fool who lost them—he probably won't ever be able to eat anything harder than soft shit again. Come to think of it, that's probably what he was doing in the first place.

The grand prize for stupidity must go to the dolt who "inserted a roll of heavy paper into his anal cavity, put in a firecracker, lit it, and blew out the anterior wall of his rectum." This shithead probably thought he had discovered a cure for his hemorrhoids.

Believe them or not, these cases are all true. They just prove, once again, that sometimes man can be his own worst enema.



PUSSY PATROL

We sent our gnomelike photo editor, Eric Loveman, out to get some pussy photos (hoping he would take as long to do this as he does to edit photos, which is forever), and it appears he took us literally. Either Eric was as desperate as the dog in the picture, or he

has a furry feline fetish that fogs up his lens. Possibly this is an indication of the deep-seated kinkiness lurking behind Eric's self-effacing, Uriah Heep facade. But then, having to edit 500 shots of J. Aphrodite is enough to twist anybody's head.

Anyway, after Eric returned with these shots (and we had a chance to hose him down), he breathlessly reported the poodle's owner said that "Smokie" has been prodding this pussy for more than two years because there are no other dogs in the neighbor-

hood. This seems reasonable to us. A dog would have a hard time beating off with its paw.

If you think the lioness in the other picture isn't enjoying the fuck she's getting, you're right. Take a look at that dangle on the "King of Beasts"; it's no bigger than Bert Lahr's little finger. Such phallic underendowment isn't uncommon in the animal world. Anthropologist Desmond Morris says in his best-selling book *The Naked Ape* that man has one of the biggest cocks of all animals in relation to his total body size. Due to this fact, we'll wager that Tarzan's big jungle dong could jack up the lioness's cunt so that she wouldn't look so bored. Maybe he'll give it a try—after he's finished with Cheetah.



OF HUMAN BONDAGE

The girl on her back certainly isn't a stock character, and the bitch on the leash wasn't just named Best of Show at the American Kennel Club Dog Show (she's too ugly). Instead, these two willing victims have allowed themselves to be subjugated by Photo Talents of Evanston, Illinois. This company sells a tremendous variety of color photos that deal with sadomasochism and bondage, some of which appear so

authentic that they would curdle the milk in the paps of axe-murderess Lizzie Borden. To go along with their warped pictures, Photo Talents also prints a newsletter that sums up the current state of stings in the bizarre world of bondage publishing.

If this stuff cracks your whip, send \$1.00 for information and a sample of the newsletter to Photo Talents (h), P. O. Box 1195, Evanston, Illinois. Two dollars gets you a color photo that might make a nice addition to your family album.



If you have any interesting or unusual bits and pieces of information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 for pictures, news items, quips, and stories that we publish in *Blits & Pieces*. All submissions we don't use will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HUSTLER thanks (to the tune of 50 bucks) the following contributors to August's *Blits & Pieces*: Gary Goldstein, Clay Geerdes, G. H. Flakes, Ron Hickman, and Steve Bergethon. Thanks also to John Morton for his assistance in producing the "Plastic Fantastic Lover" and "Wine by Cocklight" photos.

Be a Beaver Booster... WEAR A HUSTLER T-SHIRT!

HUSTLER MAGAZINE



FOR BEAVER LOVERS

NEW HUSTLER T-SHIRTS NOW AVAILABLE. Order yours today... just like the one shown here... only \$5.95 each.

ORDER NOW BY PHONE—USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Or send coupon to:
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

Date _____
Please allow up to
4 weeks for delivery

Please send me _____ T-Shirts (#4042) @ \$5.95 each _____
Ohio Residents add 4% Sales Tax _____
Postage and Handling _____ 1.50

Specify Color:
☐ Red ☐ White ☐ Blue ☐ Yellow ☐ Navy Blue
Specify Size: ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐ Extra Large

TOTAL _____

PLEASE PRINT:

0876

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____

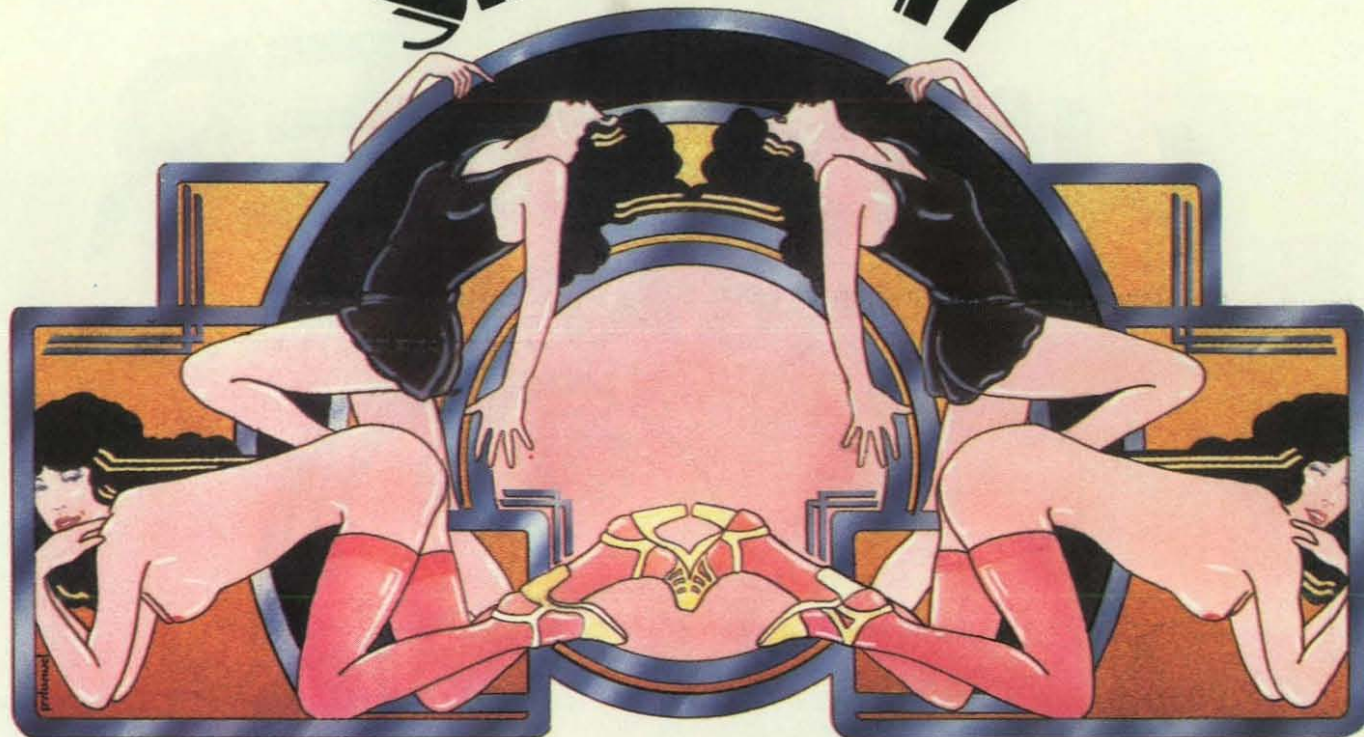
Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____

Expiration Date _____

(Foreign Orders add \$2)

SEX PLAY



HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. For far too long a time, these pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience, and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability. This series, the fifteenth part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for **HUSTLER**. It is designed to help the **HUSTLER** give his woman the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you had thought possible. And it will make you, **Hustler**, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

HOW TO GIVE BETTER HEAD

"Let me suck you" is a phrase Hustlers love to hear from their women, and a good blow-job is a work of art. The problem is that most women, because of sexual suppression and repression, were never taught the more refined techniques of sucking a cock. To remedy this situation, HUSTLER asked self-taught international sex expert Tuppy Owens (see Bits & Pieces, April 1976) to reveal and describe, in intimate detail, her approach to teasing and tantalizing with the tongue. So, if your lover just plops your cock into her mouth and blows, tell her that's just a figure of speech and pass along this guide to the ultimate in cock kissing, licking, and sucking. Once she reads this, all you should hear are slurps, gurgles, and your own moans of pleasure.

by Tuppy Owens

I'm sure all you **HUSTLER** readers adore having your cock sucked; you wouldn't be reading **HUSTLER** otherwise. But, just as an intellectual exercise, let's be analytical

about giving head. Let's sort out in our minds what your lady is really *doing* when she's down there, blissfully face to face with the tender tissues of the one she loves.

Basically, she does three things: She gets you going, she gets you ecstatic, and she gets you off.

Going down on someone who's having difficulty in responding, a guy who can't get a hard-on or can't come, is the best possible way to make him feel good and horny.

In the right situation, any friction will make a man's cock engorge, but a woman's mouth provides the best possible stimulation because it's hot, moist, and soft. And hers. For a woman, there's nothing as satisfying as taking a weeny cock inside her mouth and feeling it swell and stiffen. Halfway up, the head will fit neatly between her cheeks and can be sucked up, high away from the rest of the cock, stretching it right out. These are invaluable techniques for getting a man going and will be greatly appreciated. One tip for girls who are afraid

that the cock might subside again: Hold it very tightly around the base, just in front of the balls. This clamps the blood inside. As long as the blood stays in, the cock will stay up.

What most people think of as "giving head," however, is eating the *excited* organ and driving the owner crazy with delight, gradually leading him or her to, and through, orgasm. There are thousands of intricate oral gestures—ways of holding, touching, and stroking, various timings and rhythms, ways of exciting, teasing, tantalizing, and cooling—that can keep a lover simmering for hours. The natural place to begin our discussion is with the cock itself.

The most sensitive part of the cock is the corona (the widest part of the tip), and the next most sensitive is the neck (just below the tip). Naturally, the best sensations are produced by licking around these parts: long, curling glides, tiny flicks of the tongue, and sucks and kisses with the lips. I enjoy simply sinking my tongue into the frenum

(the membrane or tissue hinging head to shaft) and just letting it ripple there.

When I begin to suck a cock, I like to do simple things, not *confuse* it with complicated or multiple motions. Eventually, there'll be a pattern, a rhythm, an overall wetness; but when a cock first appears in front of my face, I like to greet it directly.

I try several licks—this way and that—to wet it bit by bit. Only when it's throbbing, begging to be engulfed, do I put the entire head inside my mouth. Then I hold it there, gently sucking in my cheeks so that they cling to the head. Careless girls just plop pricks inside their mouths and loll their heads to and fro indiscriminately. What a waste! Every touch should be precise and should flow from the last.

Men vary enormously in how they want to be touched *around* the cock. The balls are especially individual: Some balls hate to even be held, while others are happy snug inside any mouth. Some can stand quite strong squeezes, and I've come across odd, masochistic pairs that couldn't get enough of cruel nails and teeth.

Girls tend to forget that the cock continues behind the balls, and this area deserves to be licked, nibbled, and held. Of course, such roaming leads us to the asshole. Well, there are rimming maniacs and hemorrhoid sufferers and all those lovely men in between. It's been my experience, though, that a new date always marvels at a finger up his ass. It seems to take him, for just a fleeting moment, back to his school days, and (more important to me) it appears to convince him (better than anything else) that I truly dig him.

I like to suck cock with a finger up a guy's ass. It seems the ideal combination of fucking (his ass) and being fucked (my mouth) that brings out the hermaphrodite in me. My other hand is normally holding his cock around its base, moving up and down, skimming a little and gripping a little, while I judge how excited the guy is becoming and how much handling he can take before he explodes.

I try to employ contrasting rhythms when I'm sucking cock. Sometimes I take it out of my mouth, leaving plenty of saliva all over it, and agitate it with swift frigs from the wrist. One of my kinks is pulling *down* toward the base with one hand while my mouth or my other hand pulls *upward* over the frenum. This almost stretches the cock in two but—from all reports—feels fantastic.

I've found that one of the best sucking positions is between my partner's legs because only from there can my tongue flick or slide slowly over the whole length of his cock every time my mouth moves up and down. From there, too, I sometimes



close my mouth, purse my lips, and nuzzle them up and down the whole length of his prick, from the little hole at the top right down past the balls. As I do so, I move a finger along his cock's opposite side. I have a tendency to do this in time to music, which isn't always appreciated. For some guys cocksucking is like meditation: Anything besides the subject at hand is a distraction.

An essential aspect of sucking is that you really *suck*, just like you would a lollipop. Really! It sometimes makes farty sounds, but never mind: The gurgling of air around the head of his cock can only feel pleasant to your partner. I've tried deep throat a thousand times without success. I've been told by men that it does feel good to sense the engorged head of their cock being compressed into the gullet and that it's sensational to see their cocks disappearing completely inside the girl's mouth. I guess I'll keep trying, but deep throat seems as much a circus stunt as an act of love, and the thrill of the freakish usually wears thin in a hurry.

I should mention the difference between circumcised and uncircumcised cocks. An uncircumcised cock tends to be more sensitive, and it can be easily overstimulated to the point of coming too fast or getting numb. The foreskin can be jerked over the head, up and down, which I'm told feels fantastic, similar to having the clitoris jerked inside its hood. (I love the skin of cocks, long or short. The more it slips over the core, the more excited I get. This slipperiness is, for me, the most exciting tactile thrill of sucking a cock.) Circumcised cocks can withstand rougher treatment, on the whole, and they respond to good, tight grips between the lips, big squeezes, and even gentle nips with the teeth.

This brings me to the subject of *gums*. So many men had told me stories about the delights of being fellated by toothless girls that when I met a girl with false teeth, I asked her to help me conduct a cocksucking experiment to see if a man could really tell the difference. Our male recruit was a blind man who was only too happy to have his knob sucked. He became slightly apprehensive, however, when I kept asking him if he felt anything different. Still, not once did he guess that he was being *gummed*. The girl said that she enjoyed it and that it was exciting to feel his cock rubbing across the "frilly" bits of her gums. She added that it had been easy to take his whole cock into her mouth. (Wearing a dental plate has made learning deep throat easy for her.)

My guess is that not being able to see your cock being sucked detracts heavily from the experience. I know some of my happiest moments are spent rubbing an erection around on my tongue or lips and gazing up at my lover, watching him looking down at me. We exchange expressions of overwhelming pleasure, mock frowns of earnestness, and giggles at the preciousness of sharing.

There are plenty of men who relish the idea of coming in a woman's mouth, but, actually, sucking isn't the easiest way to get men off. Orgasm seems to stem from deep within, where the mouth can't reach. Most guys I've talked to about this really dig it much more when they come inside my cunt or when I masturbate them.

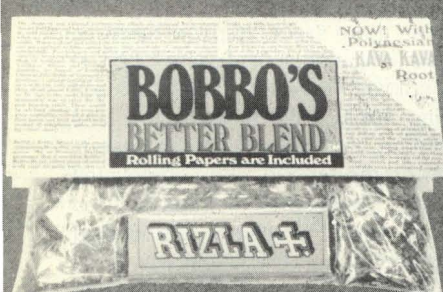
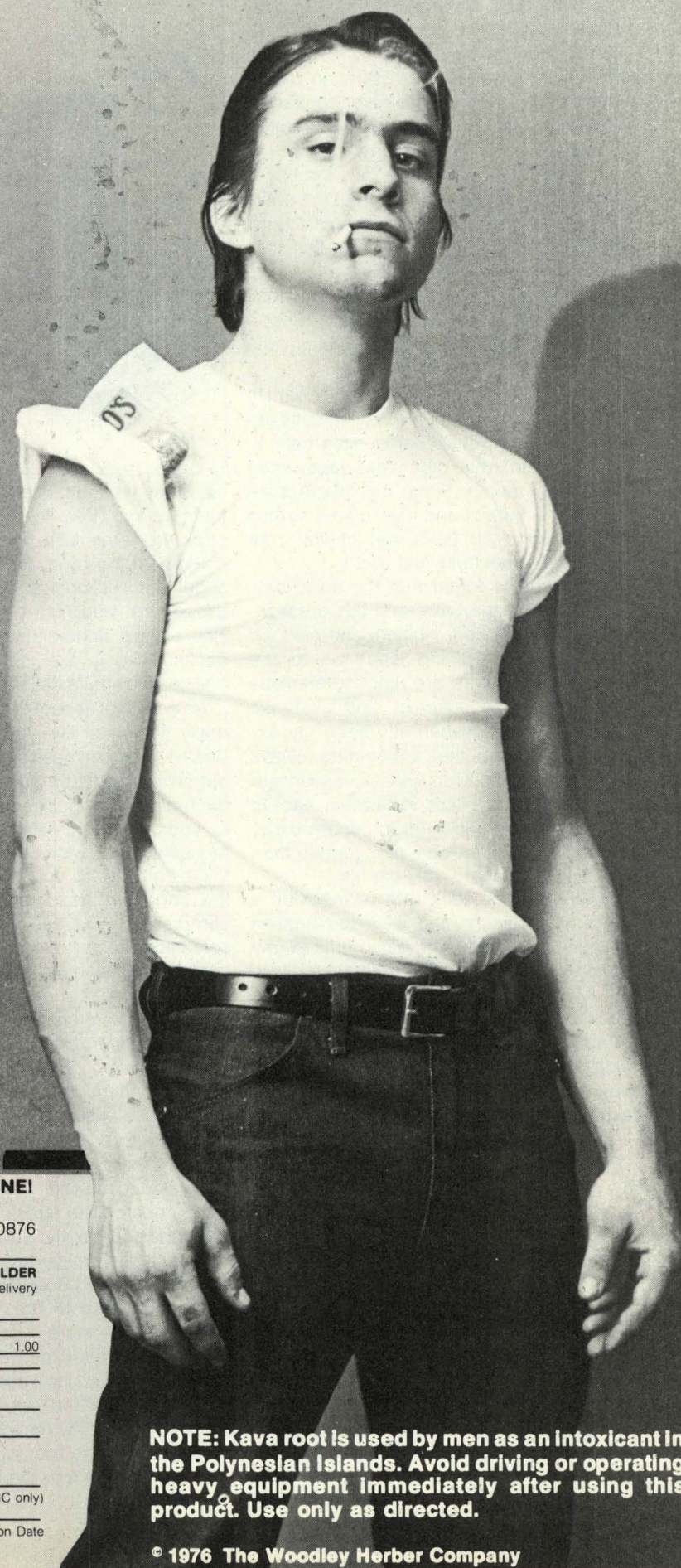
However, there are a couple of fantastic ways of sucking a prick to orgasm. The first involves holding the base in both hands and massaging firmly while at the same time making fierce, strong licks over the frenum. It's tough on the tongue, and I sometimes wish I had a whole set of tongues, spaced out around a wheel, which would produce a perfect rhythm when the wheel was turning. Still, when I do my best, the spunk soon starts shooting out, up toward the guy's head. The trouble with this is that you don't get a chance to swallow it, but at least you can watch it spurt and help the throbs with your hands.

Another method is to jerk off the cock with your mouth relaxed over its tip, lightly clinging to the ridge. This way the spunk shoots straight down your throat, which is lovely.

Many people say that the most ideal way to give head is in the "69" position. I agree that it's glorious to reach simultaneous orgasm this way, making a whole circle of quivering climax, but I personally consider the dangers to be so great that the reward

(continued on page 117)

Back to Manhood.



good taste • no tobacco • roll your own

ORDER NOW BY PHONE — USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Send to: **LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS** 0876
P. O. Box 2206 Date _____
Columbus, Ohio 43216

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER
Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery

Please send: _____ \$ _____
____ Lids of **BOBBO'S** (#2503) at \$5.95 ea.
PLEASE PRINT: Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax _____
Postage & Handling 1.00
TOTAL _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____
Signature _____ Expiration Date _____

NOTE: Kava root is used by men as an intoxicant in the Polynesian Islands. Avoid driving or operating heavy equipment immediately after using this product. Use only as directed.

© 1976 The Woodley Herber Company

Feedback

(continued from page 6)

delay due to the generally fucked-up overseas mail service.

Your magazine is unsurpassed for the best entertainment in a men's mag. Your jokes and cartoons produce nothing short of riotous



laughter among all of us, and the articles, stories and luscious twat shots leave us floggin' our logs in our racks at night.

In our travels in "the Med" we have witnessed hilarious and uninhibited sights ranging from public knob-jobs in Naples, Italy (which include whores giving countless hummers in full view of an enormous audience in front of the Fleet Landing Castle) to an 80-year-old grandma hustling her jaded and shriveled pussy to unsuspecting sailors in Athens, Greece.

By the way, the acts depicted on the enclosed photos were prompted by our since-transferred disbursing officer, who was a fag. Please try to fit them in the column if you can find room. The U.S. Fleet would appreciate it.

We guarantee that it would give the entire Sixth Fleet a good laugh if they saw this letter in print. So do us a favor by printing it. And we'll do you one by keeping hard dicks waiting for our next issue of HUSTLER to arrive by helicopter.

Thank you and all the best of luck.

M. C. & W. C.
USN

If the racks are still as squeaky as they were when I was in the navy, they'll hear your ship coming from a mile away.

—Larry Flynt

CROSS KLANSMEN

After our order received considerable abuse from your periodical, as well as from your degenerate caliber of able-to-read clientele, we again have chosen to write you.

Several of the letters that have appeared in HUSTLER since our letter appeared in *Feedback* in the March 1976 issue have simply proven the Klan's viewpoint concerning the type of individuals who appear in the pictorials of your periodical as well as the level of depravity of your readers. It is honestly amazing to read the filthy comments of these individuals and to actually

realize that such degenerates exist in such substantial numbers.

Concerning Douglas Helling's letter in the May 1976 issue, the National Southern Knights is not in any form neo-Nazi. We, as an order, do not claim any responsibility for the activities or associations of other Klans in the United States, Canada or England, nor do we support another Spanish Inquisition. Our objection to HUSTLER has nothing to do with "Butch and his 11-inch prick," but with the adulteration and pollution of the Aryan Caucasian race.

In response to the so-called housewife from Lisbon Falls, Maine (May 1976 *Feedback*), she merely represents the human garbage whom we of the Klan oppose. She expressed herself as best as she could utilize the English language, we imagine.

As for yourself, Mr. Flynt, you reflect the barbaric, perverted tendencies of your readers. You, along with your brethren in the lunatic fringe, have actually, by your utterly vulgar responses to the Klan, proved our point of condemnation for HUSTLER and its readers perhaps better and more effectively than we could have ourselves. The Klan thanks you, Mr. Flynt.

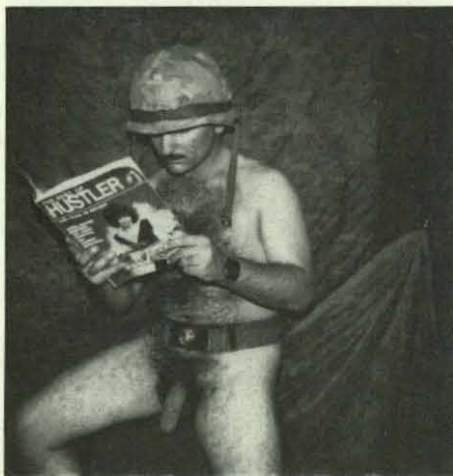
National Southern Knights
of the Ku Klux Klan
Realm of Georgia,
Fayette County Klavern

We weren't seeking your benediction, assholes. To be accused of "pollution" by those whose minds have rotted with the filth of bigotry is as laughable as hiding under sheets to burn crosses and spread hate rather than curling up under the sheets with a sexy chick.

—Larry Flynt

LOOKING AT A FEW GOOD WOMEN

I have been stationed overseas for almost 11 months with the First Battalion, 9th Marines, Landing Team, going from country to country. We're sometimes in training, sometimes on liberty. I have seen several "girlie" magazines from these countries, and I can assure all of



HUSTLER's readers that HUSTLER is way out in front. Keep up the good work and continue to attack!

Sheldon Lips
FPO San Francisco, California

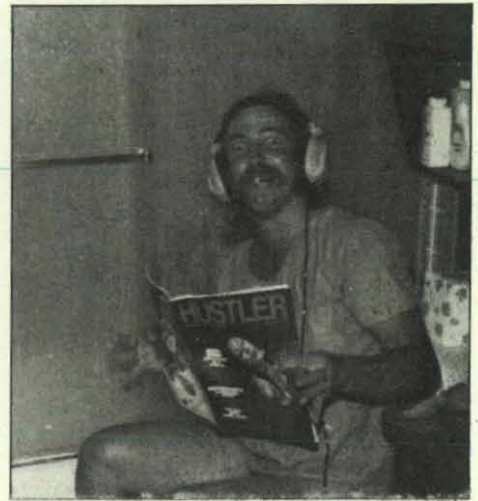
We bet you'd like to spend 11 months in some real fox holes. We appreciate your salute, even if

you aren't fully at attention. It was nice of you not to keep your feelings camouflaged.

CRAP FROM A READER

"While taking a shit,
I read your letter.
The more I read
I shit much better."

Just over at a friend's house enjoying my Sunday morning defecation. Thought I'd show



you how we San Antonio people enjoy your magazine.

I would really appreciate your publishing this. Keep it up, HUSTLER!

"The Catfish"
San Antonio, Texas

Keeping it up is the whole idea of our turn-on magazine, and it's interesting to see how our magazine has moved you.

THE SOURCE OF RAPE

After reading the May 1976 issue of HUSTLER, I have decided to take the risk of being counted among the "Asshole of the Month" readers and express my opinion on the article entitled "Susan Brownmiller on Rape: 'Stop and I'll Scream!'" I found the entire piece revolting.

It was stated in the article by Norman Jackson Smith that Ms. Brownmiller had an "inordinate interest in the subject of rape." The author spent over four years working on her book. One would have to be interested in order to spend the amount of time that has to be spent on a project of that magnitude. I never question the intent of the author but rather the validity of the work.

In your reading of the book, you must have missed the most important part: the 39 pages in the back clearly labeled as the source notes that documented Brownmiller's conclusions. I could find no such part in your magazine.

In April *X-Rated Reviews*, you said that the conclusion of her book was that "all men are rapists." You seem to have missed Ms. Brownmiller's own conclusion: "I have given rape its history, now we must deny it a future." Can you disagree with that statement?

I suggest that you reread both the Smith article that you printed and Brownmiller's book. You might then discover "the difference between fact and fiction" as you put it in the May "Asshole of the Month." Then we shall all see who fits the description of "Asshole."

This article has forced me to reassess the value of your publication. It is here that I would like to say thank you. For although I disagreed with what was written, I have at least raised myself above the apathy that plagues our society. I have been a *Time* reader for over seven years. This is the first time I have expressed my opinion about anything I have read. Perhaps if there were more magazines like yours, we might all be stimulated to express ourselves more freely.

Patricia L. Carrigan
Albany, New York

We're satisfied that Smith's account was valid, and we don't need a library full of "sources" (which are only other people's opinions) to shape our thinking. While Susan Brownmiller compiled sources, she obviously built up an odd notion of the sexual character of men in general and promoted her fucked-up perceptions in a book whose influence, we felt, could blackball normal sexual pursuits.

TOO MANY PUSSIES?

I enjoy *HUSTLER* very much, but maybe you can answer one simple question. I have been buying *HUSTLER* for a long time now, and I have quite a collection of them. But they all seem to go in the same direction: one female centerfold and four female photo spreads, and female this and that. Are you trying to tell us that the male is out of the question?

Has the female sex outdone us? I guess they have, since every magazine I pick up has just one female, or two females making it, featured in the photo spreads. You never see guys making it with gals in the photo spreads. I know that women's lib is here, but, my God, where are the guys? I am not homosexual. I am married and wonder if future plans include any of us guys being around?

In the future, might I ask that you, in your magazine, show some more consideration to us guys? The only couple is the beautiful couple: male and female.

I might add that if we are subjected to two-female relationships, that we might also be subjected to two-male relationships, as it seems that that's the trend now! If two females can get top billing on the centerfold, why can't two guys, if they are willing?

I'll still continue to purchase your magazine because you tell it like it is, but I'm afraid that females will rule the earth.

Name Withheld by Request
Abilene, Texas

Apparently your collection lacks "Butch & Peaches" in our December 1975 issue and the "Josephine" spread in February 1976. Each—in its own way—gave us the best of both sexes. However, asking for a picture of two males is a queer request indeed.

SUCKERS FOR RUMORS

We've heard a rumor that your magazine is financially backed by organized crime. We find this hard to believe as the truth because we think the Syndicate would have better sense and the appropriations to afford a better staff and hire more decently presentable models.

We would like to know the fee you pay the sweat hogs who pose for your layouts. It could not be much more than a Big Mac and a bottle of Ripple. By the looks of them, that might even be a classy evening for them.

The articles you print to be kinky and enticing are no more erotic than you are. The cartoons and jokes in your periodical appear to be conceived by Mongoloid idiots.

We often wonder what type of mentality pays the going price for your magazine. The mentality would have to be low to be appreciative of the pregnant woman featured in the April 1976 issue of your magazine ("Motherhood"). Not that pregnancy and motherhood are not beautiful and sacred—it is just that they are put in the same magazine that featured a chimp making love (if it can be called that) with a woman, as you did in the December 1975 issue ("Butch & Peaches").

We hope that you will print this letter because we would not want people to think that we are examples of the type of males who read and appreciate your magazine. If you would like to hire two people who could show you what, in our opinion, the normal, well-adjusted male wants in a magazine, write to the enclosed address.

Ralph Olesky, Jr.
Martin Fabis
Brownsville, Pennsylvania

Thanks for your kind offer, but HUSTLER is no place for shithheads whose minds are so fogged by anal gas that they don't even recognize that procensorship bullshit about men's magazines being backed by the Mafia when they hear it. The straitlaced old farts who run organized crime hate us more than you do since they know that they, too, aren't safe from HUSTLER's hard-hitting, honest approach to reporting.

SHITTING AROUND

Every issue of *HUSTLER* gets better and better. In the May 1976 issue there is a *Feedback* letter from a guy who has an aversion to the shit you had featured in March 1976 *Bits & Pieces*. That really tickled the hell out of me. Let me tell you this one:

When I was in high school—which was only four years ago—a bunch of us guys and chicks had a shit club. Our favorite trick was to lay turds in every public place we could think of. Movie theaters were a favorite haunt. You'd pick a seat not too close to anybody else, drop your jeans, shit in the seat and leave. Three or four of us could leave a place in a really shitty mess. We'd piss all over the men's room, and the girls would take care of the ladies' room.

On Saturday nights we'd roam the streets, looking for cars with the doors unlocked, and, man, we'd piss all over everything and get the girls to shit all over the seats. This would get us all so turned on that a gang-fuck would always close the evening's festivities.

How about getting just a bit more kinky and showing a couple of your chicks pushing turds out of their juicy little assholes? Bet you're too chickenshit to do it.

Brian Lawford
Silver Springs, Maryland

HUSTLER is not chickenshit to do anything, but

we have to wonder about the mentality of a person who would gum up somebody else's good times by leaving him a seatful of turds.

ALL-AMERICAN RAUNCH RAG

First, let me tell you that I think you have the best magazine in the world. You have the foxiest chicks and a witty way with your words. I love how you tell off those "douche bags" who complain about a simple, downright American magazine. Your *Bits & Pieces* section is also typical of American ideas since it is humorous, and it mocks people through "Asshole of the Month." Thank you for the best American magazine.

R. Sears
Forest Park, Illinois

As a member of the younger generation, I am constantly warned by my elders that sex is dirty and something you do if you don't give a damn about your reputation.

It is a wonder to me that I haven't been put under lock and key in some prison because I have let it be known that your magazine is my favorite.

The only thing that keeps me from going crazy is the fact that I can go and buy *HUSTLER*. Some people think they have it bad where they live, but it is so bad here that I have to drive 55 miles each way to get your magazine. I don't mind it, though, 'cause your magazine is the only literature worth the trouble it takes to get it. Many of your letters have already said this, but I want to say it for myself: "You're the best!"

Keith New
Fordyce, Arkansas

I am writing you this letter to say that I admire you for the guts you have to stand up for your magazine. I know that your magazine is soon going to be number one in the world because of your determination to make it that way. That is what freedom in America is really about.

I am in the navy now but am trying to get out because I feel that my personal rights as a free American are being infringed upon by a regulation that makes me keep my hair short. This is not a free ideal.

There are still people in the world who believe that they can govern other people's lives the way they want to. *HUSTLER* magazine and you seem to feel that that is not freedom. Thanks for the fantastic magazine you are publishing for us free Americans.

Eugene W. Simpson
FPO New York

I have enjoyed your past issues of *HUSTLER* and with pleasure have canceled my long subscription to *Playboy*.

Enclosed is my \$18 for a one-year subscription to *HUSTLER*. Please start it with the August issue as I already have the others. Larry, you really have a winner magazine—*HUSTLER*.

Please keep on doing what you're doing.

Abner Scott
Brinkley, Arkansas



BONNIE
Laced with Lust

Laced up with lace, our blonde belle is bound to please.

Bonnie likes to spend time lounging between cool white sheets in her favorite room of her coastal home in Savannah, Georgia.

"When the steamy marsh air fills the afternoon," Bonnie relates, "I'm in the mood to dream of passion and lust."

When Bonnie spends hot afternoons in sleepy reverie, waiting for her lover, she keeps her flow of passion in check under her black corset and stockings, carry-overs from the grand days of the Old South.

"I like the contrast," Bonnie explains, "not only between the black lace and my pale sensual areas but between my desire to be locked into the grip of a pounding man and my love for gentle, unconfined sex."

Although she likes to be squeezed, Bonnie is hard to hold on to, and she looks for something special in her man.

His special quality is rewarded when the straps of Bonnie's soft bindings are unfastened and an explosion of lust bursts forth.





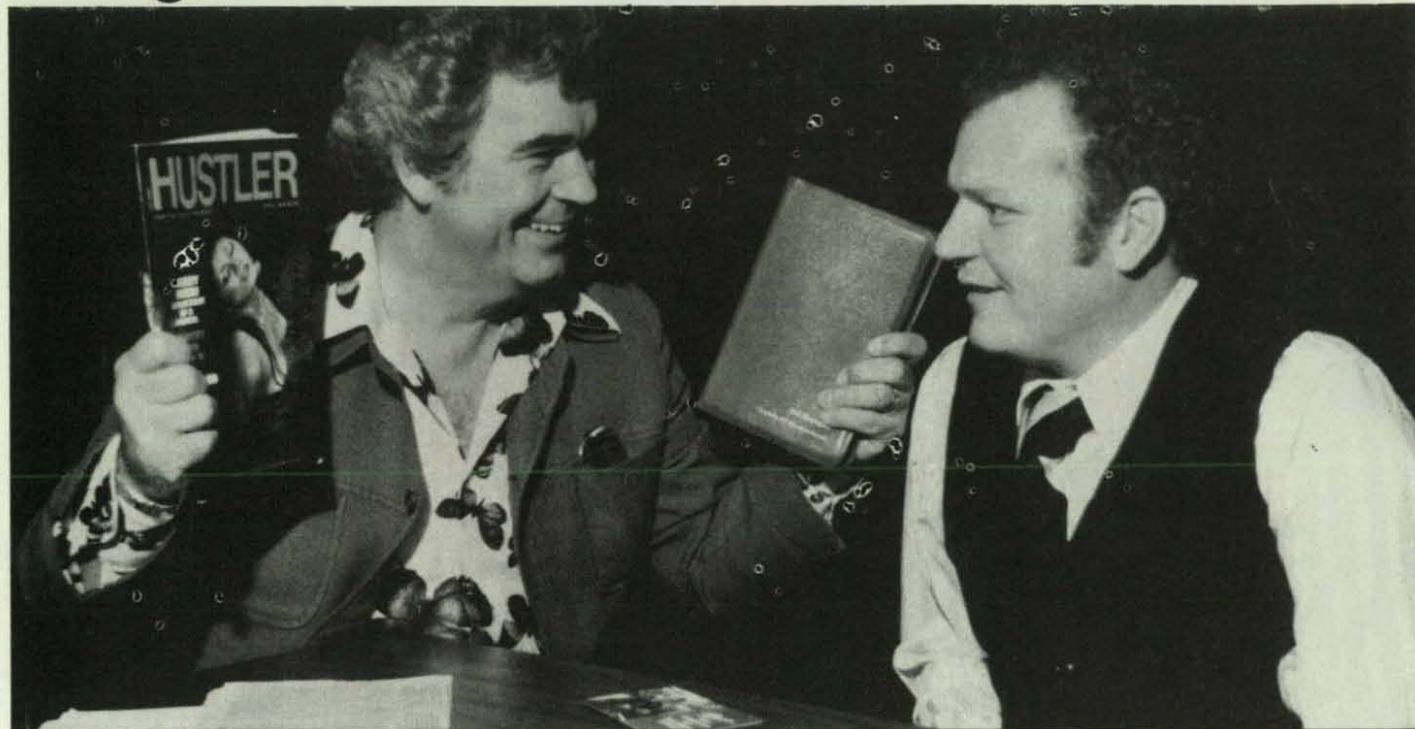




INTERVIEW:

BROTHER BOB HARRINGTON

Evangelist Debates Sex and Sin with HUSTLER



Shaking hands with the devil: Brother Bob Harrington and HUSTLER Editor-Publisher Larry Flynt face off for a fiery debate about moral issues.

Reverend Bob Harrington, the self-styled "Chaplain of Bourbon Street," is an evangelist preacher who has gained fame by saving sinners in a sink of depravity known as the French Quarter, in New Orleans. Harrington preaches among the dregs of society, just as Jesus Christ did (one of whose converts was the prostitute, Mary Magdalen), and he speaks to them in their own down-to-earth terms. A fast-talking man of the cloth with an actor's sense of theater, Harrington's dramatic preaching has gained him many converts among the strippers, pimps, and streetwalkers along Bourbon Street.

Formerly a highly successful insurance salesman, Harrington found God one day in a little Baptist church while casing the flock for prospective clients. Characteristically, he threw himself headfirst into religion, even to the point of converting the psychiatrist he had been urged to see by friends who were startled by Harrington's sudden conversion. Taking up a command post on Bourbon Street, Harrington has been hauling sinners to the Lord ever since.

Reverend Harrington presently meets a demanding schedule of a thousand speaking engagements a year, besides videotaping a syndicated weekly TV sermon that

is seen in 20 cities. He collects royalties from his six books and 24 records, one of which has already broken the million-selling mark. Harrington also directs a nonprofit evangelistic foundation, which takes up any spare time that he might have.

HUSTLER sought this interview with the Reverend Harrington because we wanted to offer him a platform for debating his contention (shared by many of his fundamentalist church colleagues) that the unrepressed sexuality that characterizes HUSTLER is sinful and offensive in the sight of God. Fundamentalists like Harrington assume that because HUSTLER, in their terms, "offends God" so blithely, we must not believe in Him—that we are atheists.

We here at HUSTLER do not, of course, consider ourselves atheists. We believe in God—or at least a Supreme Being—but we doubt the validity of the organized religions that have replaced the original Christian precepts of brotherly love, tolerance, and understanding with their own man-made prohibitions against pleasure.

We offered to give Bob Harrington a chance at converting HUSTLER's ten million "sinful" readers in exchange for his answering the question that occurs to us whenever some religious fanatic gets on

our case for promoting sexual pleasure: Why would the God who loves us, His creations, require us to repress sexual desire and enjoyment of pleasure, which He instilled in us in the first place?

Harrington's response to this paradox, as stated in this interview/debate with HUSTLER's Editor-Publisher, Larry Flynt, is the essence of Brother Bob's fundamentalist doctrine. It can be summarized thusly: Sexual pleasure is God-blessed, but only if it is confined within the restrictions of matrimony. Then, any form of sex play is permissible, according to Harrington, including intercourse in any orifice of your choosing—presumably, even the ear. However, outside of marriage, all forms of pleasure—sexual or otherwise—are sinful because they represent devotion to oneself rather than righteous devotion to God. God has created the desire in us for those illicit pleasures, Harrington says, so that we will have the choice between serving Him or serving ourselves. And God help us if we make the wrong choice.

HUSTLER remains unconvinced by the Reverend Harrington's arguments. We cannot accept the idea of a wise and loving God setting up moral mousetraps for His creations and then damning us eternally if

we follow our God-given instincts and go for the cheese. We also question his loophole that anything goes as long as you are married. If something is wrong, it's wrong, and having a marriage license will not change that. If it's OK to stick your cock in your wife's ear, why isn't it OK to stick it in your girlfriend's ear—or even your wife's girlfriend's ear?

We feel that Bob Harrington has proven himself to be a true believer and a sincere moral philosopher in this interview, but he has failed to offer us any ultimate solutions to our questions. In fact, as you can see from the preceding paragraph, he raised as many questions as he answered.

We want you to make up your own minds about the validity of Rev. Bob Harrington's moral arguments versus HUSTLER's. For this reason, we have left Brother Bob's remarks, which were very often couched in obscure references and generalizations, uncensored in any way. We believe that a completely open dialogue will vindicate us; so that's exactly what you are about to read.

We hope you will find "The Chaplain of Bourbon Street" as thought-provoking and stimulating as we did.

HUSTLER: Is everyone going to hell except Bob Harrington?

HARRINGTON: No, Lord! I would be bored in heaven by myself. I want all of us to go. I'm not trying to send people to hell.

HUSTLER: Do you believe in God because you want to go to heaven?

HARRINGTON: Well, I ought to make heaven, but I'm not as concerned about the sweet by-and-by as I am about the nasty now-and-now.

HUSTLER: Organized religion in America today is composed of many sects, each with its own wide range of beliefs and interpretations. How would you classify yourself?

HARRINGTON: I would be classified as a Baptist.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about non-Christians? For example, do you think that Jews are all going to hell?

HARRINGTON: I don't think anyone is going to hell who trusts Jesus Christ as his Savior. The Bible tells us—not Bob Harrington, but the Bible—that people are lost without Him. It's not my plan.

HUSTLER: So Jews who believe in their religion instead of yours are going to be eternally damned, but you feel you're on the right wavelength with the old boy upstairs.

HARRINGTON: Very much so.

HUSTLER: Before you became an evangelist, you worked as a traveling insurance salesman. When you were out on

the road, away from your wife for long periods of time, did you ever look around for female companionship?

HARRINGTON: It might sound puritanical to have loved the woman you left at home, but I did. I was still out at night. I drank with the drinkers, cussed with the cussers, and ran around with the run-arounders. I was the playboy with no real purpose. It was an empty way of living.

HUSTLER: You're talking around the question. Did you ever pick up a strange woman and take her to a hotel?

HARRINGTON: No, I never did. That was never my cup of tea.

HUSTLER: So before you became an evangelist you were not really lost, you were not really reveling in sin?

HARRINGTON: I was in sin. It was more satisfying and more rewarding to me. I'm a normal man—a high-strung, sex-driven man. Any man who is on fire for any reason is a strong-driven sex man. But I found it very effective for me to transmute that sex drive—because it's going to drive you somewhere.

HUSTLER: Our readers would be interested in knowing exactly how you go about that.

HARRINGTON: It goes back to the biblical teaching that a man is as he thinks. Some people are wasting their sex drive because their thoughts are on things that hurt instead of help. I can take those same thought patterns and develop them to help me become a stronger man, a better husband, and a better money producer.

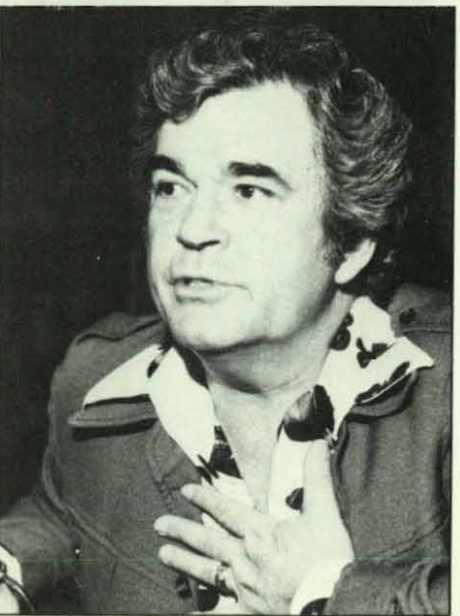
HUSTLER: Instead of wasting your time thinking about how you are going to get laid, you put that energy into creative thinking. Is that right?

HARRINGTON: Yes. How can I pay for my house in five years? How can I have a Mark IV within the next thirty days? How can I owe no man anything? The Bible says you're going to reap what you sow. So, if you're going to keep sowing, watch what you plant.

HUSTLER: What about masturbation as a channel for the sex drive? Do you feel it's sinful?

HARRINGTON: "Thou shalt not masturbate" is not a law in the Book. But the Bible does say that your body is supposed to be presented to the Lord as a living sacrifice, wholly acceptable unto God. I am talking about the "we" who are saved and trust God.

HUSTLER: And I'm talking about a little twelve-year-old boy who wakes up one morning with a hard-on. He reaches down and it feels real good. Is that little boy going to hell?



HARRINGTON

HARRINGTON: Well, the boy is not going to hell because he is masturbating. He's masturbating because he is going to hell.

HUSTLER: Once he gets off the first time and finds out that it's really good, he may want to do it all the time.

HARRINGTON: Yes, I don't believe only that boy will give an answer for that. Your magazine will give an answer for leading the boy that way.

HUSTLER: Well, you know, my first piece of ass was an old milk cow, Brother Bob. Is that old milk cow going to go to hell?

HARRINGTON: No. I hope not.

HUSTLER: When you reach an age when you become sexually aware, the body has some natural reactions. Even without the existence of pornography, the sexual urge will exist. So is masturbation sinful?

HARRINGTON: I think that masturbation would keep a person from being really dedicated to God. We would have to classify it as sinful.

HUSTLER: OK. But what do we do since it is natural?

HARRINGTON: Let the momma and daddy talk to them about that early in life.

HUSTLER: Are they supposed to tell their kids it will make them go blind?

HARRINGTON: No. And you don't get hair in the palm of your hand, you know. I'm familiar with all the language you are familiar with.

HUSTLER: Now, the mother and father can talk to that boy and tell him it's wrong to masturbate, but what should he do when his cock gets hard?

HARRINGTON: You have to be taught what to do with these desires and how to harness them in life. That doesn't mean you go around steeped in hostility the rest of your life. But if everybody was taught the proper way in the home—we need to teach these children early—we wouldn't have any need of HUSTLER today. They would read my book more than they would read your book.

HUSTLER: How do you convince an adolescent to channel his sexual desires?

HARRINGTON: It has to come from the pulpit, and it has to be sent from the dinner tables and breakfast tables across the country. I can't do it.

HUSTLER: The medical profession has

suggested that without a normal release through masturbation as an adolescent, a person can become sexually distorted.

HARRINGTON: That's probably from the minds of a bunch of horny doctors. I believe a young person can be trained right and enjoy proper outlets when the proper time comes. God ordained sex to be a proper act between husband and wife, together in love until death. He hasn't changed it. He hasn't revised it since Las Vegas or since HUSTLER magazine. God hasn't changed one bit.

HUSTLER: Do you realize the heat of passion that can build up between two sixteen-year-old kids parked in a car in a drive-in movie? How do you suggest these people control themselves?

HARRINGTON: Well, first of all, you are taught in the Bible not to get in and play around with fire. If you do, you'll get burned. The Bible teaches us to do all things unto the glory of God. If you do what the Book teaches, you won't find yourself out there shackled up in the back seat of a car.

HUSTLER: What do you do with the people who don't believe?

HARRINGTON: I try to help them to believe. That's why I'm in your magazine: to try to reach more people. I let them know I have far more fun being right than they have being wrong.

HUSTLER: But you don't offer them any solutions.

HARRINGTON: Yes, I do. I am full of solutions. Every wrong you bring up I offer a right.

HUSTLER: Oh, fine. You just said not to masturbate, but at the same time...

HARRINGTON: I offer the opportunity to be trained by the parents.

HUSTLER: At the same time, you don't tell them how. You said it had to be preached from the pulpit, the family. All the time you would say you are fighting the devil. Is that right?

HARRINGTON: Not necessarily. I don't use him as a copout on everything. The Bible says if you bring up a child the way he should be, he will not depart when he is old. So if you begin each day with a prayer and dedicate that night to prayer, you don't wake up at night wanting to beat your meat or get in the back seat of a car. The reason people wind up with a penis hard in their hands is that they have been thinking things that cause penises to get hard. I think they should have more angelic thoughts and fewer demonic ones.

HUSTLER: Maybe we should put Christ in our next issue.

HARRINGTON: I don't see anything wrong with that at all; just make Him look



**DO
YOU
KNOW
WHAT
THE**
Flower of Life
**REALLY
IS?**

**LOOK CLOSELY . . .
WHAT AN ATTENTION GETTER!**

Break the ice—or start a conversation at the same time with this beautiful, eye-catching piece of Jewelry.

Everyone will have something different to say about it . . .

The epitome of sexuality, "THE FLOWER OF LIFE" pleases all . . . a lovely blossom for which all men yearn and to which they return time after time . . . after time. Designed by a famous voyeur with a love of nature, this erotic pendant is designed in bold 14 K gold plate on a fine 18" chain. Goes with any outfit!

RUSH YOUR ORDER

and be the first one to show it . . . like it is!!!
EVEN BETTER—get two—one for your mate and one for you—THIS IS TOGETHERNESS!

"The Flower of Life" grows in the garden of paradise, once plucked it is forever enjoyed. ARGE



ORDER NOW BY PHONE — USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Send to:
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

0876

Date _____
Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery
I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

Please send _____ "FLOWER OF LIFE" pendants (#3336) @ \$9.75 ea. (2 for \$18.00) Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Add \$1.00 for Postage & Handling

PLEASE PRINT:

TOTAL _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____

Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____

Foreign Orders add \$2

Expiration Date _____

as beautiful as He is.

HUSTLER: You think He'd get mad if we showed Him nude?

HARRINGTON: No, I don't think He'd get mad; but, I think it would hurt more than it would help. I don't think He has ever been pictured nude.

HUSTLER: All of our images of Christ show Him on the cross draped, so as not to expose His sexual organs. To show Christ naked is considered a greater indecency than His crucifixion. But we both know—the Bible tells us—that Christ was nude when He was executed.

HARRINGTON: Sometimes the truth becomes bad when it hurts more than it helps. Just because someone's breath is bad, it's sometimes best not to say it. He died. You do not make an X-rated scene out of a love scene.

HUSTLER: Are you saying that Christ's cock was obscene, and that's why they covered it up?

HARRINGTON: No, I am saying the obscenity is in the eyes of the people, not the body of the man, see? It's the eyes of the people.

HUSTLER: Religion copped out from the beginning. The sexual organs have been considered taboo and obscene since the

**"Sinning
in sex
has to do with
whether the
partners are
married—not
which orifice
they put the
organ in."**

early days of Christianity. We have a great number of hang-ups and myths about sex in society today. The unacceptable sexual diversions that exist in our society are caused by repression, not by permissiveness. Does your God want people to make love with the lights on or off? Do you think it makes any difference to Him?

HARRINGTON: He says that men love darkness rather than light because of the deed to evil. I think that the element of

darkness is needed more by those who think they are wrong than by those who think they are right.

HUSTLER: Some people like to have sex in which penetration takes place in orifices other than the sexual organs. Are these people sinning?

HARRINGTON: The sinning part has to do with the nature, not the lights or where they put the organ.

HUSTLER: So oral sex is not a sin?

HARRINGTON: Well, the sin is not necessarily pacified.

HUSTLER: What do you mean? We have to be specific. We are offering you a platform. Don't come off like Nixon.

HARRINGTON: I don't plan to move to San Clemente, but just let me preface a comment on oral sex this way: Husband and wife can do anything they want to do together as long as each one consents.

HUSTLER: Then it is not a sin?

HARRINGTON: No, not if they are married. That makes it right. You have got to preface it with that. I wasn't evading your question.

HUSTLER: Doesn't the Bible say that sex is to be enjoyed?

HARRINGTON: Yes, sir. Everything God made was to be enjoyed. He didn't make sex as a mistake.

HUSTLER: To enjoy sex is not a sin?

HARRINGTON: No, it's how you go about sex that makes sin. Not whether you use the right organ to the wrong organ, but whether it's done in the context of matrimony. That's God's plan.

HUSTLER: We have discovered that a lot of people were sexually unhappy in marriage because of sexual repression.

HARRINGTON: So true, man. We have discovered that through the Bible.

HUSTLER: What about two consenting married adults making love? What if they enjoy looking at movies of people making love or at magazines like HUSTLER to turn them on and get them aroused?

HARRINGTON: I think it goes back to "different folks have different strokes." And I am sure that God understands the strokes of His people.

HUSTLER: Then it wouldn't be a sin for that man and wife?

HARRINGTON: I don't necessarily think so because I never have seen a need of that. It would make me feel weak as a man if I needed another man to help me turn on my wife.

HUSTLER: If, through reading HUSTLER, a married couple discovers more beautiful sex, and this strengthens their marriage, increases their love for each other, and, through their love for each other, brings greater happiness—they find God—has



"Anybody else want a head on their beer?"

If coupon has been removed, please write to: Modern Age Products, Inc., P.O. Box 135, Route 7, Brookfield, Conn. 06804

HUSTLER served a purpose for God?

HARRINGTON: It did for those two. But you also have to give an answer for the 100,000 it has lowered. It's just like having an earthquake for one kid to be saved while 20,000 others die. God can't justify wrong by finding a right spot in it.

HUSTLER: What do you feel about sex education books that are used in schools to familiarize students with venereal diseases and the male and female sexual organs? Do you think publications serving sex-education purposes are sinful?

HARRINGTON: No, I don't. Sex education should begin in the first grade.

HUSTLER: The only difference between that kind of publication and HUSTLER is that HUSTLER is not just limited to educational purposes; it's also entertainment.

HARRINGTON: And it is distorted. You make things happen to human bodies that don't normally show up in health books. There is no way you can sit there and make me believe your magazine is an educational journal.

HUSTLER: Would you shut down all of the blue movie houses and all of the magazines like HUSTLER?

HARRINGTON: If I had it in my power to

"I doubt if HUSTLER will motivate any man living in adultery to say to his mistress, 'Let us pray before we lay.'"

convert the minds of those who support pornography, I would. I also think that everybody is a sinner. Not just you. Your reading audience doesn't have exclusive rights to sin.

HUSTLER: You think our readers should avoid contact with HUSTLER if they are going to be true followers of the Lord.

HARRINGTON: That's right. Any time a person gets right with the Lord, he should avoid the very appearance of evil. That's

what the Bible teaches, and HUSTLER has a one-hundred-percent appearance of evil. I doubt if HUSTLER will motivate anyone to pray with his family. I doubt if any man living in adultery will say to his mistress, "Let us pray before we lay."

HUSTLER: Do you believe that HUSTLER magazine is paving the way to moral decay?

HARRINGTON: No, moral decay is paving the way to the bank for HUSTLER.

HUSTLER: Is HUSTLER contributing to this decay of society, or are we simply mirroring it?

HARRINGTON: I don't think HUSTLER is a stepping-stone to righteousness. We need to upgrade thinking and not mirror existing thinking. The beautiful part about God is that He not only sees us as we are, but as we can become. Boy, if He did not see me as something better than what I was, I'd be down here helping you peddle this magazine.

HUSTLER: What about the effect that HUSTLER has in breaking down people's sexual inhibitions?

HARRINGTON: Well, what have you got after you break them down? Just a bunch of confused, sex-sick people. It's the same thing as standing atop the Empire State Building and pouring slop out so everybody can be pigs.

HUSTLER: Do you believe that if they let all pornography go wild without legal restraint that people would become bored with it?

HARRINGTON: Yes, I think so. I think the intrigue of HUSTLER right now is that it broke through borders; it broke laws. Just a few short years ago, you couldn't put HUSTLER on the stands. And I think right now you are enjoying the excitement that *Playboy* did twenty years ago.

HUSTLER: How about prostitution? Do you think it should be legalized?

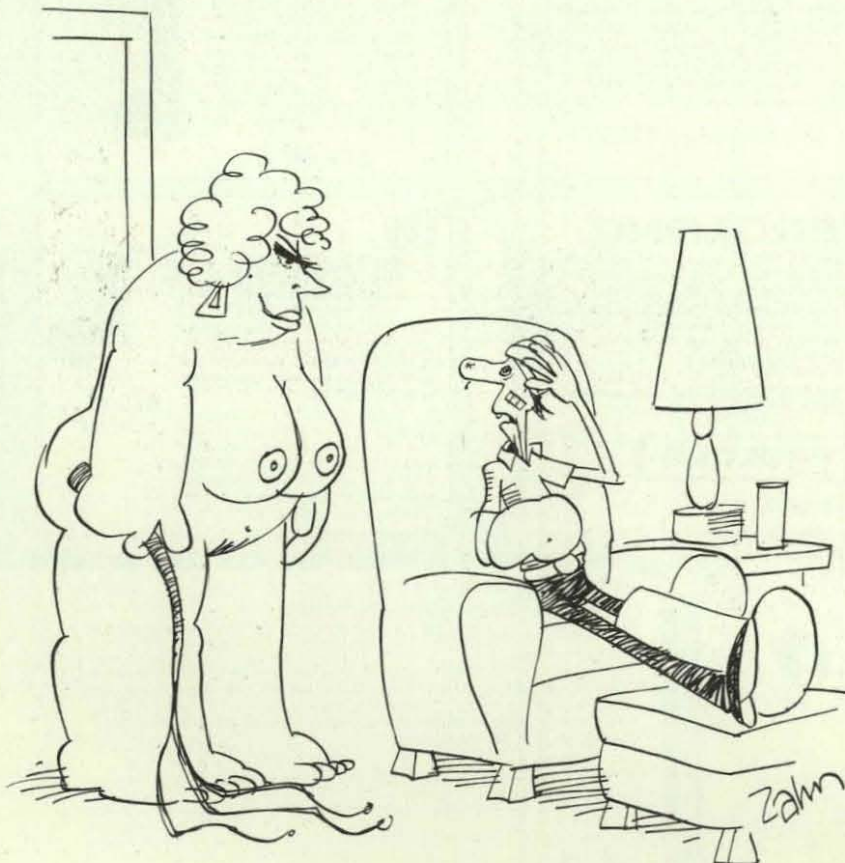
HARRINGTON: No. Why should you legalize anything that makes wrong look right? You can't legislate wrong.

HUSTLER: Wouldn't it be better to legalize prostitution than to have a rapist go out and commit a violent crime?

HARRINGTON: I think HUSTLER will generate more rapists to rape or child molesters to molest children. I am not emphasizing the wrong that you are doing, but I emphasize the wrong we do in our churches by not reaching those people before they become rapists and child molesters.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about the individual who reads HUSTLER every month and is *not* influenced to rape? Do you feel he's being morally corrupted by

(continued on page 106)



"Not tonight, Mildred, I have a headache."

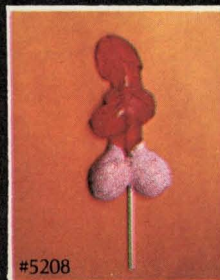
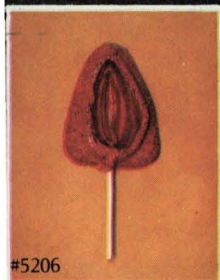
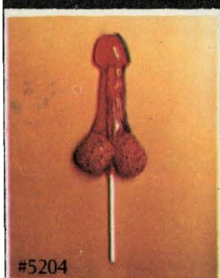
HEY, BABY ... GOT A SWEET TOOTH?

SLAP YOUR CHOPS AROUND
ONE OF THESE...
THEY'RE THE ONLY ALL-NIGHT
SUCKERS DESIGNED TO MEET
YOUR ORAL FIXATION.

Give one to your
sweetie and whisper
suggestively,
"WHO LOVES YA?"



ORDER NOW BY PHONE
USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107
(In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)



ANOTHER "TASTEFUL"
OFFERING FROM LEASURE
TIME PRODUCTS!



- ☐ #5204 "Think Big" \$3.75
- ☐ #5205 "A Bust In The Mouth" \$3.75
- ☐ #5206 "Eat the Hole Thing" \$3.75
- ☐ #5207 Six Pack of Above (Your Choice) \$22.00
- ☐ #5208 "Birth Control" \$4.50
- ☐ #5209 Six Pack of "Birth Control" \$26.00
- ☐ #5211 "Cock Suckers" (Can of 18) \$6.00

Send to:
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216
PLEASE PRINT:
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____ Expiration Date _____

Date _____

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER
Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery

Subtotal _____
Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax _____
Postage & Handling 2.00
TOTAL _____

A woman with blonde hair is riding a silver Honda motorcycle in a desert setting. The motorcycle is a dual-sport model with a white front fender and spoked wheels. The rider is wearing a red jacket and is looking down at the handlebars. The background is a vast, arid landscape with dry grass and a clear blue sky.

RHONDA

FREEWHEELING FRAIL

There has always been something seductive about speed—especially on a motorcycle, where you can see the ground flashing by beneath your feet as the cold wind whips over your energized body. Speed equals power equals sex. For a woman, there is added sensual pleasure: Whenever the roaring, phallic monster hits a rough stretch, the bike seat slaps and vibrates against her box—just as a man's belly does during a fast, hard fuck.



Such has been the case with Rhonda, our motorcycle-minded model. "Bikes have always turned me on," she confesses. "Ever since I was a teenager, I could never say no to a guy on a motorcycle—provided he'd take me for a ride. He'd rev my pipes, and I'd clean his. There's nothing like a rough, churning ride on a man's mean machine!" And she isn't referring to a 1951 Harley panhead.









Manny & Faye

by M. V. Clayton

Through cold night torrents of early spring rain, they loped like gazelles down the abandoned highway. In a bright flash of lightning, they saw the overhead bridge ahead and quickened. Puffing, splashing through ebony puddles, straining under soaked coats and flapping knapsacks, they reached the bridge and scrambled up the sheltered slope beneath it.





"Go on up," he said. "Up to the top. There's a ledge."

She groped, climbing and whimpering. He dragged their packs.

"I can't see, Manny," she said.

"It's OK. Jest a little bit further."

Their fingers dug into the damp red clay.

"OK. That's good."

She slid down on the narrow ledge, bent under the roof of the bridge. He flopped down and threw his arms around her. She huddled under him. For a long time, they gasped and coughed.

"We gonna make it, ain't we, Manny?"

"Sure, we'll make it."

He pressed his mouth to her cold, wet hair. They stared into the rain streaking beyond the edge of the bridge.

"Rain can be good," he whispered.

She turned her face up under his chin. "Well, it ain't when it's cold and you been out in it half a night."

He squeezed her. She was like a big sponge.

"Well, we're probably saved by it. It hurts 'em more 'n it hurts us. I think the sky's jest acryin' fer joy. And from all them tears, grass'll grow, 'n' trees, 'n' flowers fer yer hair."

"Fer my grave." She shivered.

"It's like a waterfall, Faye. Like being inside a waterfall. 'Member what I tole you? Soon we'll be abuildin' us a house under a waterfall, on the side of a mountain, with a porch stretched way out into the sun."

"Manny, I'm scared."

"Well, jest don't be. We're together now. We'll make it."

"But it's so dark 'n' cold. We'll freeze, we're so wet. We don't even know where we are, 'n' there ain't no cars."

"Well, it ain't freezin'. It's rainin'. We'll dry out. And now we're headed right, and cars'll come."

He took off his field jacket and wrapped it around her.

"Manny, don't. You'll freeze."

"I'm gonna roll out the sleepin' bag. It's winter-weight. We'll warm up nice in it."

"We might roll down the hill."

He looked below. Lightning made the road look like a shining river.

"Nah, we won't. I don't budge when I sleep."

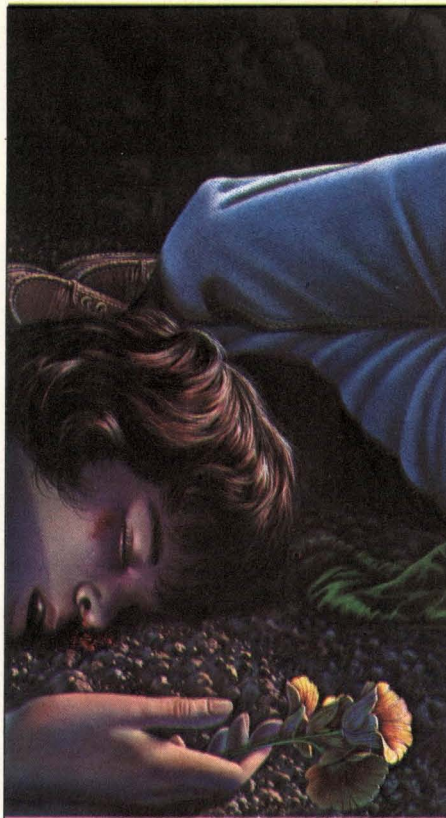
"Why ain't there no cars, Manny?"

"Well, I'd say it's a bad night fer drivin'," he said, rolling out the bag and unzipping it. "Here now. Take off yer boots 'n' git in. 'N' take off yer coat, too."

He piled their coats on the packs and put the boots by them.

"Oh. My feet's frozen."

"Git in. I'll warm 'em."



**Faye slid
one arm
down between
Manny's legs.
"This is the first
time we ever had
to love each other
all the way."**

They slid into the bag and squirmed. She hummed as their legs crossed. He tugged at the zipper.

"Damn if we ain't bigger'n I thought."

Something ripped, the zipper gave, and he fell back.

"Damn it." Springing up, he grabbed the coats and spread them over the gap in the bag.

"That's all right," he said. "Jest as good." He put his head down by hers.

The rain droned over their heads and sizzled beyond the bridge. They breathed together, their bodies, shivering from the damp cold, turning soft and warm. Steam filled the spaces between them.

"We could make love," he said. "Warm us up."

"Yeh, and jest as we was really doin' it, they'd come."

"Nah, we would," he laughed. "We're away from them. We got away."

"You really want to do it, then?"

"Well, sure, Faye. I always been wantin' to. You know that." Gently he hugged her. "This is the first time we've ever not had to worry about nobody findin' us. The first time we ever had to love each other all the way." She pressed closer to him, putting one arm around his neck as the other slid down between his legs. "Oh, no," he said. He kissed her on the corner of her mouth, held her tighter and placed one hand on her buttocks, pressing them into him.

"Manny..." Her face moved back. "Manny, you know I ain't gonna be too good. I never done it before."

He kissed her eyelids. "And me neither. But jest remember what we read in them books. Jest do what feels right. Do anything and everything you want, and if one of us does something the other don't want, jest say so."

She unzipped his zipper, grabbed his already hardened penis, stroked it lightly, and laughed. "This is fun," she said.

He laughed and slid his hand down the back of her pants into the crack between her buttocks, then up into her crotch. "Faye, you're so soft, 'n' sweet, 'n' wet." He maneuvered to place his hips in front of hers.

"Put it in me, Manny!"

He wrestled his hands free and unzipped her pants. "Faye, you been reading too many of them books."

"Oh, Manny, you're all mine." She giggled and grabbed at his belt buckle. "Take 'em off. Let's take everything off!"

In a flurry of prone wrestling and giggling, they pulled back each other's shirts, pulled down each other's pants. In a second, their laughter was muffled by their kissing, sucking mouths. Sweat beaded over his body as he realized the incredible warmth and suppleness of her virgin body. She bristled and purred and pressed him harder to her as she felt his muscles knead into hers.

"I wish I could see you better," he said. "Your breasts fit right in my hands and your nipples feel like plump raisins." His tongue slid across them. Then he sucked.

"And your little fanny cheeks feel like two mounds of fresh, warm dough," she laughed.

"And what does this feel like?" he said, gently placing the head of his penis into her vagina.

"Is it in? Is that it? Oh! Is that what it feels like? Oh, Manny, it feels like nothing

I ever knowed before, and better."

Slowly he rose and lowered into her, at first just barely, then, as she thrust herself up to him, he went deeper, and they both groaned and laughed.

"Oh, this is it!" she said.

"Love me, Faye," he said, as she rolled onto him.

The coats across the opened sleeping bag began to toss like waves as they stretched and shoved and thrashed about. It was only a few minutes before her fingernails dug into his back and his face thrust upward with a sincere, closed-eyed expression of relief and joy. They collapsed into each other and held tightly, wordless, until their breathing returned to normal. They pulled their clothes back on and fixed the sleeping bag to keep out the cold wind and spray.

"You really know where we are, Manny? Where we goin'?"

"Well, not exactly where we are, but this here silver river'll take us where we goin'. Maybe a couple days on foot. If a car comes, we can git there tomorrow."

"You sure they'll let us live there?"

He squeezed her and laughed. "Yeh, I'm sure. I didn't paint it any rosier'n it is. They jest ain't like the people back there."

"Try to tell me again, Manny. Tell me like a bedtime story."

"OK. This here's a fairy tale, but a fairy tale that's comin' true: Once upon a time they is a girl and a boy who is born at the wrong time in the wrong place, and they is real unhappy and think they would rather be anything or anywhere than where they is and have to be. Then they hear of a place not so far away where everything is different. This here place is beautiful like you saw in my books, with grass, real green, 'n' trees 'n' things that really grow by themselves out in the sun. And the people, well, they still smile 'n' try to help each other to do whatever each other want. They jest like everybody, least wise they respect everybody 'n' they ain't no hypocrisy. They have schoollike things but don't nobody have to go, 'less you want to, but most want to, 'cause it's to learn how to live good, make things 'n' all. And all them church-things are like places to talk 'n' think with everybody, but you don't have to go or believe nothin'. It's a great place, Faye. I jest know it is."

She was breathing with a gentle rhythm. His arm was asleep under her, but he left it and listened to the rain until it faded into his sleep.

* * *

A man in a cheap blue suit walked into the small office and closed the door loudly. Behind the counter, a gray-uniformed



"Manny and Faye both could've had it real easy," the cop in blue said. "But neither of 'em never acted right."

man looked up and closed a folder.

"You the man from Community?" the man in gray asked.

"Yeh. You my partner?"

"For the Newman and Bonner case?"

"Yeh. Manny 'n' Faye," the man in blue sneered.

"Well, let's go then," the gray said. He took the folder and grabbed a uniform jacket and a medallioned hat.

They went out, down the elevator to the garage, into a domed black car and out of the tunnel into dusk.

"It's gonna rain," the blue said.

"We've got the Northwest Perimeter," the gray said. "But, since we can't cover it all in our shift, I suggest we check out the Welfare Village. They're the most likely to

harbor these renegade types."

The blue stretched out a small map and grinned.

"No, now you jest head up Route 276 till you get to 76 North."

The gray glanced at the blue and stuck out his chest.

"Look, I'm in charge here. I'm open to suggestion, like the rule book says, since you're the Community Representative, but I...."

"That's my suggestion: Head up 276. You see, you're lucky, 'cause I volunteered fer this. I know them kids. I know what they're up to. They're headed fer the mountains, fer sure. There's 276. Take it. We're gonna git 'em."

Lightning lit the black sedan as it turned onto 276.

"All right, I'll start on 276 while you explain your theory," the gray said. "I can take Highway 29 to the Village."

"You know anything about them two?" the blue asked.

"I read the files. I know the case."

"Well, no offense meant, but you jest probably know all the, what-you-may-call, the technical and criminal sides. Things like refusin' to eat the formulas 'n' stealin' unprocessed food from the plants 'n' startin' a garden."

"Of course, I know that information, and all the rest," the gray said, gruffly putting his hand on his folder. "Like most, you make the mistake of underestimating us. That's good in a way and I can't tell you everything, of course, but I can tell you this: We have documented their refusals to be disciplined or trained, to join any labor unit, to go to the vasectomy and abortion clinics, their camping out, their revolutionary remarks, and many, many other things. That's enough to indicate their danger and their inclinations. They're your basic, typical, self-oriented rebels, anarchists. These types invariably try to create attention. They'll sneak and hide around trying to sabotage the works. But with no real courage or resolution. That's why we'll likely find them hidden by a sympathetic Villager."

He cut the lights and switched the windshield wipers on. The rain came hard as the blue traced their route on his map.

"Furthermore, these kids aren't of the caliber to endure the outdoors, especially on a night like this. I'm going to take 29 up here."

"You're wrong there, mister," the blue said. "Keep again'. I ain't had my say." He turned to face the gray. "Now, they'll probably git in out of the rain, if they can, but I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they didn't. What you *should* know is they're

outdoor freaks. They stay out in it most of the time."

"You have to be brief," the gray said. "And keep a lookout as we go. I'm not going much farther this way unless you persuade me that there is a *logical* reason they might be headed out of the city."

"OK. Listen. I know that Manny New-man. I know his father. A good man, a workin' man, but too easy on that kid. That boy could've had it real easy. Could've stepped right into his father's place at the plant. And she could've had it easy too. She's an eyeful, I'll tell you that. But neither of them *never* acted right. Something bad wrong with both of 'em. See, fer one thing, he said he wanted to be a *carpenter*. Can you imagine that? A *carpenter*? Said he wanted to make things with his hands."

"Just rebellious, undisciplined," the gray said. "But no commitment. Just talk."

"No, now you wait. That Manny did build things. He found books, 'n' stole material, 'n' made a *bird-feeder*."

The gray frowned deeply. "What? That's perverse. Where could he find any birds?"

"Hell, of course he couldn't. He said he would, though. Now, that's the point. He's been plannin' this little escape fer quite a while. Somehow he heard of birds being in the mountains. And this Bonner girl, a real sexpot, but real snobby, selfish, like she was too good fer you, she was a big tease, wearin' them strange clothes 'n' actin' so innocent 'n' girly, but not havin' nothin' to do with nobody but that sissy carpenter boy. Hell, she's worse 'n' him. She planted *flowers* 'n' baked *bread* from stolen ingredients. And she smelled funny all the time 'n' wouldn't take no chemical baths. She smelled 'n' looked wild, I tell you. Crude. A real primitive. Two primitives. They're headed fer the mountains, I know, 'n' probably with stolen goods. Stupid kids, but *real* criminals. Here's Route 76. Go north."

The gray turned the car north onto Route 76 and increased their speed. The rain came down heavier. They both peered through the streaked shafts of the headlights.

"We oughta be able to catch 'em in an hour or so. They're probably in an old service area or an old booth or under a bridge."

The gray was stone-faced, glassy-eyed. His voice came out hollow, slow. "They even refused to take drugs or engage in therapeutic group sex."

"Yeh, that's right! Two de-viants, I tell you. We've got to git 'em! Two wild, selfish, primitive loonies! Menaces to society!"

"Perverts," the gray said.

* * *

Faye was bleeding under the ribs. The cop smeared the blood, then jerked down her pants. He unzipped his own pants.

Something like a call woke him. Something other than the soft rasp of her breathing. He was damp but warm and happy. The rain had stopped during the night. The puddles were gone. Under the lip of the bridge, he could see a vague silhouette of trees over the long highway slope. He heard it again, somewhere overhead: "Caw! Caw!"

"Morning," he whispered. "Faye."

He rose on his elbows. Faye's eyes opened, dopey. She slowly stretched and moaned. "Where are we?"

"I think we're near'n I thought. The sky's turnin' gray 'n' pink an' I can see the hills. I jest heard a crow."

She sat up. "A crow?"

"Yeh. We're into the forests already. Let's git goin'."

He rose to his knees, grabbed their boots, and sat down.

"Here."

They quickly put on their boots.

"I figure it's all signs," he said. "The rain, no cars, 'n' the bridge, 'n' the crow."

"What do you mean?"

He slapped his boots and got up. He gave her her coat and put his on.

"Well, the rain was like a camouflage 'n' like washin' everything away, 'n' it kept them from comin' after us or findin' us. And no cars showed us we got away from 'em, an' in the night we couldn't of told what kind of car it was if we'd seen one."

She pulled her coat on. He rolled up the bag.

"An' the bridge gave us shelter 'n' now the crow woke me up, tellin' me it was mornin' 'n' we're near, 'n' it's high time we got goin'."

She threw her arms around him, knocking the roll out of his hands.

"Well, now, you decided to believe me," he laughed. "Finally."

Bowing under the bridge's roof, morning glistening, they smiled at each other. He bent down, holding her, and picked up the roll.

"Let's git," he said, slapping playfully at her buttocks.

She grabbed her pack. He fastened the roll on his, slung it on, and took her hand. They started out.

"Oh." She stopped.

"What?"

"Maybe I better go here, Manny."

He blinked. "Oh, nature calls. Can't you wait till we git to the woods? Be nicer there."

"It won't take a minute."

"All right." He crawled into the open. Pink was spreading in the east. He could see the mountains over the road.

"Faye! We're less'n a day away, fer sure. I see the mountains good."

He spread his arms toward the mountains. "Home. My real home. Our home. We gonna be born again 'n' grow up happy."

He waited, anxious, eager. She came out smiling, cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling.

"Well, that was longer'n any minute. That was a good two or three minutes. We could already been over that first hill."

He looked back down the way they had come.

"Let's hustle now."

She took his hand, and they crawled down to the road.

"Oh, Manny. It's beautiful. I never seen such a beautiful dawn."

"It's a new dawn, Faye. We're jest beginnin'."

They started up the hill.

* * *

The blue stared into the dawn silhouettes along the road; the gray spoke into a phone.

"...since we'll be that late, I suggest the next team proceed on time and concentrate on the Welfare Village. I'll make contact there. We're turning back now."

He read off a code and put the phone down. He shook his head at the blue. "This isn't going to look very good in my report."

The blue slapped the map in his lap. "Hell, they gotta be on this road. We might as well go on. Look, there are at least two more bridges in the next few miles. We might as well check 'em."

"No. We're turning back. We have no clues to justify this. In the hills they could hide anywhere. I go by the rules. We have to report back. If they did come this way and got this far, it's a job for the 'copters, not us."

The gray slowed the car and pulled toward the shoulder.

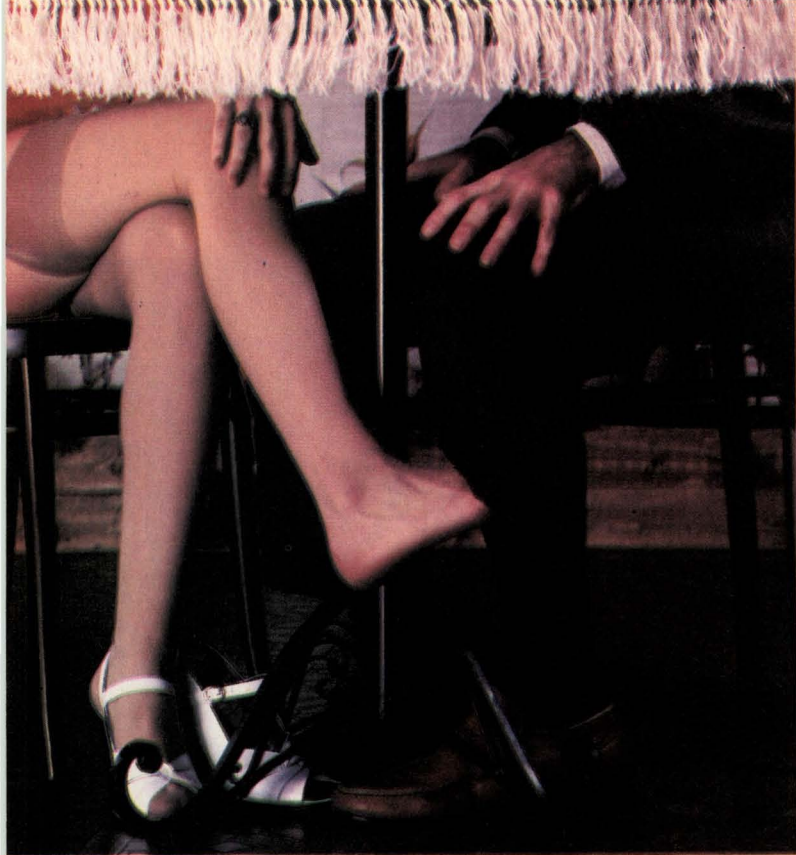
"Hey, look!" The blue clawed the dash-

(continued on page 102)



UNDER THE TABLE AT TONY'S

Those old-fashioned, languidly elegant restaurants are rapidly losing their downtown lunchtime trade to the fast-food joints. But the intimate surroundings and attentive waiters found in such eateries make the discovery of a hearty restaurant dish an attractive alternative to grabbing your Big Mac in solitude.



This wisened-up
guy knows how
to take advantage
of the leisurely pace of
a traditional restaurant.
The wait for the maitre d'
presents a chance for
his newfound honey to
feel him out as to his tastes
and desires.



[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)

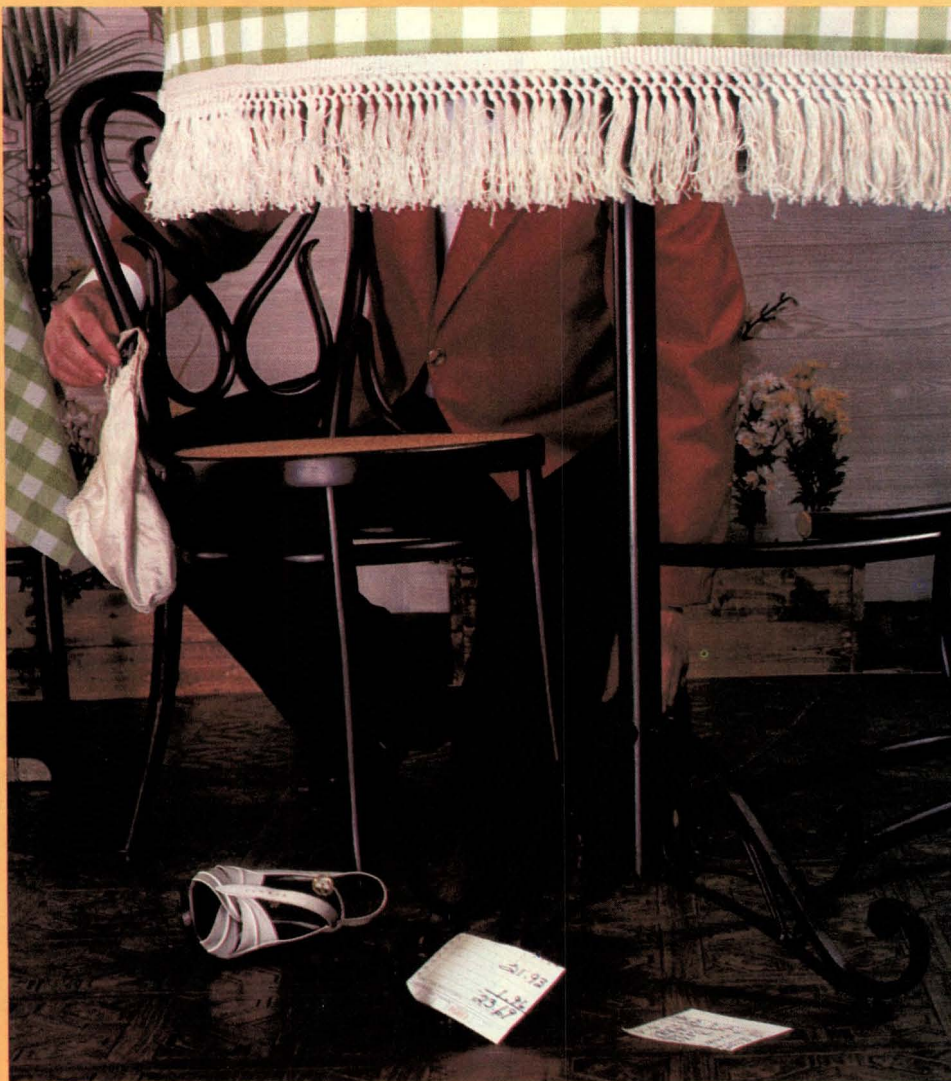
He reciprocates by gently probing her deep-seated feelings, touching on all the secret matters that warm her heart, coaxing her to open her innermost core up to his fascinated scrutiny. She finds herself happy to oblige.











Having touched
all the bases with his
new lady, the gentleman
decides to adjourn to his
apartment so that he can get into
her more deeply. The waiter is
left to clean up the table
while the noontime eaters go on
to bigger and better things.





"Well, fuck Peter Pan, is all I have to say!"

CARBONDALE (HNS)—Harris Rubin, a psychologist at the University of Southern Illinois, thought he'd come up with the perfect way to check the effects of marijuana on sexual response, but apparently the government doesn't agree.

Rubin wanted to get a bunch of men together, get them stoned, show them porno films, and then monitor their reactions. He applied for a quarter-million-dollar grant to pay for his time, the pot, and the flicks. He'd done a number of other studies and expected his grant application—along with a request for immunity from prosecution for engaging in such research—to be routinely approved.

However, Illinois Congressman Robert Michel got wind of the pot-porno sexual arousal plan and started moves to squelch it. He was soon joined by other officials whose view of the project was equally dim.

Michel—a ranking member of the House Labor-HEW appropriations committee—threatened to block other HEW research funds if the project wasn't immediately canceled.

Since he'd done a similar study on the effects of alcohol, Rubin was befuddled by the attack and said, "It has to be the sex thing that has everybody so stirred up."

ST. LOUIS (HNS)—Professionally educated sex therapists are so upset over the number of "untrained, unsupervised non-professionals" getting in on the action that they are pushing for some type of government control of this fast-rising field.

At a recent conference here, several delegates also criticized colleagues who engage in sexual intercourse with their patients. The conference was sponsored by Dr. William Masters, dean of American sex therapists.

It might be interesting to note that Dr. Masters himself achieved considerable notoriety a few years ago for being the first recognized therapist to employ prostitutes to help male patients overcome sexual problems.

A second conference on the ethical issues of sexual therapy has been scheduled for 1978.

CHICAGO (HNS)—Most young, contemporary couples about to get married use their engagements to get better acquainted and to make important decisions about money, work, children, and friends. Right? Wrong.

According to Kathleen Knalf of the University of Illinois College of Nursing, most engaged couples spend all their time plan-

SEX BITS

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

Compiled by
Richard Crownover

ning the details of the wedding ceremony. Little or no thought is given to their compatibility (or lack of it) or future life together, she claims.

In fact, she says, many couples get into serious scraps over their wedding plans, but rather than heed the signals and back out of marriage, they stick with their plans simply to avoid losing face and upsetting their families.

And, Knalf says, most go through the ceremonies in a distracted state of mind, hoping that the situation will improve after they are finally married.

WASHINGTON, D. C. (HNS)—Although there is nothing mysterious about teenage sexual behavior, the American Public Health Association has launched an effort to develop psychological tests that might help predict it.

According to the APHA's family planning project director, psychiatrist Dr. E. James Lieberman, the main purpose of the tests will be to predict at what age young girls are most likely to engage in sexual intercourse. Studies have shown that most teenagers who currently engage in sexual intercourse don't use any type of contraceptive and risk pregnancy.

Some of the preliminary research results reveal that young women who trust their boyfriends and have confidence in their relationship are the ones who are most likely to experience high sexual arousal,

achieve sexual satisfaction—and are also the ones most likely to become pregnant.

The agency also plans to develop a self-test for teenagers to help them assess what they know about sexual activity and its consequences.

LONDON (HNS)—Women who want to avoid breast cancer are advised to resolve smoldering conflicts with their mothers, let out their pent-up emotions, overcome their sexual inhibitions, and begin loving instead of punishing themselves in general.

A series of detailed interviews and tests conducted by the Faith Courtald Unit for Human Studies in Cancer at King's College Hospital has revealed that many women who develop breast cancer tend to be sexually frigid, avoid confronting and coming to terms with reality, repress their anger, and are masochistic.

While these conclusions are just observations, researchers at the hospital say the results of the investigation indicate that more behavioral research into the causes of cancer may be in order.

MADISON (HNS)—Which would you rather see if you had a sexual hang-up: a sexy therapist or a cold, neuter computer?

While you would probably opt for the sexy human, many people with serious problems prefer the computer. Why? Simply because it is sexless and impersonal. At least that's the word passed along from the Psychiatric Research Institute at the University of Wisconsin.

It seems people are willing to relate intimate details of their lives to a computer, but they prefer to keep these details hidden from therapists.

Those computerized robot sex surrogates predicted for the future may have something going for them after all.

BOSTON (HNS)—If you're interested in making babies but don't want to wait 12 weeks to find out if you're on the right track, there's good news for you.

A new method of diagnosing pregnancy as early as eight days after conception has been confirmed as accurate in separate experiments by researchers at Harvard, the University of Southern California, and the University of Louisville.

The new testing technique, which was developed in 1974 at Cornell University Medical College, is based on measuring the levels of chorionic gonadotropin in the woman's bloodstream. Within a few days of conception this hormone begins to appear.

TEMPTATION

The World's first and only vibrator to move up and down. Temptation is a dual action delight. Switch on, and its softly cushioned rubber vibrates purringly. Push the switch to the second position and it begins a straight up-and-down movement extending and contracting with smooth power. An exquisitely sensual experience beyond description or imagination.



\$19.95

plus postage & handling

Dept. HM-8

MODERN AGE PRODUCTS, INC.

P.O. Box 35 • Plainview, N.Y. 11803

Please rush me your TEMPTATION vibrator. Enclosed you will find my check or money order for \$19.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling. I am over 18 years of age.

#184

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

Color your Fantasies



ORDER NOW BY PHONE—USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Or send coupon to
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

0876

Date _____

Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

Please send me _____ Adult Coloring Books: #2627, \$2.95

(Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax)

Postage & Handling _____ 50

PLEASE PRINT

TOTAL _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Cash not accepted

or charge to my: ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____

Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____

(Foreign Orders add \$2)

Expiration Date _____

A new quick-test radioreceptor kit for measuring the hormone is already being manufactured for laboratories and hospital clinics.

In the near future, it is expected that a smaller, less expensive kit will be available not only to private physicians but to the general public as well.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS)—Can you distinguish between a group of Swingers and a group that has an "intimate friendship" relationship? The differences are important because they reflect a new style of "pairing" developing in the U.S., according to sociologist James W. Ramey.

By Ramey's definition, Swingers focus almost entirely on sexual activity with as many different partners as possible, while Intimate Friendship groups are more like traditional groups of friends except that sexual activity among the members is condoned.

Ramey breaks the differences down into categories of people, attitudes, and rules.

He says swinging is usually a "couple-front" activity: Emotional involvements are taboo, there are no personal commitments, sexual activity is emphasized, talk is limited and shallow, marriages are usually male-dominated, the swinging is kept secret, the frequency of sexual activity is above average, homosexuals are out and few males are bisexual, and there is heavy emphasis placed on youth and physical attractiveness.

Intimate Friendship groups, on the other hand, are described as including individuals who get emotionally involved, make commitments that are long-term, are below average in their sexual desires, welcome male and female homosexuals, have numerous bisexual males (one out of three), no age limits, and no youth cult.

Ramey adds that Intimate Friendship groups are common in the U.S., but nobody knows just how common.

NEW DELHI (HNS)—Sometime in the near future, persons who want to have sexual intercourse without contributing to the population explosion will be able to—and without having to bother with using the Pill, rubbers, jellies, foam, or relying on any natural rhythm method.

THE PHILOSOPHER

I look at myself and ask: "What do the others say is visible?"

ANTONIO PORCHIA

Investigators in India, racing against a birth rate that threatens to bury that sub-continent under an avalanche of starving, writhing humanity, are close to perfecting a vaccine that will immunize women against pregnancy.

Researchers here say that they have succeeded in developing antibodies that neutralize a specific hormone (chorionic gonadotropin) essential for pregnancy to occur.

The new vaccine, tested on both mice and human subjects, has been reported successful in preventing pregnancy for up to one year. The immunization does not interfere with the menstrual cycle.

CHAPEL HILL (HNS)—Women in management might get ahead by using sex, either covertly or overtly, or both, but they will generally not make it if they rely on such "traditional" feminine wiles as crying, begging, or cajoling, report Benson Rosen and Thomas H. Jerdee of the Graduate School of Business Administration at the University of North Carolina.

In the modern-day business world, the meek, especially when they are female, are not about to inherit the mantle of authority and power, the social scientists said.

A study involving 101 bank supervisors and managers—73 males and 28 females—found that women who are more "uppity" are more successful in business careers than their soft, passive sisters.

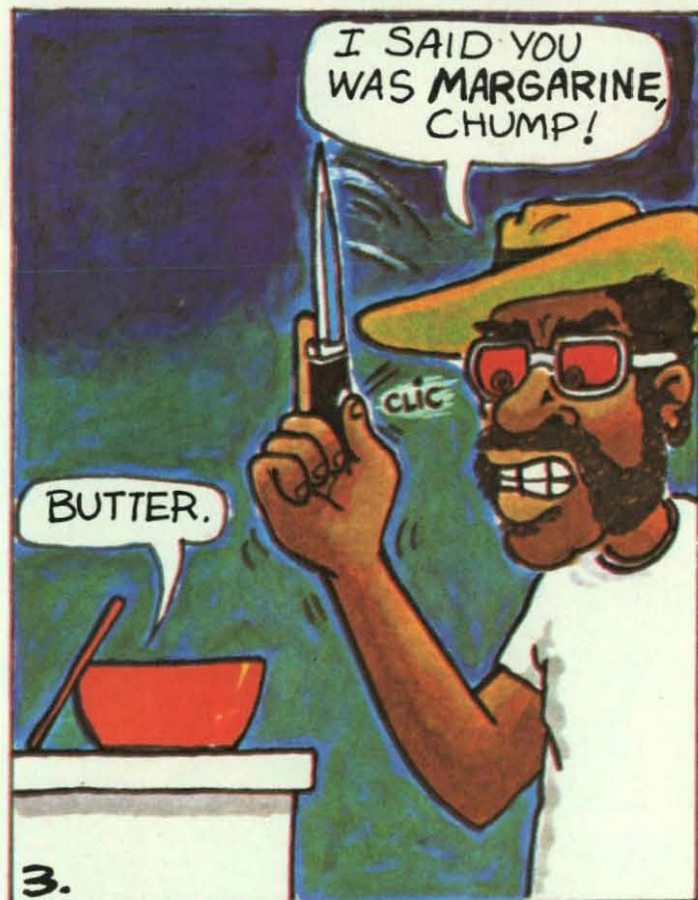
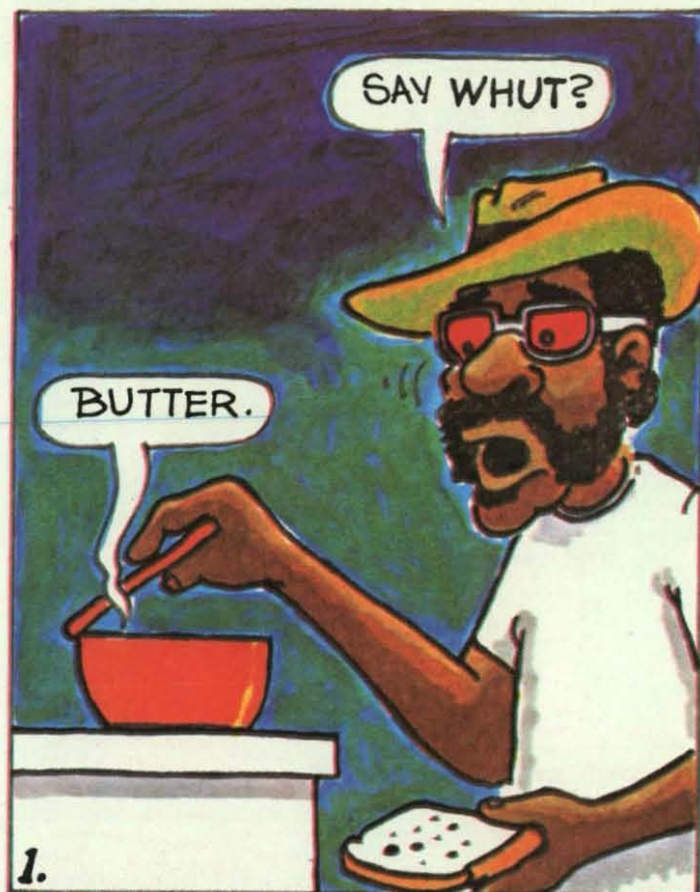
Concluded Rosen and Jerdee: "Women who follow what they consider to be appropriate sex role behavior and demonstrate deference to managerial judgments may end up as victims of their own sex role stereotypes."

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS)—The divorce rate in the U.S. has more than doubled in the past 13 years and is climbing steadily, say experts at the National Center for Health Statistics.

In 1962, the U.S. divorce rate was 2.2 per thousand population. It is now approximately five per thousand. The Northeast and the South—until recently the areas with the strictest divorce laws—have the fastest-growing divorce rates.

Divorce court judge Ed Glass of Tulsa, Oklahoma, where the divorce rate is 12.5 per thousand population, blames personal success, boredom, and the present economic decline for the high rate.

Glass believes that success changes personality and results in altered life-styles, shattering the fragile foundations of many marriages.



MADISON AVE



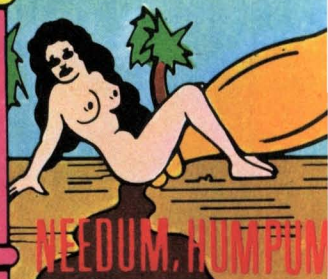
*Do It The
French
way!*



*Bite
it!*



IT'S THE REAL

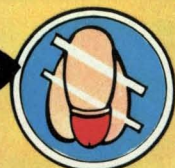


NEEDUM, HUMPHUM

OOOHHH

AAHHHHHHHHH

Phallus Palace



SEX IN ADVERTISING

by James MacNeill



Like dogshit on city streets, advertising is everywhere: on buses, taxis, bound into paperbacks, painted on blimps, and plastered over every available inch of space in public places. You wouldn't think to credit the ad men with subtlety after catching both barrels of their scattergun tactics; but, friend, never believe the bastards aren't subtle.

They're as discreet as a high-priced hooker and as potentially threatening to your wallet as any badger game in town. The name of their racket is subliminal persuasion.

Motivation researchers (and ad execs) know more about your senses than you probably do. They know, for example, that your unconscious mind is a sucker

for symbolism in advertising. A case in point: As you walk around at work, talking to your foreman, the old subconscious is checking out the nice ass on the chick at the switchboard, keeping an eye peeled for the drunken asshole who once ran over your foot with the forklift, and fingering the change in your pocket.

Yet most of this mental activity is so automatic and so rapid that you don't really notice it. Hell, you don't have time to catch all those little things, right? Well, maybe you should take time. If there's anything at all to subliminal persuasion (and the big corporations are spending millions of dollars on the assumption that there is), we're all being

had, flimflammed. Played like big fish.

We know advertising works. How else can you explain a phenomenon like pet rocks? What we're not so sure about is just how advertising influences us.

You are assaulted by an estimated 560 ads each and every day, and the ad men know that your subconscious will black most of them out in self-defense. They get around you by salting their ads with an array of symbols that appeals to the "inner man," knowing full well that the inner man is a confirmed pervert who should seldom be let out of his cage.

Think about it for a moment. You only glance at an ad for a second, if at all. However, dozens of trained advertising personnel, hundreds of man-hours, and

tens of thousands of dollars were spent on that ad to make sure you get hooked. High-priced hours were spent writing that headline. Carefully staged photo sessions, handpicked props and models, and painstaking photo retouching all went into the ad's production. You still say they can't touch you? Remember, half of Nixon's White House staff were ad men. There are millions of dollars at stake. *Nothing*, repeat, nothing happens accidentally in modern advertising.

What makes the techniques used in putting the message across so totally vicious is that, despite the multimillion-dollar production involved in putting the ad together, there is only a second or so to get the message across: that one crucial second before you spot the ad and turn the page. The admongers operate like crazed door-to-door salesmen who have been trained to hypnotize you the moment you open the door. To pull off this kind of hocus-pocus, you have to be slick. Not only slick but—let's face it—dirty.

More than any other group of business people, the ad men ride our asses with spurs. These are the guys who fucked up your landscape, got your old lady addicted to a pussy deodorant (which tastes like air from a tractor tire), gave your son a craving for a G.I. Joe doll, and generally pissed in the soup. They put coolness in burning cigarettes, economy in \$12,000 cars, and tell you that you can't be a real man unless you read a magazine edited by a faggot. So, would they stop at stroking your sweaty little subconscious?

You'll see when we take a look at some examples of ads, that those boys on Madison Avenue are indeed masters of sneaky symbolism and employ their knowledge to sell you products you might not need or even want.

Before going to the pictures, though, I want to say a little more about the tools being used. If the word *tools* makes it sound like they're slipping you a big one, then we're on the right track. Subliminal monkey business is common. The trick is to spot the sublims and still retain a sense of perspective. Analyzing advertising is like swimming in shit. You have to put up with a lot to stay afloat, but it's better to be on top of it than drowned in it.

The use of simple symbols—for instance, the dollar sign to represent money or the heart to represent love—is the most common device used in hooking your interest. It's easy to see that a man or woman suggestively fondling a cigarette or bottle can symbolize a sexual caress. A subtly emphasized "V" or "M" shape in the blurred background of an ad can get

your unconscious to see the image of a woman's spread-eagled legs. The mere presence of knives, scissors, or saws can activate long-buried childhood fears of castration. Of course, we're all still afraid of castration, but having grown up, we no longer consciously anticipate its happening to us—unless we've got real troubles. That insane unconscious of ours, though, that's the weak spot in our defenses—or so goes the basic theory of subliminal persuasion.

One of the ad men's favorite devices is the use of puns; words with more than one meaning seeded throughout their copy. One of the most striking examples is the current Winston cigarette campaign that is centered around "The Box." For some reason, cigarettes seem to sell like crazy when you tie a half-obscene pun to their tail. Remember "Taste me, taste me, c'mon and taste me!"? In most cigarette ads, there is at least some hint of oral sex. Keep this in mind the next time you see one. They *always* play up the sex angle; even though cigarettes have no more to do with fucking than a toothache has to do with an orgasm.

Similar to puns are "near words"; i.e., words that sound almost like another word that the uptight would consider taboo or obscene. "What's a Horseshot?" reads a billboard advertising Smirnoff vodka. Obviously, this is as close as you can get to shouting "Horseshit!" just to capture the public's attention. The "I just flick my Bic" commercials are in the same vein. In fact, the visual similarity between "flick" and "fuck" is so close you might not even consider that to be subliminal.

Other popular techniques include the suggestive placement of the props and typography in ads and the use of hidden sexual imagery and symbolism in the blurry backgrounds of photographs. One pioneer of subliminal advertising claims that ad agencies often lightly retouch photos to add words like *cunt* and *sex* in the folds of clothing.

Remember, no area or variety of sex is ignored, and nothing goes into an ad by accident. Straight, Gay, Oral, Anal, Sadistic, Masochistic, it's all there. And even if you've never used anything but the missionary position and would *never* do anything else, it's all meant to impress that dirty little bugger lurking in your subconscious. In fact, the more taboo the subliminal gimmick the better it works since you're less likely to let it rise to your conscious thoughts and be exposed. Subliminal ads persuade most effectively when you can't—or won't—admit to what they're really saying.

Inspect this soft-looking ad that recently appeared in quite a number of women's magazines. The headline reads: "There's a little Eve in every woman." Obviously, the advertiser is shooting for an identification with Eve, the first (and archetypal) woman of the Bible, with "Eve," a cigarette marketed for women. Apparently



each and every woman should smoke Eve in commemoration of the eternal first woman. Clever, you might think, and let it go at that. But that's only the surface. Let's put on our paranoid hats and check it out.

Are those tubular little cigarettes symbolic cocks? (Note the "cocks" jutting from the Eve package toward the model's pubic region.) Or could it be that the little cock is a clitoris? Now look at the other 11 carefully selected words in the copy. "Try today's Eve. Flowers on the outside. Flavor on the inside." Have you noticed that the woman is wearing a flowered jacket? The flavor "on the inside" referred to just might be in those pants. This is easy to believe considering this luscious chick, but that's beside the point. The point is that if you look for them, this simple little cigarette ad contains symbols that suggest penis envy, clits, and cunnilingus. And this is one of the simpler

advertisements we will cover here.

By the way, for those of you with more sophisticated tastes, it's worth considering the coiled rope on which the model is resting her elbow. It goes well with those leather pants of hers, doesn't it?

None of this would surprise you if you saw it as a part of a pictorial feature in *HUSTLER*; after all, this is a magazine for men who like sex. However, the readers of *Family Circle*, where this ad appeared, are probably buying the magazine for recipes. Most likely not one in a thousand housewives is consciously aware that with this ad Madison Avenue is dishing out oral sex and black-leather fun for her subliminal edification.

Is the U. S. Army trying to convince you to enlist through subliminal sex? Army advertising has had to beef up its act since the old days when Uncle Sam and draft board posters did the job. The all-volunteer army has a "personal touch" in its ads these days, but just how personal is something you might want to think about before enlisting.

Keep in mind that photographs used in advertising are often heavily retouched by airbrush and by hand, particularly to eliminate such things as windshield and chrome glare. The reflection of the soldier on the far left seems to extend farther to the right over the jeep than he does. While he's smiling at us, you get the impression that his shadow is eating out the pretty WAC posed behind the windshield. In the background is a white, phallic-looking tower—a handy bit of basic Freudian symbolism.

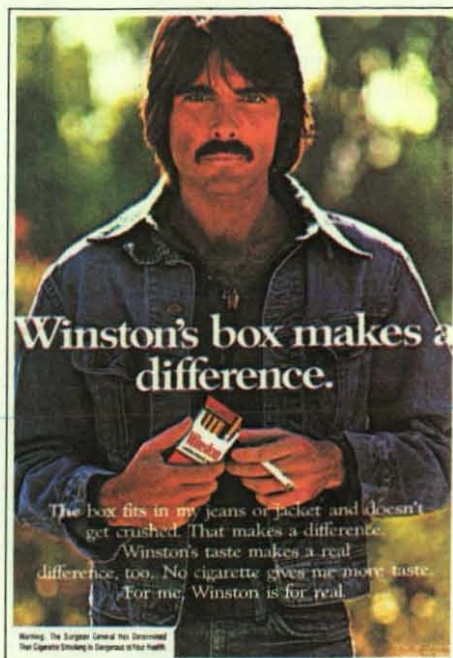
The perspective of the photo also makes for a couple of very intriguing

juxtapositions. Partially obscured by the letters "in" of the headline word "join," it appears that the black soldier's right arm is creeping toward that of the man at his left and that they are about to clasp hands. Homosexual symbolism? If you want to let your imagination go wild, how about the shit-eating grin on the face of the guy who looks to be getting some kind of exotic breast massage from the mirror of the jeep? And what about the cock-to-ass positioning of that same seated soldier to the man in front of him? Coincidence? Perhaps, but then on the other hand, perhaps not.

"You can go a long way in a few short years," the subheadline reads. It would seem by this happy subliminal orgy—courtesy of the Pentagon—that you can go a long way, if not all the way, in just a few seconds. Remember how much fun the army was?

Meanwhile, recent Winston ad campaigns have revealed a strong inclination to hit all the bases, including the bisexual market. Let's look at the accompanying ad, "Winston's box makes a difference." The word *box* (according to a member of our staff who has done original research along these lines) is a slang term for a cock in gay circles, in addition to its traditional slang meaning, i.e., a cunt. Winston, of course, is also a man's name, and rereading the copy, you could get the message, "Winston's cock makes a difference!"

In the first sentence of the spiel we get an interesting play on that theme: "The box fits in my jeans or jacket and doesn't get crushed." If you can get your cock into your jacket, it probably *won't* get



crushed. Stepped on, maybe, but never crushed. Thus, the subliminal message (if there is one) hooks both gays and straights. For the gay smoker, the implication would be that Winston's cock is there for the munching. For the straight smoker, the guy looks like a stud who scares up flocks of chicks. He's just your average Winston smoker, folks. Combine this with the double-threat model, who looks like a fag smuggled from a *Playgirl* spread, firmly grasping the phallic cigarette that juts out at the reader, and you have as fine a paranoid scenario as any the ad boys have ever come up with.

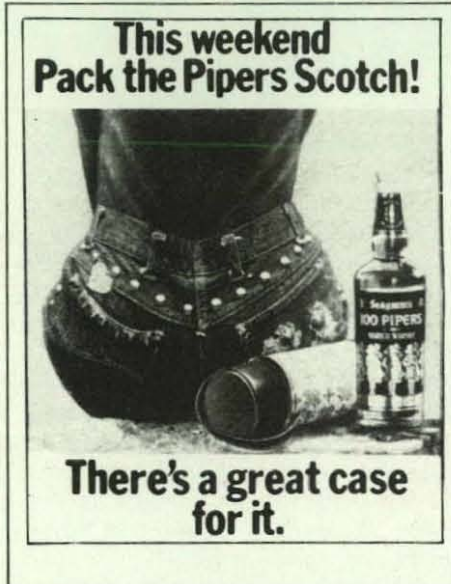
Do you like nymphets? Then you'd do well to give this Grand Old Parr Scotch ad



a closer look. How about that very young-looking model in the ad? You don't suppose she could be the "deluxe 12-year-old" in question, do you? "There's a right age for everything," the copy goes, and there's not too much doubt that the

lecherous-looking older man in the ad agrees. The right age to deflower her, perhaps (note the flowers). Her arm is resting on his upper thigh; her elbow is at his crotch. The fur and leather behind her are classic (and fetishistic) accessories. Because this ad is more blatant than most, I can almost believe the pattern of the wallpaper is intentional. Remember those subliminal images of a woman's spread legs—in the photo? But there's something else, something I've only just now seen. Due to the perspective of the shot, the girl's glass appears about three times the size of the man's. Why, that old bastard. He'll get her as drunk as a hoot owl and then....

Another great subliminal scotch ad is this one for Pipers. Though it appeared as



**This weekend
Pack the Pipers Scotch!**

**There's a great case
for it.**

a two-inch-by-three-inch insert in the *New York* magazine classifieds last year, the ad men have packed it with symbolism.

The first thing to catch your eye (to put it mildly) is the woman's enticing ass that dominates the picture. The copy is meant to play on your interest. "This weekend [which weak end?] Pack the Pipers Scotch." Where better to pack your own piper than right up her buns? As the ad says, "There's a great case for it." I'll say there is.

In the mind's eye the thermos bottle appears as the most obvious sort of phallic symbol, and it's aimed right at her ass. Notice the heart applique on her pants, long a symbol of anal love in erotica. Notice the way it reinforces that fine heart-shaped haunch of hers, and the artful retouching in the folds of her blouse, riveting your eyes downward. These guys don't miss a trick.

Is Wolfschmidt employing Bondage and Sadism to peddle vodka? You be the judge. In the visual pun department, the

magician gives his assistant the "bird," literally. Meanwhile, she's bound, chained, and blindfolded. A standard escape-act trick, you say? True enough. It's also a standard bondage fantasy. The card in his hat? The ace of spades is the symbolic death card, and the saw at his side just happens to reinforce an old standby: castration fears. The seemingly arbitrary change at the bottom of the picture into primal black and white makes more sense when you realize it emphasizes the area below the waist. If you still aren't sold, read on.

Gesturing with his finger, the man asks, "Can you top that?" Top what, the finger or his magic? She replies in clever double talk: "Watch me make this Screwdriver disappear!" On the surface she means the drink, but someone versed in subliminal techniques would argue that, in fact, she is



"Wolfschmidt Vodka's won 33 medals for excellence. Can you top that?"

"Watch me make this Screwdriver disappear!"

Wolfschmidt.
The genuine vodka with all the medals.

promising to engulf a tool with her pussy. To reinforce this, note the single object nearest her delta: a lock with a key snugly fit into it. And by the way, in old English slang, "to top" meant to fuck.

If you think that ad was something, these entries from Smirnoff will really flip you out. Repeatedly, in ad after ad, the woman is strategically positioned right on top of the vodka bottle, with the bottle's neck—by implication—going up her box. Sheer coincidence? Well, no competent art director in the world would crop a picture like that unless given instructions to do so, that's for damned sure. And get a load of the double entendre drinks:

The Bullfrog—the stereotype of the black as an animalistic fucking machine is represented. The frog? He sits around all day jes' singin' his splay-lipped heart out, not a botherin' no one.



The Bullfrog.
(Screwdriver and Smirnoff.)

When we first introduced this drink, we were of two minds about it. "Tastes so fresh, so summery," we said. But was it, perhaps, a trifle "unrefined?"

By this time the Bullfrog has acquired a modest but growing following who don't seem to have any problems with it at all. Which raises the question: can a tall, green drink called a Bullfrog become a summertime tradition? That, of course, is entirely up to you.

To make a Bullfrog, pour 1 1/2 oz. Smirnoff into a tall glass with ice. Fill with 4 oz. limeade and mix.

Smirnoff
keeps you breathless®

Luckily, we don't have to strain to read the sinister hand of Madison Avenue into what Smirnoff has the white folks sucking up. You should keep in mind, by the way, that the names of these drinks weren't something the vodka people picked up from the bar scene. They concoct these drinks themselves. Given the makeup of this one, let's hope so, or we bar patrons are in serious trouble. The drink in the ad featuring a white couple is made with milk, vodka, and creme de cacao (Rolands are optional). In the picture, the woman, firmly mounted on the bottle, looks as if she's



The White Elephant.
(Screwdriver, white creme de cacao, and Smirnoff.)

This drink is aptly named. We couldn't discuss it among ourselves without arguing. Otherwise, we'd have said you about it ages ago.

We agreed on the Smirnoff. We agreed on the creme de cacao. But was a White Elephant made with milk? After that, we couldn't agree. So, we tested the drink both ways. The milk version was hands down. "Delicious," "tastes like a White Elephant," "that's why we opposed putting milk in the drink in the first place!" said the people who had opposed milk in the first place. "It goes down like candy."

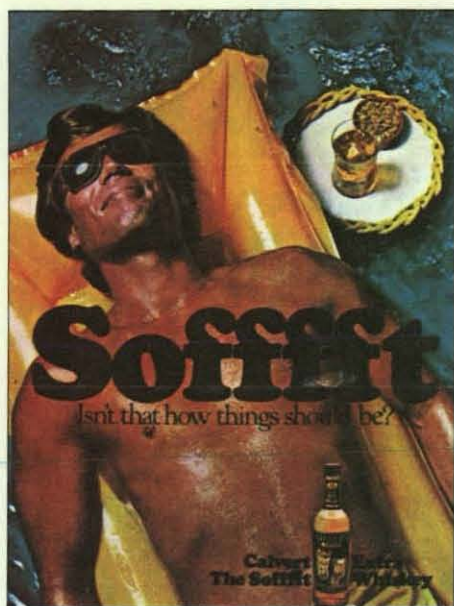
There's a problem we hadn't faced before. This drink has 2 oz. of liquor in it and if you don't realize it at first, you are sure to feel it later. So, hopefully you'll treat it just yourself with respect.

To make a White Elephant: Pour 1 oz. Smirnoff, 1 oz. white creme de cacao and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Mix.

Smirnoff
keeps you breathless®

about to double her pleasure by copping a feel of the man's "White Elephant."

In the same tradition, the Calvert's Company has an ad that is the masculine counterpart to the bottleneck up the cunt routine. Note the placement of this phallic-looking bottle, pointing north to a very smug-looking male model. And the copy



reads: "Soffitt...Isn't that how things should be?" I ask you, is this *your* idea of a soft sell?

Returning to cigarettes for a moment, this Kent ad has been driving me up the wall. I can't decide whether I'm being diddled on this one or not, but I've put it in the article anyway. I figure it might be useful, if only to show how hunting sublimals can scramble your thinking.

From the start, the request "Come for the filter" is obnoxious. You may just shrug it off as such and pay no further attention. But as we've said, you don't really have to pay attention for their message to get through. Take a closer look. These are no ordinary filters! At the point where the top three cigarettes meet, there is a suspicious-looking shadow resembling a tight little pair of buns. The third cigarette is positioned provocatively,



ready to scoot right up that crack. The little bastards are sodomizing each other, for Christ's sake.

Now turn the ad upside down, and if you have any kind of dirty mind at all, you'll see these filters form a bottomless, front view. Here there's a sort of modern-art rendering of a pair of tits formed from the two filters at the top, a stylized belly formed by the middle one, and quite a realistic little cunt at the bottom. The same shadow that defined an ass now looks like pubic hair. The two most extended filters look like legs. If you're really a sickie, call them amputee stubs. What the hell! I did, and if I'm off base, what difference does it make? Let Madison Avenue be offended for a change.

English Leather has been a big user of the pun lately. In the first place, their ads generally play upon the underground meaning of the phrase "English Leather." It means a sadistic flogging trip, and you can see it used that way in any swinger's magazine. The familiar, arrogant, "All my men wear English Leather" takes on a whole new flavor in that light.

This musk ad, by the same wonderful folks, dallies with the themes of bestiality and buttocks. The obvious intent of the ad



is to sell you musk as if it were some ultimate aphrodisiac: "The missing link between animal and man"; "Fiercely masculine"; "The cologne that provokes man's instincts." In other words, use the cologne and turn into an animal with a raging erection that defies confinement, is that the idea? The musk-ox horns thrust excitedly out from the package at 45-degree angles tend to convince me that it is. As the single biggest component in the ad, the horns must signify—logically enough—horniness. Nothing sneaky about that.

Any symbol worth its salt, though, can be seen in more than one light. Those up-front horns also suggest, subliminally, spread-eagled legs. As men's legs they appear to rise: the top of the horns being the thighs; the calves and the feet implied off-camera. If you're as far gone on subliminals as I am, the cologne box itself looks like a hefty erection.

Subliminals even have a way of popping up in mundane ads, such as this one for the Columbia record and tape club that appeared in a recent *Cosmopolitan*. Rising above the stacks of tapes is an almost orgasmically happy young woman dressed in red. The copy on the left reads: "Imagine...one boring day when you've



nothing to do..." We might conclude that the girl's solution is to feel up Helen Reddy's tit in a subliminal lesbian tryst. Not bad, and for only a dollar at that!

Still skeptical? Most people are until they've uncovered a few sublims on their own. All it takes is a keen eye and an imagination to match those of the advertising agencies that concocted the ads in the first place. To help you get started, here are a few tips that may come in handy:

(1) *Know where to look.* Don't waste your time on ads in your local newspaper or local magazines. You'll soon discover that only national advertisers who use mass media can afford to hire ad agencies with the skill to design subliminal ads.

(2) *Know which ads to single out.* Subliminal devices tend to appear predominately in ads for nonessential products where the market is crowded and competitive. In other words, cigarette, liquor, and cosmetics ads have the most beneath-the-surface messages. All these items depend heavily on fostering artificial differences among themselves, and that's usually accomplished by creating images of sex and sex appeal. If you find subliminals in one ad that is part of a series, chances are that there are subliminals in other ads in the campaign.

(3) *Watch for key words.* Ads that

(continued on page 122)

Torrid Tina

Tina is a tigress. She gets off on showing her body, which makes it nice for all of us who get off on seeing it. Tina always explains her exhibitionism by telling you about her astrological sign. She's a Leo, a cat that needs to be admired and stroked. And a pretty pussy she is, too! Her Mexican ancestry has favored her with feline sensuality, and you can spot some of the wildness of the Central American jungle in Tina's sultry eyes. In bed, Tina moans and screams like a jungle cat, wrapping her legs tightly around the body of her man, scoring his back with her nails, at last letting herself be tamed by him. She wants to be gentled by a stern but loving trainer. For such a man, no sexual whim is too far out—it's all a release for her overpowering animal vitality. After all, she reasons, the mating urge is the first law of the jungle.

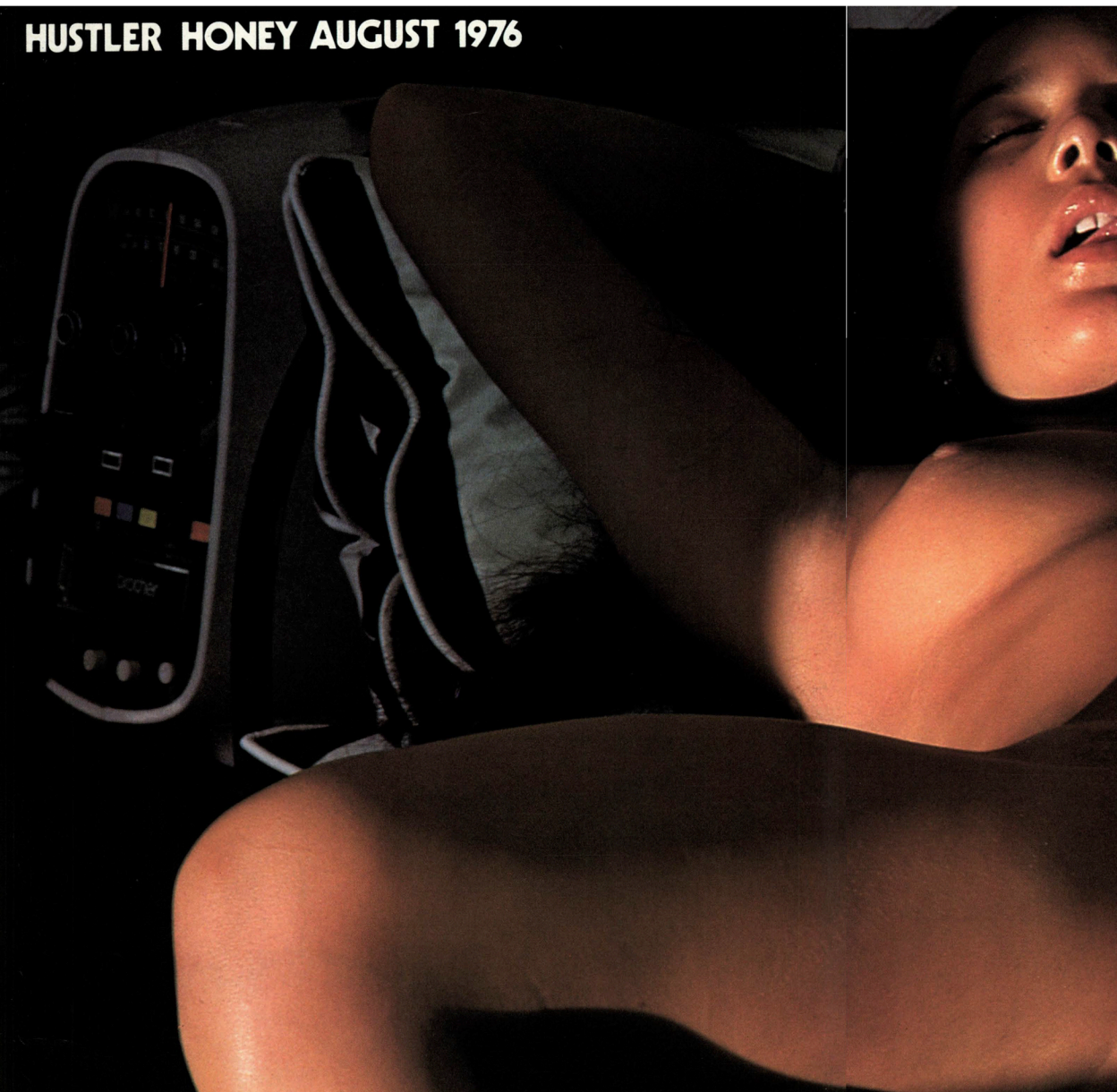








HUSTLER HONEY AUGUST 1976

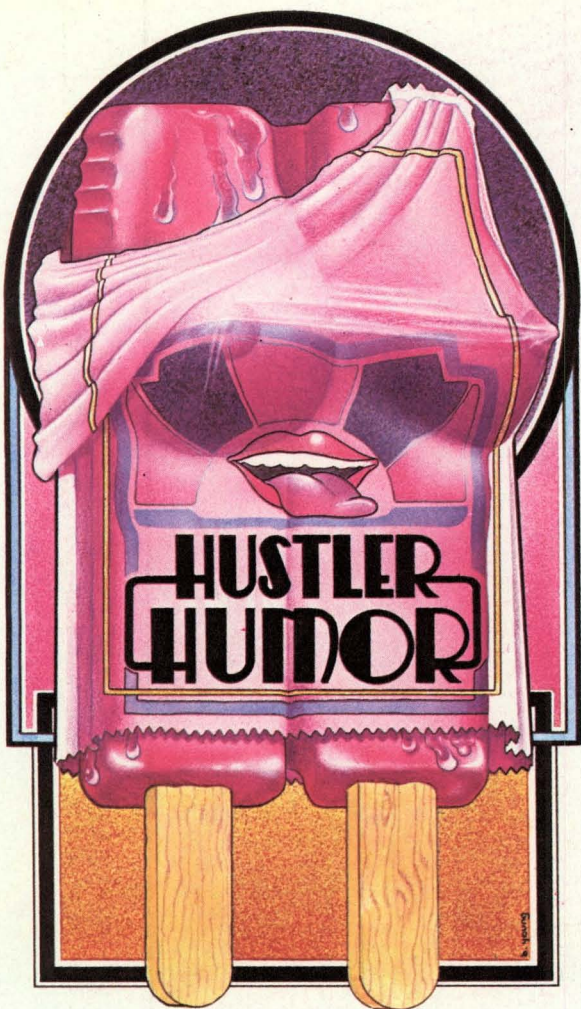












You've heard of the difference between a tribe of Pygmies and a Girl Scout troop, haven't you? Yeah, one is a bunch of cunning runts, the other a bunch of running cunts.

There was this rooster who was a sex maniac. Every time he saw any kind of animal, he fucked it to death. So, the rooster went around the countryside fucking all the animals to death.

One day, a farmer saw the rooster fucking one of his cows. He yelled over to the rooster and said, "You damn little bastard! One of these days you're going to end up fucking yourself to death."

About a month or so later, after nearly every animal in the vicinity had been fucked to death, the farmer was walking down the road and saw the rooster lying in some bushes. It seemed that the rooster was dead. The farmer laughed and said, "See, I told you you'd end up fucking yourself to death." All of a sudden, the little rooster raised up and said, "Shhh, buzzards."

Then there's the one about the stupid newlywed who returned from her honeymoon and complained to her doctor that the birth control pills he'd prescribed were too hard to take. Puzzled, the doctor asked what she meant. "Well, Doc," she replied, "every time I put a pill in, it kept falling out!"

How about the swinging Jewish bachelor who always advocated wine, women, and schlong?

A guy named Hal went into a \$100 whorehouse but found he only had \$5.00. "No problem," consoled the madam. "Go to the top of the stairs and into the room at the very back."

In the room he found a rather pallid creature lying motionless on the bed. He jumped on her and started humping away. As he was about to shoot his load, he noticed the girl was foaming at the mouth. Terrified, he bounded down the stairs and excitedly told the madam what had happened.

"My God, she's sick!" he yelled.

"No, she isn't," answered the madam. "We'll just call the morgue and order you another one. *That* one's filled up."

They say one way you can tell the difference between a young prostitute and an old prostitute these days is that a young prostitute uses petroleum jelly and the old prostitute uses denture adhesive.

What do a hemophiliac and a virgin have in common? One prick and it's all over.

It was a gory three-car pileup, and even the more hardened policemen were sickened by the carnage. Everyone involved in the accident had been killed, blood was everywhere, and one corpse was even decapitated. Before the cleanup had begun, a drunk pushed his way to the front of the crowd and said he recognized one of the cars as belonging to one of his friends and wanted to find out if his friend was a victim.

The police were taken aback but let the drunk examine the bodies. He staggered over, picking up the severed head by its ears, and looked it straight in the eye. Onlookers were feeling queasy and on the verge of puking. The cop asked the fellow if it was his friend.

"Nope," the drunk answered. "My friend was taller than this."

Army psychiatrist at induction center: "Tell me, young man, do you like girls?"

Draftee: "Of course. I'm bisexual."

I called my wide-twat girl the other night and asked what she was doing. She told me she had just taken a douche with a new fluoride toothpaste. I asked what for, and she said it reduced cavities.

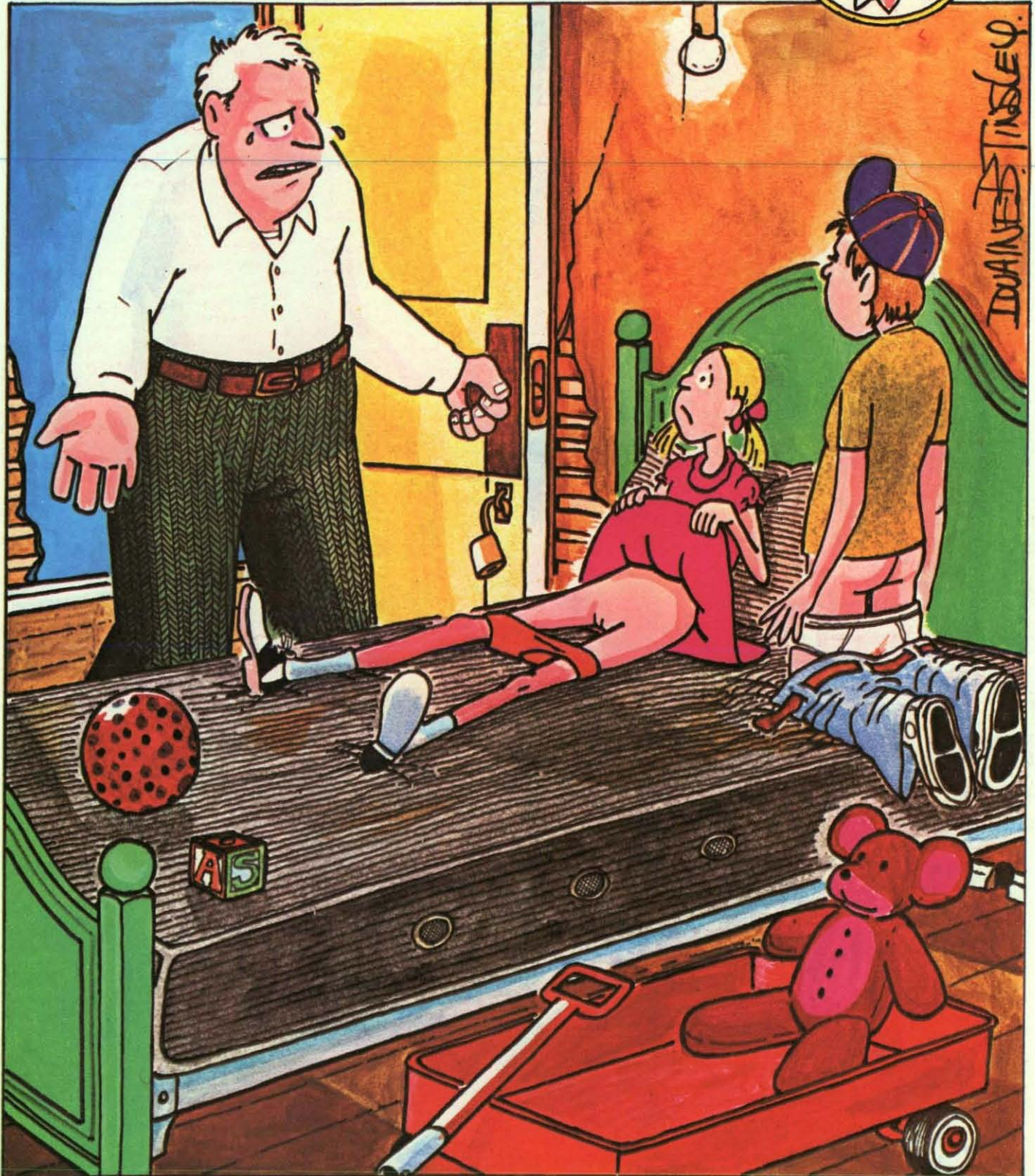
The young woman in the \$50 whorehouse slipped down the hall to get some towels. When she returned, her customer lay naked on the bed, abusing himself with reckless abandon.

"Hey!" yelled the girl as she saw his eyes starting to glaze, "whatsa matter with you—you nuts?"

"Ah, no, baby," panted the man. "At the prices here, you don't think you're going to get... the easy one, do you?"

Notice: The jokes in *HUSTLER Humor* are not necessarily new jokes, but *funny* jokes that you may or may not have heard. We do this intentionally for the benefit of all readers. If you have a joke that you feel is exceptionally funny but that nevertheless might be an old one, don't hesitate to submit it to us. Even if it causes us to throw up, we'll give you \$25.00 if we publish it. Send to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 40 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.

CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"So this is what I get for loving you, heh, Arlene? Infidelity?"



by Michael Bane

A resounding .45-caliber explosion shatters the sleepy Alabama afternoon, sending peals of thunder rolling across a small reservoir and an expended shell casing soaring into the air. Hank Williams, Jr., grimaces a little and squints at the crushed hulk of a tin can approximately 25 feet away.

"About a foot low and a few inches to the left," Hank says, easing the brand-new Colt automatic back into position. The woods around his A-frame house rustle in the light wind, and his bear dogs grumble in their kennel, waiting for the next shot. The Colt speaks again, then again. Within seconds, six more shells are following a graceful arc to the damp pine needles as the crumpled tin can dances with each hit.

"Not bad," he says with a Hank Williams grin that approaches demonic proportions. "Not too bad for a new gun."

New guns aren't the only things Hank Williams, Jr., is grinning about these days. For a start, he's still alive. That was less than an even bet one year ago when a U. S. Government helicopter airlifted his shattered body from the Montana Continental Divide where he had fallen 500 feet—straight down. He's already eager to hit the road and resume a country-music career that seemed, for a few terribly long months, as doomed as that of his famous father, Hank Williams.

The mention of that renewed career is guaranteed to send another grin flashing across his lean face. There was plenty of time to think, waiting while the best plastic surgeons in the country labored to put

HANK WILLIAMS JR. Long Gone From Daddy

him together again, and he's made a definite decision: This time around, the Music City shysters and big executive groupies who swarm around a successful entertainer and bleed him white aren't getting their suckers into Hank Williams, Jr.

To hell with Nashville!

The most revered name in country music will no longer have anything to do with country music's mecca. Old Hank's boy has had enough.

"I'm gonna quit singin' all them
sad songs
'Cause I can't stand the pain
The life I sing about now
And the one I live is the same...."

Hank would probably have been a country-and-western star even if his name weren't Hank Williams. He is, in a word, talented. He plays guitar, piano, dobro, fiddle, harmonica, bass, and five-string banjo—plus almost anything else that happens to fall into his hands. His musical appetites are voracious, and he devours huge helpings of country, rock, blues, and boogie along with a few bites of classical and bluegrass—all in one evening. Hank's songwriting abilities have grown increasingly sophisticated. He's at least equal to and, in many cases, better than a whole slew of Nashville tunesmiths.

Hank *did* inherit the most famous name in country music—perhaps the most enduring name American music has ever produced. Old Hank is as much a part of American folklore as Billy the Kid, as deeply entrenched in the collective unconscious as the prostitute with the heart of gold.

Hank Williams, Sr., began with nothing, but in six short years he changed country music from a quaint Appalachian anomaly into a national pastime, riding such tunes as "Your Cheatin' Heart," and "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," from stardom to legend. Then, on New Year's Day, 1953—while his song "I'll Never Get Out of This World Alive" was climbing up the national charts—Hank was gone.

He died in the back seat of a Cadillac en route to a performance. His friends thought he was sleeping. Stopped at a gas station in Oakhill, West Virginia, they tried to wake him and discovered he was dead. Most people agree that the heart attack that killed him at the age of 29 was brought on by the excessive doses of pills and liquor that he used to keep himself going—he was the victim of his own unerring rush toward destruction.

Twenty-three years later, fans still file past the towering marble monument in

His personal and professional life crumbling, Hank Jr. started going the same self-destructive route that killed his father.

Oakwood Cemetery Annex, Montgomery, Alabama, and pause a few moments in silence with their legend.

It was natural that Hank Williams, Jr., three years old at the time of his daddy's death, would have a silver guitar thrust into his hands at the earliest possible moment, living proof, as his record-company biography puts it, that musical genius can be passed from generation to generation.

"When I sing them old songs of
Daddy's
Seems like every one comes true
Lord, please help me
Do I have to be
The living proof...."

Old Hank stares down from a huge oil painting, aloof and impenetrable, while Hank and I discuss guns, mutual friends, hunting, anything but what I came to discuss. The Colt, reloaded, rests on the counter amid a pile of Smith and Wessons and just about every other kind of firearm you can possibly think of. Hank's A-frame house could easily be mistaken for a well-stocked gun store. There are about 250 pieces of various sizes, shapes, and calibers hanging from racks, leaning against the wall, and taking up every available space. Some, in fact, are still in unopened factory boxes.

Finally, the interview—his first since the accident—grumbles to a start. "Was there ever a doubt," I ask, "that Hank Williams,

THE PHILOSOPHER

Some things become so completely our own that we forget them.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

Jr., was going to be the living proof?" Hank laughs.

"Well, damn it, I'm afraid not," he says, sinking into the overstuffed couch in his den that overlooks the little reservoir. "It's a great place to go skinny-dipping," Hank adds, nodding toward the water.

"Was there any chance at all?" I persist in asking.

"There you are. You put your finger on it. No, there was no chance," he laughs. Now it's funny. A few months ago, it was more like an impacted wisdom tooth. "No, I was born right in it. You know, when I was growing up, there were some super people over at the house. Perry Como would be there. Fats Domino would be there. Jerry Lee Lewis, Charlie Rich, Al Hirt—I was around them all the time. I dunno; I got to be a regular show-off, I guess.

"Besides," he adds, the Williams' grin lighting up, "the situation was not without its inherent advantages. You should have seen me," he says, cracking up with laughter. "Every time I would walk out onstage, people would say, 'He'll walk out there, and they'll go crazy because he's who he is. He can do anything and get an ovation.' And it was true."

So, at the age of eight, when most kids are trying to figure out how to stay out of school, Hank Williams was on the circuit. He made his first appearance on the Ed Sullivan show at 14 and recorded an album with Connie Francis at 15. Living proof.

"God, when I was growing up, between the ages of eight and fourteen...all those years, that voice. You know, your voice is changing. I could go out there and fall on my ass, and they'd all yell 'AAA! It's Hank's boy!'" he screams in mock adulation. "And they'd go crazy. It was fun at the time."

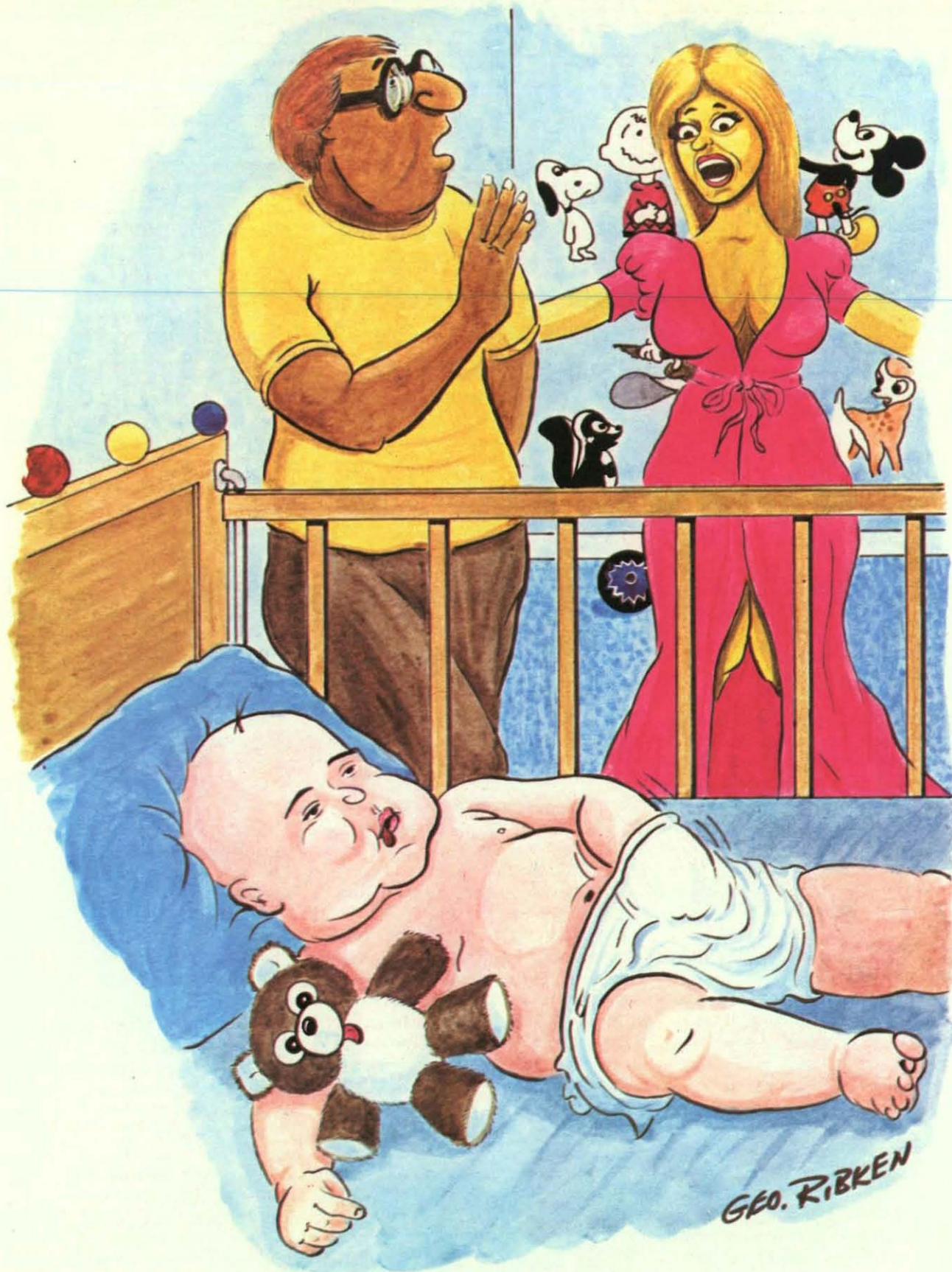
The road wasn't without its troubles for a kid: "I had to go to Germany one time when I was about fifteen years old to play a USO club," Hank says, chuckling. "A certain girl hadn't done a certain thing that she should have done. And, uh, nature's way...and I prayed. I was going to be gone for two months, and I did some heavy praying."

"Why, just the other night after the show

An old drunk came up to me
He said you ain't as good as your
daddy, boy

And you never will be...."

"Yeah, it was fun at the time," Hank is saying. The laughter is gone, and he looks



"It's OK, dear. I'll stop him before he needs glasses."

much older than his 26 years. "When you get up around seventeen or eighteen, it can start getting cruel. You know: 'I knew your daddy, and he did this and he did that. Why don't you do it? Why, my God, he'd have done it if he was here!'"

Lots of drunks were at backstage doors, and they'd all been friends of his old man. They all wanted to have a drink with the living proof, and maybe give Hank's boy a few pointers on the music business. After all, they knew he really wasn't nearly so good as his daddy. He'd probably appreciate the advice.

"Then I started resenting the hell out of it. Just didn't want to see 'em. I've been in a lot of that, and I just want to let the past rest."

The past refused to rest, and it finally found more insidious ways to worm itself into Hank's career. No sooner had Hank Williams, Jr., the singer and songwriter, begun to make some waves on his own than his personal life began crumbling around the edges. His marriage hit the rocks with a vengeance. His management in Nashville was becoming more and more of an albatross, concerned with perpetuating and packaging the Hank Williams myth instead of Hank Williams, Jr. Even the touring—up to 230 days a year cruising the country in his bus, the "Cheatin' Heart Special"—became a godawful chore, and Hank began taking out his frustrations on his audiences. The whispers began backstage that maybe there was a devil in these Williamses that pushed them to self-destruction, and that Hank Jr. was heading for the same cold, dead end his daddy had rushed down. The whispers were dead right.

"There's a little devil and a little fire in there when you get to the beer joint and hear the amps going and the glasses tinkling and the girls"—he leans back in the couch and surrenders to the grin—"the girls drifting in the breeze."

He's silent for a moment, and the grin fades to an embarrassed smile.

"I'd been off for a pretty good while, and, boy, I really wanted off bad. I did...uh...like an OD right here," he confesses quietly. "Sleeping pills...Darvon. Then I went off to the hospital in Nashville, and they put me in there for a while. I did a lot of thinking, and I decided I was going to do this music for my own enjoyment. When it started getting to that stage, when it wasn't fun anymore, I'd take it out on them [the audience]. I'd crank it up wide open, and you can destroy yourself that way."

It's almost a living thing, the urge for self-destruction. "It gets hold of you, and it

"The new audience doesn't give a damn about labels," says Hank. "Call it country, call it country rock, call it mountain mambo—they're still listening."

won't let go," Hank claims. "There's so many that gave in; so many legends that didn't make it.

"It's too much at once," he says. "Daddy's was too much at once. He went from a one-room log cabin and selling peanuts to...well, it was only about a seven-year career, really. Sometimes he didn't want to be in Wichita Falls, Texas, or Baltimore, Maryland. He wanted to be out hunting squirrel."

"Then a young girl in old blue jeans
Says 'I'm your biggest fan'
It's a good thing I was born Gemini
'Cause I'm livin' for more than
man...."

So, Hank Jr. quit the road and headed back to Alabama, to the sleepy little town of Cullman and the A-frame house set back in the pine woods. He brooded and walked and shot and hunted; then he gathered a few friends and headed for the recording studios of Muscle Shoals, Alabama, to put together the first album of his new career. He chose Muscle Shoals, with its funkier rock-'n'-roll pickers, over Nashville and its placid country music establishment. Hank had a good idea of what he wanted to do, and Charlie Rich's slick sound and Chet Atkins's strings didn't have anything to do with it.

Hank's choice of friends also started tongues wagging: rock 'n' rollers!

Toy Caldwell, the firebrand lead guitarist from the Marshall Tucker Band, whose Southern funk is thick enough to cut with

THE PHILOSOPHER

The confession of one man humbles all.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

a knife, joined him in Muscle Shoals. Tennessee fiddler Charlie Daniels, riding his wicked fiddle to a cult following, came along, as well as Chuck Leavell, keyboard wizard with the Allman Brothers Band.

The most revered name in country music and the cream of Southern rock cloistered themselves in an Alabama backwater and emerged a few months later with *Hank Williams, Jr. and Friends*—the surprise album of the year. Virtually overnight, Hank Williams, Jr., exploded to the forefront of the "progressive" country movement. The Toy Caldwell-composed "Can't You See"—virtually an anthem for Southern rock freaks—leaped onto the charts. The album was devastatingly effective, from a superb series of Hank Williams, Jr., ballads and the painfully beautiful "On Susan's Floor," written by one of Nashville's most outstanding and unrecognized talents, Vince Matthews, right down to the Toy Caldwell rockers.

And finally, "Living Proof," the exclamation point at the end of the old Hank Williams, Jr.

"Remember Jimmy and Hank and
Johnny

They were in the summer of life
When you called them away, Lord
I don't want to pay that price

Don't let my son ever touch a guitar
Make him never sing the blues
Let him be free
Don't make him be
More living proof...."

Hank's life is neatly divided into two segments: before the fall and after the fall. The pivotal point is August 8, 1975, when his foot slipped on a patch of ice high in the Montana Rockies. A few seconds later, he came to a stop 500 feet below. He landed on his face.

"By golly, the Lord spared me there. I had my brains in my hands, literally. My face was just about gone, and now everything is going to be all right after all," Hank says incredulously. "I had almost no vision in my right eye—why did this come back? Why can I still shoot anything?" He points at the Colt. "Why can I still play the same?"

He's done a lot of meditating, and there were just too many "ifs" involved—too many things that just fell into place to keep Hank Williams, Jr., from dying on that cold mountainside. As suddenly as it had come to dominate his life, the urge for self-destruction was gone.

"Some of the other magazines have

(continued on page 92)

LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT

LARRY FLYNT'S HUSTLER CLUB®

BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE



NEW YORK, NY	SAN FRANCISCO, CA	NEW ORLEANS, LA	BALTIMORE, MD
DETROIT, MI (NEW)	SAN DIEGO, CA	ST. LOUIS, MO	SHREVEPORT, LA
REDLANDS, CA	PARIS, FRANCE	MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA	CROYDON, UK

(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV

WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM

NAOMI



IT'S ALL PINK ON THE INSIDE

When her love-light shines, educated palates will find hot, pink delicacies past Naomi's parted brown lips. Once inside, the dedicated gourmet will conclude that the old grade-school cliché holds true: We are all brothers and sisters under the skin.

"I like to be eaten savagely, but I'm more interested in a demonstration of a talented tongue than a show of cunt cannibalism," says this long-legged lover.

Aggressive men with wild, freaky habits make Naomi a willing sex slave for a hard, rough fuck. However, slow and deliberate action when it's time to come together sets her off best.

Naomi expresses a preference for the feeling of a big-boned man, but she's not spooked by short-horned bulls. "They're all the same when they're inside," she comments equitably. Amen, sister.

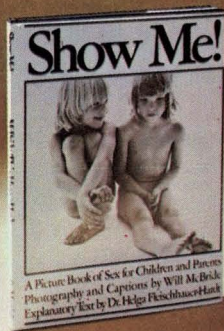








HUSTLER book SERVICE



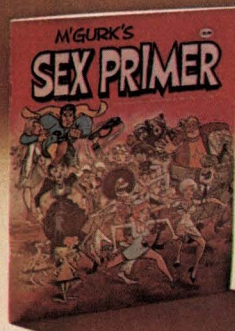
No. 2605

SHOW ME!

This is the last word in photographically explicit sex manuals for children. Text by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt answers every question a child could possibly pose, and the photography by Will McBride is as artistic as it is informative. Highly recommended for its realistic approach to what is often an awkward subject.

No. 2605

\$12.95



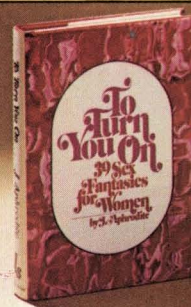
No. 2606

SEX PRIMER

Here is a collection of some of the funniest sex-licit cartoons in years. Flowing copiously from Rod Q. M'Gurk's pen on the veiled satires of *Beetle Bailey*, *Superman*, *B.C.* and more. One story shows and tells how a motorcycling chick finds true happiness with a cousin of Smokey the Bear. Sure to tickle your bone, funny or otherwise.

No. 2606

\$5.00



No. 2621

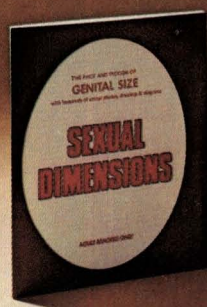
TO TURN YOU ON

39 Sex Fantasies for Women

A fascinating and authentic sampling of erotic female desires. Perhaps for the first time, the various imaginings of the female mind have been recognized and seriously understood. Honest and sincere in its method and approach, it sharpens the reader's sexual insight. Both men and women will find it rewarding reading.

No. 2621

\$7.95



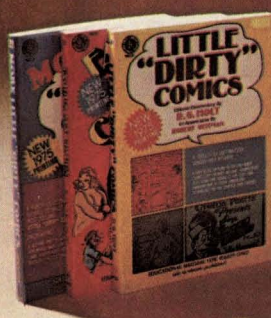
No. 2609

SEXUAL DIMENSIONS

This is the first book ever to be devoted exclusively to the genitals as a pleasure source. This fact-filled, oversize volume reveals a series of special views of the penis actually deep inside the vagina, and it describes the proper positions and motions for the maximum stimulation of genital areas. The documented records of genital size will amaze you.

No. 2609

\$9.95



No. 2610

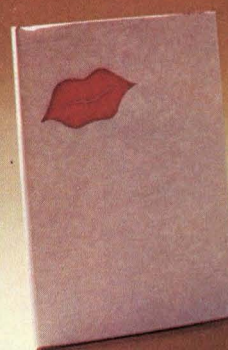
LITTLE "DIRTY" COMICS

Those wonderful "scandalous" turn-ons are back in this 3-volume collection of famous sex comics. Experience once again the secret, sexy adventures of *Popeye*, *Dick Tracy*, *Little Orphan Annie*, and dozens of others. More than 800 illustrations in full color and black & white. 640 pages in 3 volumes.

No. 2610

Set of 3

\$15.00



No. 2612

I AM EROTICA

Impressions of Lust by Jo Ann Audrey
I Am Erotica takes you out of the ordinary into a wondrous world of sexual revelations. It gives you love—only more than just love. It brings forth all of the breathtaking beauty, the unexcelled ecstasy of love and lust. *I Am Erotica* is unlike any other. It stands by itself... unrivaled... unequaled! Illustrated.

No. 2612

\$7.95



No. 2613

MASTURBATION

The Art of Self-Enjoyment

Learn exciting techniques available to you to improve your sexual satisfaction. This liberated book contains not only a factual review of the art of masturbation, but more than 190 photographs as well—pictures portraying both men and women in the acts of self-sexual release.

No. 2613

\$15.00



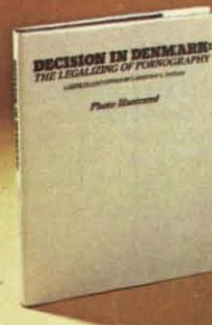
No. 2614

THE SECRET JOYS OF SEXUAL FULFILLMENT

This book shows lovemaking as it really is! See uninhibited lovers receiving exhilarating pleasures in 300 uncensored, unabridged, and unretouched photos. As an added attraction, you receive FREE a full-color movie... a bold performance of explicit lovemaking (a \$15.00 value). Order now for your bargain in adventure.

No. 2614

\$15.00



No. 2615

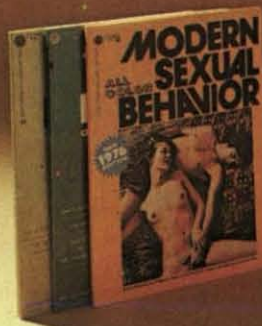
DECISION IN DENMARK

The Legalizing of Pornography

The controversial subject of pornography is explored in this hardbound book with great intensity and clarity. Societies evolve and must make certain readjustments. This photo-illustrated book tells you what happened after Denmark legalized pornography. A \$30 value.

No. 2615

\$20.00



No. 2616

MODERN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR

If you have a ravenous sexual appetite, these 3 instructive volumes are sure to "wet" it till you're drenched. Scientific sexual findings are presented in laymen's terms for understanding, along with full-color-explicit photos to erase any doubts. To read these books is to experience ultimate freedom in the sexual revolution.

No. 2616

Set of 3

\$32.00



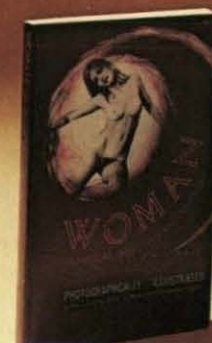
No. 2617

ORAL SEX & THE LAW

This fully illustrated in-depth study of sex, law & history delves into the legislation which attempts to dictate and repress your own personal sex life. Trace the history and politics that have abolished your right to free sexual expression. This hardbound masterpiece deals with every aspect of oral sex with refreshing openness. A \$30 value.

No. 2617

\$20.00



No. 2618

WOMAN

Her Sexual Variations & Functions

Woman's erotic nature has been too long neglected...but no longer can you make excuses. This informative book probes the sexual anatomy of that voluptuous creature: Woman. Edited by W. Francis Benedict, M.D., it captures the beauty of a woman's sexual awareness.

No. 2618

\$8.75

ORDER NOW BY PHONE — USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (in Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Please send:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> #2605 @ \$12.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> #2613 @ \$15.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #2606 @ \$5.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> #2614 @ \$15.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #2621 @ \$7.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> #2615 @ \$20.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #2609 @ \$9.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> #2616 @ \$32.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #2610 @ \$15.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> #2617 @ \$20.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #2612 @ \$7.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> #2618 @ \$8.75 |

Subtotal \$

Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax

Postage & Handling 1.50

TOTAL

Send to:
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

PLEASE PRINT:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No.

Interbank No. (MC only)

Signature

(Foreign Orders add \$2.00)

Expiration Date

Date 0876

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER
Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in your sexual encounters? If you do, write it down and send it to **HUSTLER's Kinky Korner**, the section of the magazine written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published. Your submission should be about eight typed pages in length and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SLUT

by David Budd

Sally was one of the most incredible women I have ever known. Not that she was particularly attractive. In fact, for some odd reason, I always found her face to be slightly repulsive, despite her careful use of makeup and the attractive way she styled her blonde hair. Sally also wore the worst clothes imaginable in terms of style and color combination; but worst of all they hid Sally's greatest asset—her body. Her body was absolutely incredible.

I first noticed Sally's body one day while standing at the edge of the college swimming pool. It was summertime and regular classes were not in session, but the pool was open to students. I had borrowed a student I.D. card from a guy I knew and had been spending most of the summer hanging out at the campus pool, trying to pick up chicks. Now, seeing Sally swimming underwater in my direction, her body churning invitingly, I decided to get to know her better.

I dived into the water and angled perfectly so that my face bumped into Sally's tits. I pretended to be just coming up for air, and I apologized profusely for bumping into her. However, she surprised me a little when she coyly said I shouldn't apologize for something she had enjoyed so much. Before I could think of an appropriate remark, her hand brushed against the bulge in my swimsuit, and she floated away on her back. This left me treading water for a few moments until I realized I had found a real live wire.

I dived again and swam toward her, coming right up under her ass. As she floated slowly on her back with her legs spread, I was tempted to pluck one of the pubic hairs that her tight bikini couldn't seem to contain. Instead, I pinched her ass and surfaced six inches from her crotch. I had a mouthful of water, so I made like a fountain, arching a stream of water into the air, the liquid splashing her perfectly round titties that strained against her halter top. Like an ace, I scored a hit, and she was so surprised she choked on a mouthful of water.

When she regained her composure, she glared at me with fire in her blue eyes and swam toward me like some maniac

KINKY KORNER

banshee. I had no idea what lay ahead, but much to my surprise, instead of wanting to scratch my eyes out, she got close to me and grabbed my balls. I was ready to hit the bitch in the jaw, but then I realized that the fire in her eyes wasn't anger—it was passion. This beautiful, sexy blonde was trying to beat me off in the middle of a swimming pool.

Once I realized her intention, I found myself with an instant hard-on. I looked around to make sure that nobody was watching our little escapade. It was nearly closing time, and all the other swimmers had left. The lifeguard was talking to some chicks.

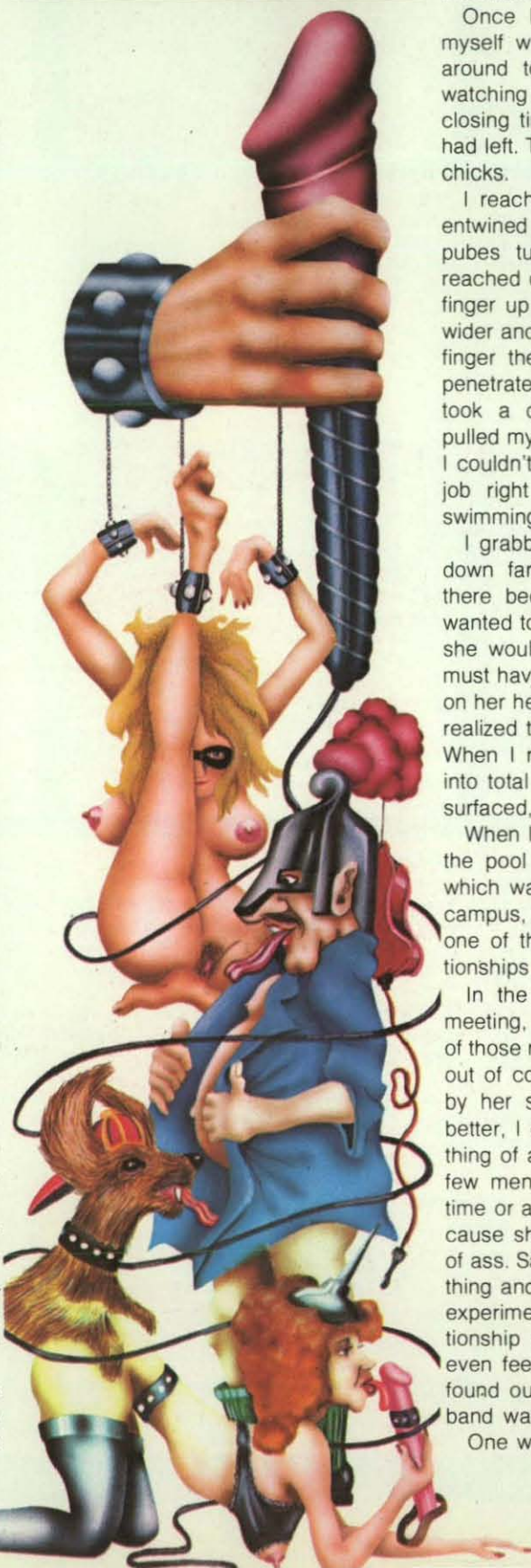
I reached into Sally's bathing suit and entwined my fingers in her bush. Her silky pubes turned me on even more, so I reached down farther so I could stick my finger up her pussy. She spread her legs wider and squirmed down onto my middle finger the minute the tip of it started to penetrate her hole. Next, the crazy chick took a deep breath, dived underwater, pulled my cock out, and started sucking it. I couldn't believe it. I was getting a blow-job right in the middle of the college swimming pool!

I grabbed Sally's head and pushed her down farther onto my cock. I held her there because I was so turned on and wanted to come so much that I forgot that she would need to come up for air. She must have struggled against the grip I had on her head for a full ten seconds before I realized that the poor girl was suffocating. When I realized her passion was turning into total panic, I quickly let go, and she surfaced, gasping for air.

When I suggested we get the hell out of the pool and go over to my apartment, which was just a short distance from the campus, she readily agreed. That started one of the most sexually satisfying relationships I've ever had.

In the weeks that followed our initial meeting, I discovered that Sally was one of those rare women whose passion rages out of control: She was totally dominated by her sexuality. As I got to know her better, I discovered that Sally was something of a legend on campus. There were few men who hadn't fucked her at one time or another. This didn't bother me because she was such an incredible piece of ass. Sally was entirely willing to do anything and everything in the way of sexual experimentation. The passion of our relationship was totally dominating. I didn't even feel guilty about fucking her when I found out she was married and her husband was in Vietnam.

One weird thing about her, though: She



always had to pretend she was being seduced. This way, in her crazy little mind, she could justify the fact that she was cheating on her husband. Before I'd met her, Sally had fucked an entire college fraternity, in one wild, drunken evening. Everyone had heard about that night, and everybody also knew that Sally would fuck at the drop of a hat (or a pair of pants). Despite this, she always insisted that she had been raped by the fraternity, but nobody took her seriously. It was strange, hearing this nymphomaniac tell me how she was seduced and raped by a gang of men—while she was sucking my cock between sentences.

When Sally's husband, Ken, returned from Vietnam, I assumed our freewheeling, fucking days were over. As it turned out, I couldn't have been more wrong. Shortly after Ken arrived back in the States, Sally introduced the two of us. The occasion was a welcome-home party for her husband, and I was introduced as her cousin from New York. This deception made me nervous because I don't like to lie in the best of circumstances, and this lie was so obvious that I felt sure guilt was written all over my face. Nevertheless, I couldn't get Sally out of my mind. I wanted to keep fucking her no matter what, so I played along. The fact that she was the world's biggest slut didn't turn me off at all; it excited me to think of her unbridled passion and of all the cocks that had been stuck into her.

Sally (sly bitch that she was) did the maneuvering at the party, and before the night was over the three of us wound up alone in a bar. All of us were drunk out of our minds. So, as we sat there, Sally, in her usual innocent fashion, suggested that since I'd had so much to drink, it wouldn't be a good idea for me to drive home. She asked if I wanted to spend the night at their place. The whole idea boggled my mind. Here we were, sitting in front of her husband, and she was obviously trying to get something going between the two of us for the night. Sally's boldness didn't floor me—but Ken's response did. He not only agreed to her suggestion but seemed enthusiastic. I wondered if he knew about Sally's nymphomania. Was it really possible that he had no idea that Sally was out to fuck me?

As for myself, I couldn't believe that I was actually planning to fuck this guy's wife in his own house. I didn't even know if it was possible. I just knew that I was hot for Sally and was going to take a chance. I was really out of control, so driven by my passion that I abandoned all logic and self-restraint.

I began to pump harder and harder into Sally's pussy, while her husband slept on beside us.

When we got back to their apartment, there was an awkward moment as the three of us wandered aimlessly about the living room. Then, once again, Sally came up with an incredible suggestion. She said that since the sofa would be uncomfortable, the logical thing for us to do was to all sleep in the same bed. I grew apprehensive, but then Ken agreed as if there were nothing at all unusual about the suggestion. As I sank back into my horny drunken stupor, thinking about Sally's luscious cunt, Ken staggered off into the bedroom and undressed, passing out on the bed. I looked up at Sally for a moment, and she left no doubt in my mind that she intended for us to follow into the bedroom and jump into bed.

So there the three of us were, lying naked in their king-size bed. I began to have my doubts once more, and at any minute I expected Sally's husband to jump out of bed and waste me with an M-16. So, I just lay there, rigid as a board. How she thought I was going to fuck her in front of her husband was still not clear to me. Then, before I could think things out, Ken rolled over and drunkenly mounted Sally's gorgeous body.

I was more awake than I had ever been in my entire life. It was incredible! Here was a guy fucking his wife right in front of me while I squinted through half-closed eyes, secretly clutching my stiff cock. I was trying to beat off as I watched them, but I was too paranoid to get off. I didn't want them to know what I was doing. As it turned out, it wasn't necessary for me to jerk off. It wasn't too long before Ken shot

his load. He then rolled off Sally and lapsed into what appeared to be a deep, drunken sleep.

I lay there in the darkness, waiting for enough time to pass so I could be assured Ken was really asleep. After a while, I slowly edged closer to Sally and felt for her cunt.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, Sally put her hand into mine. It was so crazy I couldn't believe it, but once our hands touched I knew we were going to fuck. Then Sally suddenly pulled her hand out of mine and rolled over so that her back was exposed to me. I noticed the move had placed Sally's buttocks close to my stiff cock. I inched closer to take advantage of her exposed ass until finally my cock slipped into the crack of her ass. Being careful not to wake her husband, Sally wiggled and slowly drew her ass up toward my cock, allowing me to slide down the curve of her ass to her cunt. It was a long, slow process. It probably took five minutes of movement and angling before my cock finally penetrated her wet pussy. It was difficult building ourselves to orgasm. We tried not to move too fast, but still the bed creaked. The idea that Ken might jump up at any moment and go for my throat didn't exactly help matters.

We continued to fuck, and as our passion increased so did the motion of the bed. I began to pump harder and harder into her tightly clinging pussy while her husband slept on, oblivious to his wife's infidelity. Next, throwing caution to the wind, I reached around in front of Sally and placed my hands firmly on her slippery tits. This turned Sally on even more, and she strained to turn her face toward me. I kissed her on the lips.

By now I was ready to come. I figured this was just as well, considering the circumstances. It didn't seem possible that Ken could sleep much longer. So, I slipped one hand over her smooth, round belly and down into the folds of her cunt, grasping it firmly. But then, oddly, instead of being consumed by passion, I began to grow angry. I was angered by the fact that I was so totally turned on by this cheap slut. With my other hand still on her tit, I stroked hard five, six, seven times—my cock sinking deeper and deeper into her wet cunt as she moaned and parted her legs to give me more. By now, Sally was practically on her belly and I was almost on top of her. Finally, in a flash of orgasmic energy, I came and collapsed on my back in the bed.

I thought that would be the end of it, but I underestimated Sally's incredible sex drive. As I lay in a semifetal position, Sally

THE PHILOSOPHER

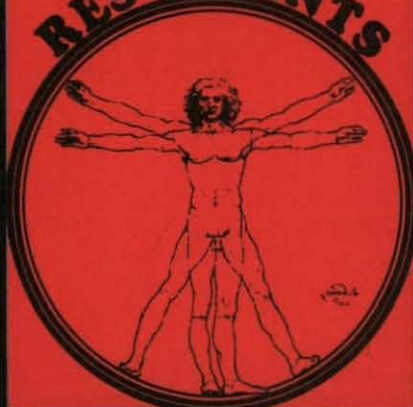
Man, when he realizes that he is an object of comedy, does not laugh.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

The Lusty Look of Leather



CATALOG OF LEATHER BONDAGE and RESTRAINTS



ORDER NOW BY PHONE — USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Send to
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216
PLEASE PRINT:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

0876
Please allow up to
4 weeks for delivery

Are you looking for something extra? Do you tingle at the sensuous touch of leather? Do you dream of a lady in black, bleeding you of your last ounce of lust? What are the "Five Gates of Hell"? Are you curious...

For the first time, have all your questions answered with complete discretion—SUBMIT...to the Catalog of Leather Bondage and Restraints.

Filled with items you may have dreamed of—and some you haven't. Send \$2.00 for your postpaid copy today! Your \$2.00 will be refunded with your first purchase of \$15.00 or more.

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

Please send _____ Leather Catalogs (#3299) @ \$2.00 each.
Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax.
Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Cash not accepted)
Or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____ Expiration Date _____


KINKY KORNER

rolled over and slowly maneuvered her head close to my crotch while her ass pointed toward her husband. She grabbed my cock and began to massage it until I got hard again. Then she dipped her head and placed her swollen, sensual lips on my dick. I looked down in amazement, first at Sally as her head bobbed up and down, then at her husband, who lay in apparent sleep. I wasn't so apprehensive this time because the blow-job position was much better than the position we had used for fucking. Sally's movement caused very little rocking of the bed. This was good because it was taking me a lot longer to reach my second orgasm. Several times I was sure that Sally was going to give up in fatigue. But not Sally; she just couldn't get enough. She kept sucking away until I couldn't hold back any longer. As I felt my cum splash into her delicious, wet mouth, I quickly pulled my cock from her mouth and pressed it against her face so that the rest of my cum dribbled down her cheek, lips, and chin. I had let loose a heavy load, so before I was finished most of her face was covered with gooey white cum. As I lapsed into sleep, I couldn't help thinking that she was the greatest piece of ass I'd ever had.

The next morning, Ken behaved as if nothing had happened and continued to be jovial—if somewhat strained. Had he really been asleep? I wondered about that for a few days, and the next time I saw Sally I asked her. She went into one of her little numbers, pretending this time to be experiencing great fear at the thought of what had almost happened to her at her husband's hands. He was very angry, she told me. She was lucky that he hadn't killed her. She said she'd never do anything like that again.

"What did he do?" I prodded. "Did he beat you up?"

As it turned out, he didn't do anything except ask her what had happened during the night. At first Sally denied the whole thing. Then, when Ken had told her he was awake the whole time, Sally replied by telling him she had been momentarily overcome by passion. Although she knew it was wrong, she had been unable to help herself. Ken answered that it had better not happen again or he'd beat the shit out of her—and that was that. Nothing more—he hadn't even slapped her around or anything.

So that's my story, and there's no doubt about it: Sally is the world's biggest slut, and Ken, for my money, is the world's biggest masochist. 



"What'll it be, coach? 'The thrill of victory' or 'the agony of defeat'?"

The Catalog of SEX NOVELTIES

has something to please everyone



Contained in this brand new catalog is a unique collection of the most sensuous, high-quality thrillers ever imagined. You will be delighted with the wide choice of adult novelties: dazzling dildos, throbbing vibrators, exciting ticklers, and many, many more erotic items to enhance your sex life.

ORDER NOW — \$2.00

ORDER NOW BY PHONE

USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!

Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Send to: **LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS**
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

Date: _____

Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

Please send _____ Novelty Catalogs (#5999) @ \$2.00 each.
Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax.

PLEASE PRINT:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Cash not accepted)
Or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____ Expiration Date _____

HANK WILLIAMS JR.

(continued from page 80)

written that since father died when I was young, and mother died, and I had so much tragedy going on that I had a Williams' pall over me. Boy, I just don't go for that at all," he says.

"You don't strike me as being overly fatalistic," I reply.

"But I was, you see, I was. All that had been pounded into me for twenty-six years. 'Yeah, you probably won't live long'—all that crap—you're just like your daddy, living too fast. Poor this and poor that—to hell with that. Not anymore. I guess it's just made me muleheaded or something, but I sure do enjoy life a lot more."

He's even stopped listening to a lot of his daddy's music. "I don't think I've heard anything sadder than some of daddy's stuff. A lot of those recitations can mess with your mind, especially when you're already sunk. You say, 'Yeah, this is coming true. Oh, my God.' Uh-huh. God got me out of that. He had to give me a pretty big lick. Took a hell of a lick, but He finally got my attention."

We sit for a few minutes and stare out over the little lake, watching a couple of crows working their way through the crystal-clear Alabama sky. "The music business," he begins again, "is changing. There's a whole new audience out there who don't give a damn about labels. Maybe five years ago they were dropping acid and listening to Hot Tuna, but today they're listening to Linda Ronstadt and Marshall Tucker and, hopefully, Hank Williams, Jr. Call it country, call it country rock, call it mountain mambo—they're still listening.

"Nashville," he says, "is too fat and happy for its own good—stagnant, you understand. Too many generals and not enough soldiers." He's even considering leaving his record company—MGM—to look for greener pastures away from Music City.

"It's just like when they moved the Opry—do you think it'll be better? No. It won't be the same," he says. (The Grand Ole Opry, once located in the steamy, collapsing Ryman Auditorium, now sits smugly in the center of Opryland, your basic amusement park.) "But to all the stockholders of WSM [the radio station that sponsors the Opry], it's the greatest thing. I'm sure it is, but it ain't gonna be the same. I remember when I walked out there when I was nine or ten years old,

thinking about daddy and all the things he'd done. It just can't be the same."

"I don't want to be a legend
I just want to be a man
But Lord you know sometimes
I needed a helping hand."

It ain't been so easy lately
I've had to go it all alone
But I've always had anything I
wanted
Except a home...."

Hank Williams, Jr., doesn't call himself a country music singer anymore. You can, he states flatly, call him a Southern rocker or a hillbilly or whatever you damned well please. Since he managed to make it back to Alabama from near death in Montana, enjoying life and doing the work he wants the way he wants means more than some category the media might stick him into.

"I'm working all I can," he drawls. "I saw some real big artists, some of my biggest favorites, playing places in Vegas. There'd be twenty or thirty people in the lounge. Hell, I'll never do that. No way. My heart poured out for them. One of them was just about the biggest country star from 1955 to 1963, and I couldn't believe seeing him up there like that."

"You mentioned that in one of your songs," I interject, "something about living in fear of the later years when nobody wants you around."

"That's right," he laughs. "Just got to keep on pickin'." We were laughing about that song when we made it, but it really tells the truth. You want to see the rest of the house?"

I nod, and we start wandering from room to room. In addition to the guns, the house is packed with mounted trophies from numerous hunting trips around the world.

In the living room, next to a stuffed grizzly bear, is Hank Sr.'s piano—a country music icon if there ever was one.

"What I'm doing right now," Hank says, going to the instrument, "is working up an arrangement of Eric Carmen's 'All By Myself.' That's the sheet music on the piano."

Sure enough, on Old Hank's piano is the sheet music to a rock-'n'-roll song right off top-40 radio.

"Just me and the woods, the dogs, the guns, the girls, and the guitars," he says. "I just kind of slowed down and said, 'Hey, Hank, you're gonna do what you want to do.' I really did."

(*All lyrics "Living Proof" copyright, 1975, Bocephus Music, BMI.)



ANOTHER MEN'S MAGAZINE?

Right.
Only this one will
really do it to you.

You won't find any
silly words interfering
with this beautiful blonde
here, as you do in PLAY-
BOY and PENTHOUSE.

And when CHIC
does print words, they
won't be boring, like the
words in ROLLING STONE

and ESQUIRE.

CHIC knows what's
what, and what's not what.

Read us, and you'll
know too.

CHIC

0876

☐ 1 year at \$18
☐ 2 years at \$34
☐ 3 years at \$49
(Foreign Orders add \$3 per year)

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

40 West Gay Street — Columbus, Ohio 43215

NAME

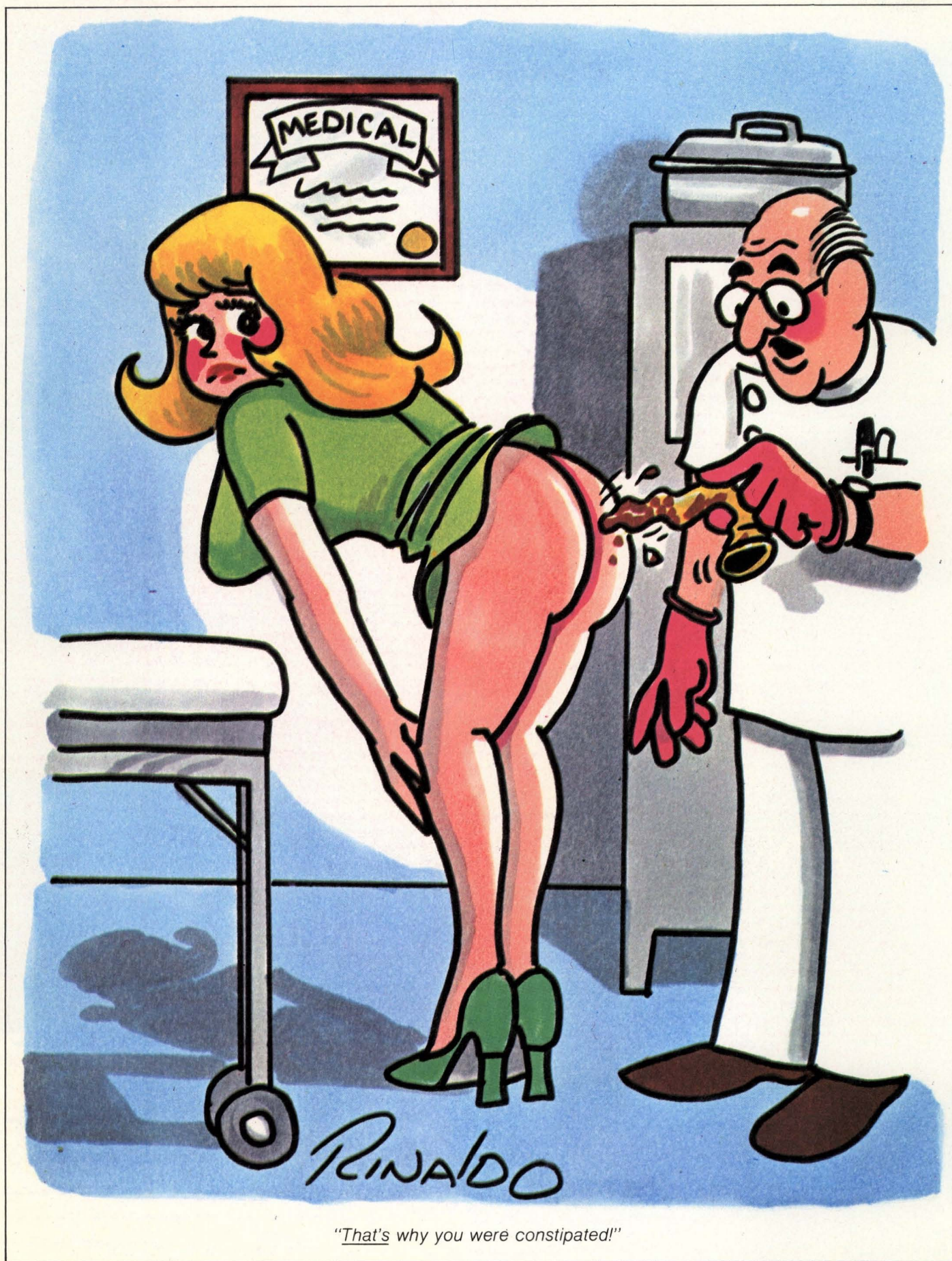
ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Enclosed is ☐ Check ☐ Money Order, or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. Interbank No. (MC only)

Signature Expiration Date



"That's why you were constipated!"

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books are designed to fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest outpourings of the erotic entertainment industry. We try to be as accurate as possible, and our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. (Moviegoers, beware. Many films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check your theater before going, to ensure that your five bucks is buying the real thing.)

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up, but it can still be beat.



HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Movies

by Tim Beckley

HOT SUMMER IN THE CITY



The first hard-core porno movie ever made in Detroit promises more than it delivers. Timed to be released with a hard-core porno book of the same name (see *X-Rated Book Reviews* in this issue) *Hot Summer in the City* has plenty of flash, some decent acting, and an interesting con-

X RATED REVIEWS

cept: Four black revolutionaries kidnap and sexually abuse a white virgin on the eve of a declaration of war against the whites of Detroit. From the beginning, the atmosphere suggested by the film is tense and violently passionate. Unfortunately, all we ever really get is a suggestion; it's disappointing that the filmmakers did not fully capitalize on the dramatic possibilities of the race-war scenario.

Despite its flaws, *Hot Summer in the City* offers high value for porno buffs who are into interracial sex. Starring Lisa Baer as the white virgin who is kidnapped by black revolutionaries, *Hot Summer* metes out sex action that is definitely a turn-on. Although Lisa is not really a beautiful girl, she is young enough and sexy enough to more than sustain viewer interest in her sexual antics as we see her taken to the black revolutionaries' secret hideout and com-

pelled to do their bidding.

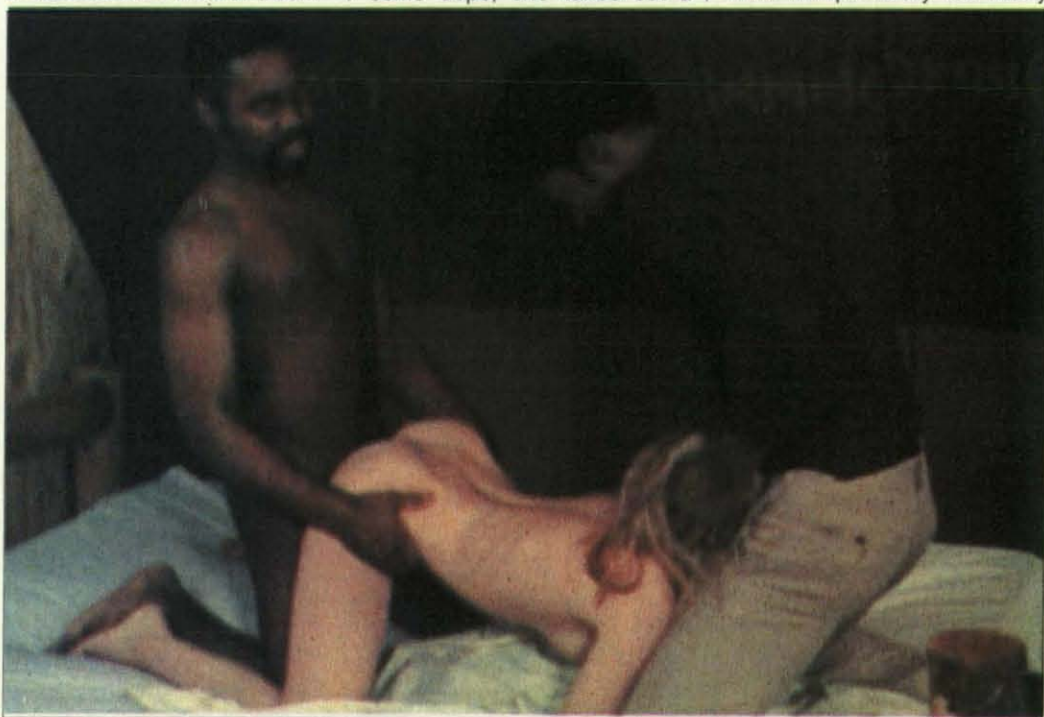
The leader of the black radicals, well played by Duke Johnson, is the first to sexually assault the victim. Then she is forced to take on two more members of the group simultaneously. Finally, her humiliation nearly complete, she is abused by "Stitch," a stunted, mentally retarded character who is certain to make your skin crawl.

However, the humiliation is not reserved solely for Lisa, the white girl. Midway through the film, when Duke Johnson's black girlfriend (played by Black Orchid) shows up, she receives much the same treatment as Lisa. It seems that Duke has let the white girl get under his skin, and he now plans on making her his new "girlfriend." Naturally, Black Orchid would prefer to see things as they were before the honky showed up. So, when the gang takes off to shoot some cops, she takes out a

knife and prepares to slice off Lisa Baer's tits.

Unfortunately for Black Orchid, just as her knife swings through the air toward Lisa's breast Duke returns, quickly raises his shotgun, and fires, hitting his former girlfriend squarely in the chest and blowing her into eternity. As the smoke clears and Duke looks down at Black Orchid's blasted corpse, he mumbles, "I forgot something," thus explaining why he happened to return in the nick of time to prevent Lisa's radical mastectomy. So much for sentiment. The film ends with Duke releasing Lisa—leaving her free to return to her protected white world—while he sets off to put the torch to Detroit.

In terms of contemporary porno fare, the director of this film (credited on screen as The Hare—actually a woman named Gail Palmer) is to be applauded for her first effort. The production values of this movie in no way compare with the work of master directors of erotic films, yet it is head and shoulders above what we have generally come to expect from the hard-core genre. The cinematography, while hampered by too many



Rape fans will get off on black revolutionaries feeding their white captive at both ends in *Hot Summer*...

quick cuts, is still quite good and is occasionally brilliant.

Some of the sex scenes are filmed with an expertise certain to get your cock hard. Best of all, *Hot Summer* shows off Lisa Baer's pretty, pink pussy. It's one of the nicest blonde muffs we've seen in quite some time, and repeated close-ups leave its image emblazoned in your mind long after you leave the theater.

DIVERSIONS

How do you pass time on a long, lonely train trip? Imogene (Heather Deeley) enjoys playing games in her mind. The voluptuous, auburn-haired English bird has a sharp memory and a vivid imagination, and she lets both run wild.

Beginning her trip on a muggy day, she feels drowsy, and her thoughts begin to wander. An apple offered by a man across the aisle sparks



A Touch of Sex stiffly satirizes Hollywood high living, including plug-in telephone service at poolside.

the detailed memory of her first fuck. She remembers losing her virginity to a randy

farmhand on top of bushels of the ripe, red fruit.

The film flashes from past to present to pure fantasy, with the leading lady of this English import (only the second British porno film ever made) calling the shots.

Next we see Imogene driving down a London street. At a corner is an elegantly dressed swell, complete with cape and walking stick, doing his best to hail a taxi. Seconds later, he finds himself in Imogene's auto, and soon thereafter, lying stark naked on her living-room couch. Little does he know what's coming. At the moment of orgasm, Imogene produces a shiny dagger from under a pillow and plunges it repeatedly into her pickup's back. The man screams, but death is quick; quicker still is the director of *Diversions*. He attempts to cover too much ground too fast. The pace of this film is so fast as to be confusing.

Diversions is unique in porno. It's the first "intellectual" X-rated film. No doubt, many members of the audience will leave the theater trying to figure out what it's all about. Don't try! It's a patchwork of

fantasy that will either turn you on or leave you cold. But it's worth a look.

A TOUCH OF SEX

The world has sped by, completely unnoticed by Mark Markson (played exceptionally well by Harry Wilcox). While sexual liberation, pot smoking, and hard rock have taken over, our dim-witted friend is stuck with a mid-'50s mentality. A frustrated composer, he writes songs that listeners consider uncreative nostalgia. Out of the blue, Biff Howard, a giant in the West Coast music industry, decides to give his old school chum a break. Mark is invited to Hollywood.

Upon his arrival in "Tinsel Town," Mark jumps into a limousine with two lovely gals inside. They seem to be overly friendly for total strangers, trying to coax him into a little back-seat petting. The strait-laced songster will have none of it, and upon arrival at Biff's mansion he offers his stern objections to the peculiar be-



Hot doggy *Diversions* are offered in Britain's "intellectual" fuck flick.

havior of his greeting party. Biff is puzzled. What more could a sane man want than a limousine full of pussy.

Realizing that this poor turkey needs some help, Biff Howard tries to team Mark up with a rock group called Tony Vaseline and the Penetrations. Together they play cloying numbers like, "I'm Glad I Held Your Hand at the Prom." For the final climax (which is a long time coming), Mark falls in love with a virginal princess who is attracted to his old-fashioned manner. She gets "turned on" to sex and education marks Mark.

There are funny moments in *A Touch of Sex*, but much of the humor is pure corn, not porn. It's a slow, uphill climb and hardly worth watching.

MIDNIGHT DESIRES



John and Amy have been invited to the home of Martin and Elaine for a cozy dinner. John is worried because word has leaked out that Martin, his boss, is considering him for the post of vice-president of

the firm.

After supper the couples retire to the parlor for an evening of games. "I guess we're being asked to play bridge," Amy whispers to her husband. "Be on your best behavior—this promotion is very crucial to your career!"

Instead of bridge, Martin suggests that the foursome engage in a few X-rated parlor games. "Why don't we share our most secret sexual fantasies? Describe what we like best but are afraid to talk about, even with our partner," he says.


Elaine outlines her fantasy first. "I have this need to be punished," she confesses. As the living room fades, we cut to a dark and gloomy dungeon. "In my daydream, there are men in black hoods carrying candles. Strange organ music is being played in the background. I'm stretched out upon an altar. The men force other men to suck their huge cocks. My hands are put into stocks. They lash me repeatedly with a whip."

Elaine returns from her world of pain and pleasure, and John is next in line to reveal his innermost desires.

He fantasizes about hiring a prostitute dressed in a tuxedo, who directs his lovemaking with a young, blonde girl. While fucking the tantalizing miss, he gets riveted in the ass with a dildo strapped to the hooker's tender loins. All right!


Martin (Jamie Gillis) pictures himself as a tough prizefighter who's been ordered to throw the championship fight by his Mafia manager. In defiance, he drags the manager's old lady into the locker room. Here he takes his revenge. Forcing her to her knees, he orders the bitch to give him head. Later, she is offered to the other men in the gym, who take her savagely. A real sizzler!

By comparison, Amy's fantasy is rather dull. She sees herself being ravished by three English "blokes" in Colonial times. Now we know what Betty Ross was really up to when she wasn't sewing the Stars and Stripes!


Midnight Desires is a good film—mouth-watering porn. It's a heavy-magnum production featuring gorgeous starlets, and there's enough hard-core action to keep your cock hard for days. 

On the Circuit


This column lists and rates erotic movies reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER* that may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

 (Erection)


3 A.M.
Cry for Cindy
Deep Throat
(Uncut version)
Defiance
The Devil in Miss Jones
(Uncut version)
The Divine Obsession
Expose Me, Lovely
Memories within
Miss Aggie
The Private Afternoons of
Pamela Mann
Pussy Talk
Screw on the Screen
When a Woman Calls

 (Three-Quarters Erect)


Anyone but My Husband
Fantasex
Farewell Scarlet
French Blue
Honey Pie
Love Bus
Oriental Blue
Sixteen
The Story of Joanna

 (Half-Erect)

Beneath the Mermaids
China Girl
Danish Pastries
A Dirty Western
Her Family Jewels
Hot Dog
John Holmes Festival
The Milk Lady
Sensations
Summer of Laura

 (One-Quarter Erect)

The \$50,000 Climax
Ecstasy in Blue
Exhibition
Intimate Teenagers
The Second Coming of Eva
The Story of O
Super Vixens

 (Totally Limp)

Deep Throat
(Censored version)
The Devil in Miss Jones
(Censored version)
Patty
Snuff



Fantasy torturers are invited to come fill the cup in *Midnight Desires*, a movie about wet-dream fulfillment.

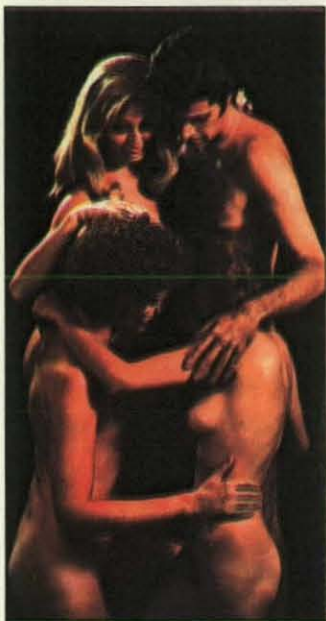
Books

by Dane Stitts

MAKING LOVE

by Grant Tracy Saxon
Warner Books
75 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N.Y. 10019

At long last, a publisher has wrenched sex manuals from



An entanglement in *Making Love*.

the sterile clutches of clinical sex therapists and put the task of writing an instructive sex book into the experienced hands of a street hustler. Grant Tracy Saxon has been hustling his talents ever since he was a teenager (a brief profile of Saxon appeared in *Bits & Pieces*, June 1975), and his book has been written with all the mad passion that this rampant sex maniac could muster. Saxon's revelations of how to suck a cunt, tongue fuck an asshole, or screw in a public swimming pool read just like a first-class stroke book. An eight-page color pictorial section features some unusual sexual poses.

Saxon first concerns himself with sex between one man and one woman. He leaves no hole unpoked in his ribald descriptions of sucking, fucking, and blowing. The second

half of his book describes the different entanglements among one man and two women, one woman and two men, two women, and two men. This last type of sexual dalliance may not be your idea of wholesome fun, but something can be learned from any section of the book.

Saxon has summed up the experiences of a hustler's life in a book that is hot in description and heavy in erotic philosophy. *Making Love* will not only educate you, it will probably cause the blood to rush to your head so fast that you'll have to put it between someone's knees in order to maintain your equilibrium.

APPETITES

by Lynda Schor
Warner Books
75 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N.Y. 10019

Lynda Schor's book is a truly weird collection of short stories written by a lady with a bizarre sense of humor. The story titled "The Baby" is a prime example of the freaky eroticism found in *Appetites*. It's about a ten-year-old virgin who is visited in the middle of the night by the Holy Ghost 2000 years after the same apparition came unto Mary. It's so dark in the bedroom that the old Ghost has a hard time finding the girl's cunt. He finally does get his cock in, and she gets pregnant. After a time, the girl decides a kid is going to be too much trouble, so she tries to abort it with a crochet hook. She misses and has the baby prematurely. She still doesn't want the child, so she impales it on the doorknob of a church and splits. Bizarre stuff, right?

There are several equally strange tales, including one about a man and his wife who get fucked by their pet horse.

One major shortcoming apparent in the book is that Lynda Schor tries to sneak in feminist ideals between the lines of her stories. If you don't

mind being preached to occasionally and have a taste for kinky stories, *Appetites* is a book worth reading.

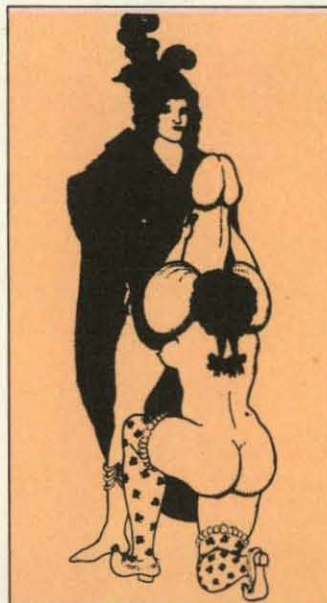
JOYS OF ORAL LOVE

By Bernhardt J. Hurwood
Carlyle Communications, Inc.
360 Lexington Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10017

Joys of Oral Love views the lips, teeth, and tongue as sexual tools. The first part of this book presents some historical perspective on cocksuckers and cunt lickers. You'll be surprised by the hard-core illustrations of erotic sculptures and paintings by such masters as Francisco Goya and Aubrey Beardsley.

The book cites Cleopatra as an early devotee of oral sex. According to historians, the Greeks nicknamed Cleo "the Gaper" because she once gave blow-jobs to 106 Roman soldiers in a single night. It's little wonder that Mark Antony's eastern legions pledged their allegiance to the Egyptian queen rather than to Rome.

The middle of *Joys of Oral Love* is a boring transcript of a discussion among 12 men and



Erotic art punctuates *Oral Love*.

women who claim to be experts on the subject of oral sex. Their time would have been put to better use if they

had sucked each other off instead of trying to jack off the reader with this verbal fellatio. This section does contain some graphic drawings of oral sex, but you would be hard-pressed to sustain a hard-on by simply viewing them.

The final third of the book is an instruction manual that describes, in a fairly technical way, the sensual art of sucking, licking, and biting. Even though this section, like the book as a whole, is stuffy in places, *Joys of Oral Love* does offer the reader a very well-rounded education on many aspects of oral sex.

HOT SUMMER IN THE CITY

by The Hare
Hot Summer Books
1000 Jolly Rd.
Lansing, Michigan

Hot Summer in the City is heavy on plot, but characterization and style are nonexistent. During the late '60s, four black revolutionaries abduct a white, middle-class virgin, take her to a secret cabin, and proceed to brutally rape every hole in her tender young body. To fill up the pages, the blacks are also involved in a plot to incite race riots in American cities. The story sounds banal, and it is, but on the other hand, the book contains enough ravaging sex to give it some redeeming sensual value. If you dig degradation, the endless rape scenes in *Hot Summer in the City* will get you horny.

The author's involvement as a producer of pornographic movies probably helped make his descriptions so graphic and realistic. In fact, a movie of *Hot Summer in the City* was released at the same time as the novel. (See HUSTLER's X-Rated Movie Reviews section in this issue.) Reading *Hot Summer in the City* may not cause your cock to twitch with desire on every page, but parts of the book should make your dick harder than a hooker's heart on Sunday morning.



A
New Trip
Around the World!

IMPORTED SEX DEVICES

Get the most out of your sex play with these sensuous aids from all over the world.

The German Caress Vibrator — Made of the softest, most pliable rubber plastic with a clinging touch that keeps even the hardest to please fraulein in throes of ecstasy. Includes 2 AA batteries.

#5501 Textured, flesh color \$24.00 #5503 Titted, flesh color \$24.00
#5502 Textured, black \$24.00 #5504 Titted, black \$24.00

The Russian Rectal Aid — Just what your basic Baltic anus craves, yet will fit into any anus the world over. Slips over any standard 7" vibrator. #5505 \$12.95

The Vienna Vaginal Aid — The ladies of Vienna hum a new tune when this Vienna sausage is introduced to "tender" areas. Slips over any

standard 7" vibrator. #5506 \$12.95

The Caracan Contour T Vibrator — Will give you everything our domestic vibrators will, plus a little more... left or right of center. Uses 2 AA batteries. #5507 \$14.95

The Voodoo Vibra Cock Ring — You can almost hear the jungle drums driving you to even headier delights. Uses 2 AA batteries. #5508 \$14.95

The Danish Dual Vibrator — Who says you can't have the best at both ends? Nobody, actually, but now you can get it all with this double-barreled delight. Uses 2 C batteries. #5509 \$9.95

Send to:
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

0876

Date _____

Please allow up to
4 weeks for delivery

PLEASE PRINT:

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____

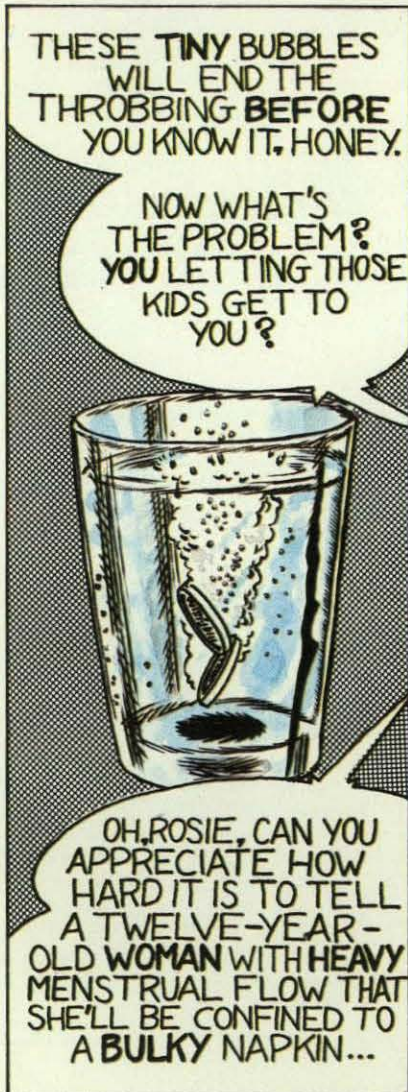
Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____

Expiration Date _____

ORDER NOW BY PHONE — USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (in Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

STOCK NO.	QUANTITY	TOTAL	STOCK NO.	QUANTITY	TOTAL
5501	@ \$24.00		5508	@ 14.95	
5502	@ 24.00		5509	@ 9.95	
5503	@ 24.00		0540		
5504	@ 24.00		(AA batteries)	@ 2 for \$1	
5505	@ 12.95		0550		
5506	@ 12.95		(C batteries)	@ 2 for \$1	
5507	@ 14.95				
			Subtotal		
			Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax		
			Postage & Handling		2.00
			TOTAL		



LOOK, I'LL PUT A **VAGINA SLIMS** TAMPON INTO ONE OF THESE COFFEE-FILLED SUNDAE GLASSES AND YOUR TAMPON IN THE OTHER....

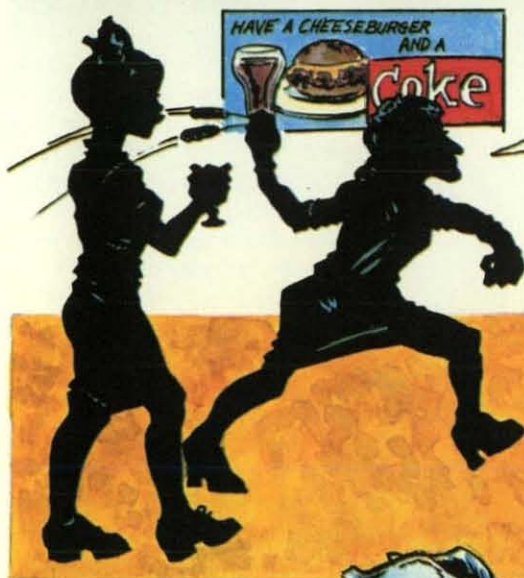


WHY, THE **VAGINA SLIMS** ABSORBED ALL THE COFFEE. MINE DIDN'T EVEN COME CLOSE !!

BUT ARE THEY STRONG?

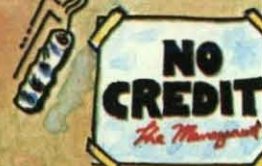


ARE THEY STRONG? LOOK, I'LL THROW BOTH OF THESE MOISTENED TAMPONS AT THE WALL.



THUK

SPLAP



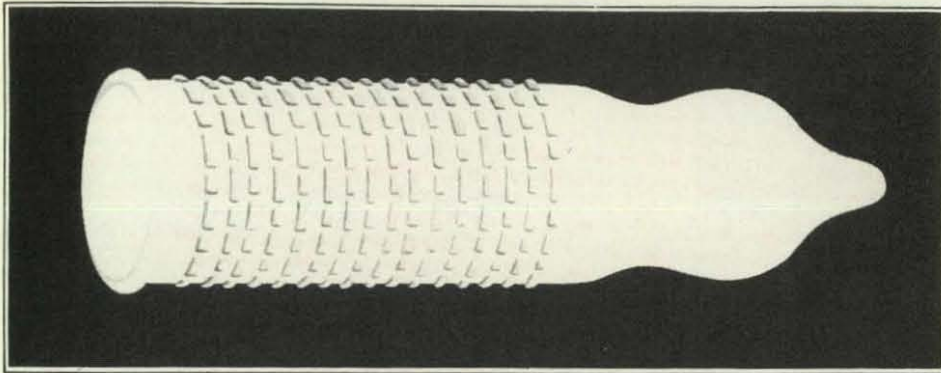
WHY, MY BRAND OF SANITARY TAMPON FELL RIGHT OFF, BUT **VAGINA SLIMS** STAYED ON! THAT'S REAL WET STRENGTH!

AND **VAGINA SLIMS** IS THE ONLY TAMPON THAT'S ALSO A 100 MILLIMETER CIGARETTE.



WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT TAMPON SMOKING IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

The Stimula® Condom.



It's like hundreds of tiny fingers urging
a woman to let go.

Now you can reach a level of sexual pleasure
that only months ago was unheard of.

A condom delicately ribbed to give a woman
gentle, urging sensations.

Yet, with a shape and thinness that let a man feel
almost like he's wearing nothing at all.

Made with a new "nude" latex that transmits body
heat instantaneously, Stimula is supremely sensitive.

It's anatomically shaped to cling to the penis.

And SK-70, a remarkable "dry" silicone lubricant
works with natural secretions so Stimula's scientifically
patterned ribs can massage a woman effortlessly.

Made by the world's largest manufacturer of
condoms, a million have already been sold in Sweden
and France.

Orders are shipped in discreet packages; send
for your sample today.

Stamford Hygienics Inc., Dept. HU-5
114 Manhattan Street Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send me: (Check Box)

- ☐ \$4 sampler of 12 Stimula
☐ \$4 sampler of 3 each of 5 erotic condoms
☐ \$25 super sampler of 120 condoms

Free catalog describing our entire new line of
erotic condoms sent with any order.

☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M.O. Enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Manny & Faye

(continued from page 46)

board. "Ain't that a bridge down there?"

The gray squinted ahead.

"OK. We'll turn around there."

"Cut your lights. I got a feelin' we're
gonna git 'em this time. Sneak up. Stop
before you git there."

The black sedan coasted toward the
bridge.

They reached the top of the first hill.
The morning sky was turning to blue over
rose. They could see the green hue of the
mountains. She took his hand.

"Can we build a bakery onto the
house?"

"Sure, Faye. Whatever you want."

She stopped on the crest.

"And they really have flowers?"

"Yep. All kinds. Big 'n' little 'n' red 'n'
yeller 'n' pink 'n' any color you want."

"Someday," she said, looking down the
hill to the bridge, "I'm gonna bring some
flowers 'n' put 'em around that bridge."

He glanced down at the bridge. "That'd
be nice, Faye."

He squinted at something on the road
beyond the bridge.

"There's a car down there now," he
whispered.

She stiffened.

"They slowed down, but now they've
speeded up."

She stared at him. "They seen us?"

"Yeh, probably." He watched it come
under the bridge. "Maybe they're from the
mountains. They'll give us a ride, Faye."

She pressed his hand and tried to smile.

"It's OK, Faye. It's a beautiful mornin'.
Look at them trees 'n' mountains 'n' colors
in the sky. It's our new day. We got away.
Every sign's been good. That car's gonna
ride us to our new life."

He put his arms around her, and they
hugged until the lights came on. They
stood back on the shoulder and watched
it coming. They could barely see its out-
line behind the lights.

"What if...?"

"No," he said. "We're away from them."

"It's really flyin', Manny."

The car was less than 30 yards away,
when he made out the dome.

"Oh, no," he said. He jerked her off the
road. "Run, Faye! Run!"

He shoved her across the shoulder. She
stumbled. He pulled her up.

"Run, damn it! Run! Run fer them
woods!"

She started across the wide roadbed
toward the woods, dropping her pack,

Love Dolls

"Hold me... Squeeze me... Kick me... Bite me... Suck me... Fuck me... But... Respect me!"

SUSIE Washable and extremely light. I'm great in closets, buses, subways, restrooms, tree houses, caves, or as a special treat at stag parties, confirmations, and bar mitzvahs. Stock #1500
With pliable pussy and French mouth **\$29.95**

THE SIX-BILLION-DOLLAR PUSSY

JANIE With my built-to-please body and ELECTRONIC VAGINA you'll swear I'm alive! Fully equipped with a VIBRO-PUSSY, my little hummer will drive you up the wall. Complete with AA batteries and remote-control switch. Deep-throat-action open mouth. Stock #1501
With Electronic Vagina **\$49.95**

THE ULTIMATE ELECTRONIC PLAYMATE

BABETTE All of the features of Janie, PLUS the new ELECTRONIC HAND that vibrates, pulsates, and gently massages. Fingers bend into any position, just like a human hand. Just imagine how many ways Babette can please you. Stock #1502
With Electronic Hand and Vagina **\$59.95**

LIFELIKE FEATURES

3 MODELS
TO CHOOSE FROM

Mold designed from
above model drawings.

LIFE-SIZE TEENAGE BODY WITH LONG, SILKY HAIR

ORDER NOW BY PHONE — USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE! Call 1-800-848-9107 (in Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Send to:
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please send me:

- ___ SUSIE love doll(s) (#1500) @ \$29.95
- ___ JANIE love doll(s) (#1501) @ \$49.95
- ___ BABETTE love doll(s) (#1502) @ \$59.95
- ___ Extra AA Penlite batteries (#0540) @ 2 for \$1
- ___ C batteries (#0550) for BABETTE @ 2 for \$1

Subtotal

Ohio residents add 4% Sales Tax

Postage & Handling

(Foreign Orders add \$2.00)

TOTAL

0876

Please allow up to
4 weeks for delivery

Date _____

PLEASE PRINT

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Cash not accepted)

Or charge to my ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No. _____

Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____

Expiration Date _____

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

sprinting through the damp, new grass.

He stayed on the shoulder for a few seconds, loping in stride, gliding over the gravel until he saw she was halfway to the woods and the closing lights of the car cast a pale morning shadow ahead. He broke toward her.

The car's tires crunched gravel behind him. The roar of the motor filled him. He strained to fly. He could feel the heat of the motor.

She heard the thud, turned, stumbled, stopped.

"Man-ny!"

The car bore down on her. Behind it, she saw Manny lying like a broken doll on the grass.

"Manny!" she screamed, running back toward him, toward the car.

The lights closed in on her quickly. She stopped and covered her eyes, screaming at them, at Manny, at the roar of the engine.

Again he aimed dead-center but braked hard as she froze. The car slid to a stop as it struck her. They saw her go down like a gallery target.

The wheels spun as the car backed away and turned around. Slinging mud and grass, it sped back to him. It circled

him once and stopped. They got out. The gray took two pictures and a thumb. The blue kicked the body. They got in the car and rode back to her. The car stopped beside her, and they got out.

She was motionless. The blue stood straddling her knees and looked at the gray. The gray shook his head.

"I'll have no part of it. What I can't report, I can't do and I won't see. Let me get my documents first."

The gray took pictures and a thumb and walked back to the car. He stood across the hood and looked away. The pupils of his eyes strained in the corners.

The blue knelt over her and dropped to his knees.

"She smells wild, dirty, primitive." He unzipped her coat and ripped back her shirt. She was bleeding under her ribs. He smeared the blood. He pulled on her, slapped her, bit her, spit blood and saliva on her. He ripped open her pants and jerked them down. He unzipped his pants.

"Ha!" he yelled. "This baby's ready! Old Dad can excite 'em, live or dead!" He lunged and grunted. "This-is-for-all-the-guys-back-home-you-dirty-bitch-you-perverted-primitive-freak!"

The gray stroked with every lurch and lunge of the blue and finished with him.

The blue rose slowly, struggling to his feet.

"You got any antiseptic in your kit?" he asked, turning to the gray.

The gray zipped up and reached into the car. He carried the bottle to the blue, who was zipping and fastening Faye's clothes. The blue took the bottle and sloshed his hands, his mouth, his face. He gargled and spit on her. Using the rest of the fluid, he washed himself and zipped up. He tossed the bottle on her. It struck her crotch and rolled between her legs.

They got in the car. The wheels spun as it jumped away, roaring to the road. Clumps of mud and grass covered the blood on her, then him. The tires jerked up gravel and squealed as they reached the pavement. Smoking black streaks disappeared over the crest.

The morning gray had turned to blue. The mountaintops shone gold with the first rays of day. Little globes of moisture rolled down bent grass as it stretched slowly upward.

Much later, a lookout in the mountains spotted the vulture and called in to have a party start out.

"More thumbers, I guess."



"Don't take it so hard, mother! Madeline and I feel divorce is the best answer."

THE PROBE CATALOG OF SEX AIDS AND NOVELTIES



This amazing catalog will welcome you to our rapidly growing, select group of adults who knows and appreciates the quality merchandise we have to offer. This sexual, exotic color catalog features dildos, vaginas, massage oils, lingerie, vibrators, creams and therapeutic aids.

No. 1999 \$2.00

JACKIE O KING-SIZE POSTER

Decorate your den, shop, dormitory, office, or library with the ex-First Lady in the buff. Be a hit with your friends by having the most controversial conversation piece of the decade.



No. 3901 \$4.95

The Next Time She Asks You What Time It Is... TELL HER!

Every 30 seconds (2880 times a day) this unique and stylish gold watch will flash "TIME TO FUCK" on the dial face.



If you're looking for a subtle way to break the ice, or just need to reaffirm your priorities, get this exciting and novel timepiece.

Available in gold only.

\$49.95

No. 3308

Guaranteed
for two years.

**WARNING! DO NOT TRY TO
KEEP UP WITH THIS WATCH!**

ORDER NOW BY PHONE USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE! Call 1-800-848-9107 (in Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Or send coupon to:

0876

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS

P. O. Box 2206

Columbus, Ohio 43216

Date _____

PLEASE SEND:

_____ Probe Catalogs (#1999) @ \$2.00 ea. ppd. _____

_____ Jackie O. Posters (#3901) @ \$4.95 ea. ppd. _____

_____ Watches (#3308) @ \$49.95 ea. _____

plus postage & handling 1.00

PLEASE PRINT:

TOTAL ORDER

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Enclosed is ☐ Check ☐ Money Order, or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____

Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____

Expiration Date _____

You must be 21 or over to order. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery. Cash not accepted. Ohio Residents add 4% Sales Tax. Foreign orders add \$2.

HARRINGTON

(continued from page 34)

the magazine we publish?

HARRINGTON: Well, it leads to immoral thoughts and immoral deeds. If we could get that same man to come to hear me for the same number of hours that he spends looking at your magazine each month, then I guarantee his life would be more of an asset to America and less of a liability.

HUSTLER: Do the sins of the flesh create the sins of the spirit?

HARRINGTON: Not necessarily. There are only three kinds of sins listed in the Bible: *lust of flesh, lust of eyes, and pride of life*. I know a lot of people who are not bothered by lust of flesh, but they are so proud it is worse than if they lusted after sex. Pride—that's a difficult sin to overcome. We've got too many American Christians today who have the halo so tight on their heads that the horns stick up and show their real nature.

HUSTLER: Is HUSTLER going to cause you, personally, to sin?

HARRINGTON: No.

HUSTLER: Well, there are many other people who read HUSTLER and are not influenced to commit what you call a "sin," other than possibly in their thoughts. What do you have to say to those readers?

HARRINGTON: You have answered that yourself. If a man was in the right context with life, he would have no interest in HUSTLER magazine.

HUSTLER: Do you think everybody who reads HUSTLER and enjoys it is going to go to hell?

HARRINGTON: No, but I don't think it stimulates a trip to heaven. The best direction for your readers to follow is this: Admit that they are sinners and that the wages of their sin is paying off in death—the death of their lives, their marriages, their homes, their goodness, their health, their talents, their abilities. The Bible says that the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life. Whosoever should call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

The ones who lead them in their sins will give an answer, too. The bartender who mixes the drinks, the distiller who makes it, from the publisher/editor to the

photographer—one day all will face judgment. I've got to believe that. If I couldn't believe that, then I couldn't believe that goodness is rewarded. The people who help others get right will be rewarded.

HUSTLER: What if they genuinely do not feel they are sinning?

HARRINGTON: Well, it really doesn't go back to how you genuinely feel. It is how God has established sin—what's right and what's wrong.

HUSTLER: What do prostitutes or strippers have in common? What's wrong with them; what's missing in their lives?

HARRINGTON: Let's go back to what's wrong with all of us. We're all sinners. "Strippers" is just a word; "bankers" is another way of describing people and so is "executives" or "educators." I think one of the biggest problems in America today is not nudity or adultery but the sin of intellectualism. The ones who know so much they don't need God are much more difficult for me to deal with than a pimp, a queenie, or a dyke. At least those people on Bourbon Street are not hypocritical. They admit what they are.

HUSTLER: Do you think that it's possible for a woman to be a stripper and still work for the Lord?

HARRINGTON: No. The biblical teaching says, "Choose you this day whom you will serve." I don't believe I could be a pimp and a preacher at the same time. I don't believe, for example, I could share a drink at the table with someone and still represent the holiness of God.

HUSTLER: How do you personally feel about drinking?

HARRINGTON: I don't need it. I am on something one-hundred proof that you don't have to uncork.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about people who drink?

HARRINGTON: I feel good about people who drink. I just don't feel that people need it.

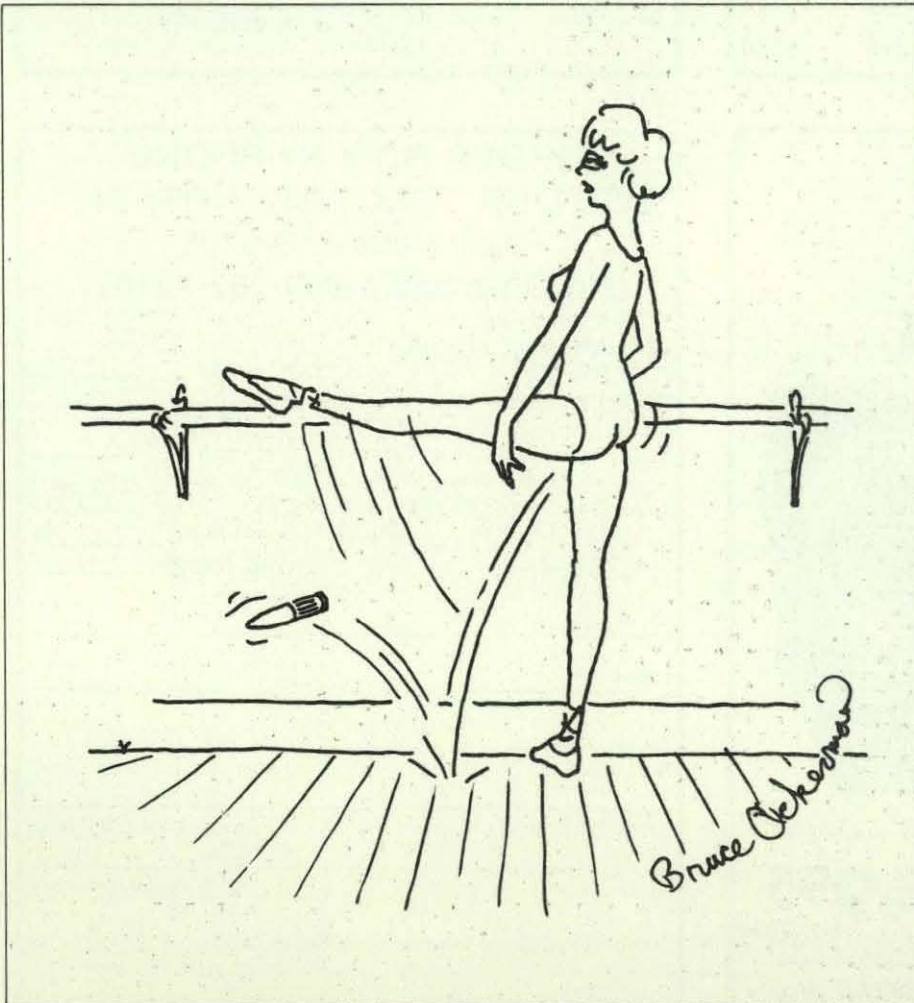
HUSTLER: Do you think it is sinful for people to drink?

HARRINGTON: For me to drink would be sinful.

HUSTLER: Let me rephrase the question: Is it sinful for HUSTLER readers to drink?

HARRINGTON: It would be sinful to me if anybody drank, and that includes your readers. But I would not be on Bourbon Street today if I were down there with a stick breaking every bottle. I am not Carry Nation, running into joints, trying to rip out the bars. I am trying to get to the heart of the bartender.

HUSTLER: Do you feel that an occasional glass of wine with a good steak constitutes a sin?



DOCTOR DEMONSTRATES PENIS ENLARGEMENT CAN WORK!

Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field comes an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist.

Studies have shown this method to be reliable and safe.

While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chartham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual case histories—a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr. Robert Chartham, Ph.D., Consultant Editor to Penthouse Forum.

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

Dr. Robert Chartham Ph.D. is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement — the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary na-

ture. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next used these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then tested his method with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23 year olds added up to 1 1/4" in length and 3/4" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s between 3/4" to 1" in length and between 1/2" and 3/4" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1 1/2" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added 3/4" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on 3/4" in length and just over 1 1/4" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6 1/2" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest.

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of 3/4" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4 3/4" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5 1/2". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of

clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by its use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is \$39.95, includes postage and handling. Available, only thru the mail.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

If no results are achieved after carrying out the Chartham Method as directed a full refund will be made on its return to us.



ORDER FORM
HC-8

MODERN AGE PRODUCTS, INC. • P.O. BOX 35 • PLAINVIEW, N.Y. 11803
Please send me the complete Chartham Method. I have enclosed \$39.95 which includes postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

Signature _____

I am over 18 years of age
Interbank No. _____

Exp. Date _____ Mo. _____ Year _____

☐ BankAmericard

☐ Master Charge

To charge, you must sign your name above, as it appears on your credit card.

HARRINGTON

HARRINGTON: Well, let's go back to the reason it would be wrong. There is nothing wrong with the wine. Alcohol problems always start with just a glass of wine. Nobody ever says, "Well, here's to my alcoholic future." They just begin, and that is how the devil leads people onto his trail. He never gets you all at one time, just a little at a time. That's how people become alcoholics and drunkards.

HUSTLER: Do you know the Rev. Billy James Hargis?

HARRINGTON: Yes, in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

HUSTLER: Do you know him personally?

HARRINGTON: No, by reputation.

HUSTLER: What do you think about his recent sexual escapades?

HARRINGTON: I think it is an insult to God, and I am sure it is an insult to his wife and children.

HUSTLER: He has more or less admitted that he is a homosexual, but at the same time most of his associates feel that he has actually repented and is still very much in tune with God. Have you ever converted

any homosexuals?

HARRINGTON: Yes, but very few. The ones we have converted are the ones who gave up that way of life for a better way.

HUSTLER: Did they become heterosexual or did they become asexual?

HARRINGTON: I would say they became normal-sexed.

HUSTLER: Do you mean they now have sexual intercourse with women and not men?

HARRINGTON: Yes, that's the only normal way a man can have sex.

HUSTLER: Well, there are some people who are asexual—who do not indulge in sex at all.

HARRINGTON: Yes, I'm sorry about that group. They're missing out on a whole lot of God's blessings.

HUSTLER: Can homosexuals be saved as long as they embrace homosexuality?

HARRINGTON: I did not say homosexuals cannot be saved. I said that once a homosexual is truly converted, he usually changes and should—according to the Bible—turn from homosexuality to normal sex.

HUSTLER: The person who remains a

homosexual would not be saved?

HARRINGTON: I don't believe a person would want to remain a homosexual after conversion.

HUSTLER: But what if they are not converted? Do you think every homosexual is going to go to hell?

HARRINGTON: I don't think a person is going to hell because he's a homosexual, but that they are going to hell because they haven't been saved.

HUSTLER: To use your terms, they are homosexual because they are going to hell.

HARRINGTON: I would say that is evidence of the thing that keeps them from being saved: the fact that they loved their sin more than they did the Savior.

HUSTLER: Then Billy James Hargis is on the path to hell.

HARRINGTON: It sounds like he's a man who was converted to the call of God for a purpose, and some way or another he just got his life out of proportion. He went back to worshiping *self* more than the Lord.

HUSTLER: In an article in a major news magazine, Hargis was quoted as insinuating that certain biblical figures were homosexuals.

HARRINGTON: Paul is often called a homosexual because he did not marry, but there is no evidence of that in the Bible. Nowhere in the Bible did God ever justify homosexuality. He put condemnation on that sin.

HUSTLER: What do you say to people who really think that you're just a salesman, that this is your way of making a living, and that probably the only difference between you and Billy James Hargis is that he's homosexual and you are heterosexual?

HARRINGTON: I'd say, "Thank you for your views and pray for me. I need the prayer, and it sounds like you need the practice." In that way we both will be blessed.

HUSTLER: Why are so many innocent people—good people—stricken with disease? Doesn't God care about their misery and suffering?

HARRINGTON: Sinners suffer physically. Just because of the absence of God, we suffer physically. God created man to be perfect and without sin. God gave man a freedom of choice, and man chose to worship himself instead of God. He didn't make us into robots. You wouldn't have any rewards of good or bad, of success or failure, if God did not give you an element of choice.

HUSTLER: Do you feel that most people are sheep who really need to be led?

HARRINGTON: Yes, that's why the Lord



*"Confidentially, ma'am, that's not the half of it.
In addition to talking, I've also learned to eat with my pecker."*

If you're tired of plastic-looking ladies and pompous bullshit, we've got the magazine for you. HUSTLER is where it's at for over two million readers who believe that beaver is a lot more interesting than bunnies. If you subscribe now, you can save \$6.30 off the newsstand price. A dozen issues (including two Special Holiday and one Anniversary) would cost you \$24.30 at the newsstand. The subscription price is just \$18.00. And HUSTLER comes to your home or office proudly wrapped in a plain brown envelope.

Order now and kick the rabbit habit.

IF YOU'VE GOT THE BALLS, WE'VE GOT THE BOOK!

Order now by phone—use our toll-free hotline! Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

HUSTLER MAGAZINE • P. O. Box 2204 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

☐ New Subscriber ☐ Renewal

0876

- ☐ 1 year at \$18 (U.S.) ☐ 1 year \$21 (FOREIGN)
☐ 2 years at \$34 (U.S.) ☐ 2 years \$40 (FOREIGN)
☐ 3 years at \$49 (U.S.) ☐ 3 years \$58 (FOREIGN)

Enclosed is my: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
(Cash not accepted)

Or charge to my: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

PLEASE PRINT

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Credit Card No. _____

Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____

Expiration Date _____

called people sheep, and sheep need a shepherd. I'm an undershepherd to the Great Shepherd.

HUSTLER: So somebody needs to set a standard.

HARRINGTON: God did; and the Book is there. The Bible is your road map from here to heaven. And I'll tell you, the Bible has good coverage, too. It's a best seller. It will be growing when HUSTLER runs out of hustle.

HUSTLER: Well, Brother Bob, if you have such a good story, why doesn't everyone believe?

HARRINGTON: I don't know, really. I guess it's because of people like you who believe in themselves more than they believe in His way. I was that way for thirty years. Everybody really wants to follow their own star instead of God.

HUSTLER: What do you think is the basic problem in America today?

HARRINGTON: I think it is the home. Let's get back to where it really begins: the home, the family structure. We have gotten it so distorted. That's why we have pornography, racial tension, and campus radicals. See, our problem in America today is not skin but sin. Get people right with God and they are right with one another. And the home is the place to start. You know who I go to in that home? To the man. The man of the house must take responsibility. That's the reason women are crying so much today for liberation.

HUSTLER: What are your views on women's lib?

HARRINGTON: The women are disappointed in men because men have lost their place. Men have lost their identity with God. The reason women are so restless today is because of the man—not necessarily the man in their life, but the man. The image of man across the country is failing. Most of the church work is done by women.

HUSTLER: Why is man failing?

HARRINGTON: Man is leaving out God, and a man without God is like a sky diver without a parachute. You look the part for a while and then you splatter, and it's all over.

HUSTLER: In general, what do you see as some of the greatest problems facing our country today?

HARRINGTON: The absence of a livable faith in God among our leadership.

HUSTLER: What about the problems we can do something about?

HARRINGTON: The love of money. We can all do something about that. We can learn how to give properly.

HUSTLER: Do you think we've become a

"I am a very comfortable, successful businessman. My net personal worth is nearly a half-million dollars."

pragmatic and materialistic society?

HARRINGTON: We've become zip coded and area coded; we've become social security numbers; we've really become everything except humans. The greatest need in our world today is for people, but it's a root-hog-or-die society; a do-unto-others-before-they-do-it-unto-you type of operation. It all goes back to the old teaching in the Bible: The love of money is the root of all evil. There is nothing wrong with money. I've been without it, and I've been with it, and I choose the latter. The problem is love of money: how you get it, what you do with it when you have it, how you cover up what you shouldn't be doing with it when you unload it.

HUSTLER: Were you a good insurance salesman?

HARRINGTON: Yes, I was a very good one. I would think, in some of my best years, that I made between \$20,000 and \$30,000. Back in the early and mid '50s, that was a good piece of bread.

HUSTLER: Doesn't being a salesman necessitate a certain amount of duplicity? Do you ever feel that when you were selling insurance you were guilty of sinning against your fellowman? Did you lie to them or were you basically doing an honest day's work?

HARRINGTON: I thought I was basically doing an honest day's work, but I was really after the check. I found myself selling most people insurance plans that didn't benefit them primarily, but the com-

THE PHILOSOPHER

My faults will not pass into other hands through any fault of mine. I do not want another fault on my hands.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

mission was bigger and better. I didn't use what I'd call deception to do it, but really deception helped me do it.

HUSTLER: Well, you were extremely successful then, and you're a successful evangelist now.

HARRINGTON: I'm more successful as an evangelist than I was as a salesman because success is not just making a lot of money. I'm a successful man now because I know the will of God for my life.

HUSTLER: How much money are you worth?

HARRINGTON: Oh, I'm worth a lot of money because my Father owns the entire world. I am a joint heir to everything He's got.

HUSTLER: You're going to come across to the readers like Reverend Ike. We're talking about your monetary value.

HARRINGTON: We are a tax-exempt, nonprofit corporation, checked and scrutinized every year by the IRS.

HUSTLER: What about you personally?

HARRINGTON: If I were not clear with my money or morals, I would not have my haunches sitting here, fixing to be exposed in your magazine. So we'll start from there.

HUSTLER: What is your...?

HARRINGTON: You wouldn't get the average preacher in your magazine. I am trying to reach people, and you have a vehicle to help me reach them.

HUSTLER: Our readers are going to lose respect for what you are saying if you don't come clean on every question.

HARRINGTON: Well, what is your next question?

HUSTLER: How much are you worth personally?

HARRINGTON: The net worth?

HUSTLER: You don't have to answer if you don't want to.

HARRINGTON: I would say my net worth would be somewhere near a half-million dollars.

HUSTLER: And how about your nonprofit organization?

HARRINGTON: We don't go by worth in a nonprofit corporation. All the money that comes in, goes out.

HUSTLER: Everything?

HARRINGTON: Yes. We own no buildings, no property. Everything is geared towards reaching people for the Lord. However, I am a very comfortable, successful businessman. 🌐

If you would like more of Brother Bob's thoughts and ideas, or answers to your questions, he can be reached at Post Office Box 2408, New Orleans, Louisiana 70176.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT

HUSTLER's cockhound readers have proven to be pointers as they continue to bag the beauties for the HUSTLER Beaver Hunt amateur photo contest. You, too, are invited to submit nude photos of your female friends, wives or lovers whose beauty you feel could best be showcased in a HUSTLER feature photo spread.

To enter the contest, send a sharply focused color photograph—no black and white photos, please—of your favorite personal model in the nude to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. We'd also like a short personality profile of the prospective Honey. Coax her into being as candid as possible. We must have a signed copy of the model's release that appears on page 120.

If we publish your girl's picture, you will receive a \$50 contributor's fee. A Beaver Hunter license will be awarded to all amateur photographers who enter

the contest. Your Honey has the chance to win an appearance in a future HUSTLER pictorial spread as a paid (\$750-\$1500) professional model, so get on it. This could be the start of something big for both you and your lady.



Photo by Paul Johanyak.

Cheryl Freeman, 23, works as a cocktail waitress in Pittsburgh. She enjoys the fact that the industrial-league softball players frequent her bar because "they have such good muscle tone. With me, they need it."



Photo by Bob McGhee.

Annette Presley, 24, is a store clerk in Tampa. She believes couples should use their hands a lot in sex play. "Every part of the body should be touched."

Carol Jeanne Vanya, 19, of Miami, enjoys lovers who are uninhibited enough to appreciate her "Bare Beaver." She told us she got turned on to the shaved style by looking at HUSTLER, and HUSTLER sure got turned on by looking at her.



Photo by T. F. Creed.



Photo by Don Franklin.

Audrey Hagen, 21, of Covington, Kentucky, says she likes to get it on in the same sort of woodland setting that she's pictured in here. Judging by the spunk she's showing, we'd guess she just did exactly that.



Photo by Jack D.

Mary D., 20, hails from Montpelier, Vermont. Her husband, Jack, took this picture. He discreetly explains that Mary's sexual tastes are "too mind-blowing to put in a magazine."

Joanne Feeney is an 18-year-old university undergrad from Providence, Rhode Island. Joanne enjoys giving head and prides herself on her ability to spot receptive tastes in prospective lovers. "I can spot it in their eyes," she maintains.



Photo by Frank DeChane.



Photo by Kenny Perrine.

Charlotte Crane, 22, likes to camp out with her lover in the foothills of the Oregon Rockies. "When you're out alone, you can do anything to each other you want."



Photo by Garry Sennett.

Terry Dailey, 21, recently completed her college education at a university in Oklahoma. She says that she's shy about sex at first, but once things get rolling, she's ready to try anything.

Lisa G. repairs stereos in Toledo, Ohio. She says she likes to be caressed by soft satin sheets, but "I get off on handling really rough men."



Photo by M. Carl.

Terrilee Tolliver, 20, is an aspiring model pounding the pavement in the Big Apple. She digs the glitter-rock-bisexual scene in New York because "I like that kinky stuff."



Photo by V. Jaffa.



Photo by Larry Molino.

Stella R. enjoys water skiing in the Gulf off the coast of Corpus Christi, Texas. She says she likes the woman-on-top position because then she can control the action.

Wanda J.—a hot beauty hailing from Birmingham, Alabama—works as a restaurant hostess. This photograph was taken by her husband, Aaron. When her man is gentle, says Wanda, it can bring her off in a slow and easy way.



Photo by Aaron J.

Debbie Miller is a 20-year-old typist from Indianapolis. She turns on for men who are into the rear approach.



Photo by Joe Metheno.



Photo by Arts Nicodemus.

Ann B., 19, is a Baltimore artist who is into painting with water colors. She says she likes to be spontaneous about sex, like going down on her man while he's driving.



"Want a piece of ass, Earl? This one is stillborn!"

SEX PLAY

(continued from page 19)

isn't worth the risk. I've certainly had more bashes in the eye from errant knees and ankles than I've ever had orgasms. In fact, a friend of mine once spent several days in a hospital with a bad concussion after her husband had unintentionally whacked her on the forehead during orgasm. It would be better, too, if I could put a clamp in my mouth to keep it open to ensure that I don't bite the cock off when I climax, but I've never found such a gadget. (How about it, "Doc" Johnson?) If you can keep your orgasms small and tidy, then good luck to you. Otherwise, my advice is to give head to each other one at a time. Don't confuse yourself by trying to give and take at the same time. Each gesture is beautiful in its own way, wouldn't you say?

In some circumstances, of course, it's exciting to have your reactions restricted by danger—the danger of being noticed by others. Blow-jobs are tailor-made for the semipublic place (see *Sex Play*, June 1976). Since the movie *Shampoo*, everyone has become more aware of the oppor-

tunities available. I've had my own personal attachment to that film since last fall, when I was staying in a hotel in New York that screened it on television in the rooms. I switched it on while I was having my hair blown dry by a wonderful young man whose cock was poking stiffly into my mouth. What a combination!

Cocks are very handy. You can get them out and bury them inside a girl's mouth almost anywhere and enjoy a nice suck before anyone notices. When the passion dies down, you will be amazed that you actually got away with it. As a keen penis pouncer, I've sucked in some strange places: In the backs of taxis, on a television show, on a fire escape, at the movies, in a peep-show cubicle, in cars (stationary and moving), on a jet airplane (not with the pilot...yet), in the Geological Museum, under the tables of restaurants, including the famous Al Goldstein prick (see *Bits & Pieces*, June 1976), and, best of all, in an English hedgerow.

I think the most precarious head I've ever given was during the filming of *Sensations*. I was following the instructions in the script: Holding the cock in my fingers, sucking it, licking it, and telling it a story—all at the same time. The cameras were rolling, and

everything was going fine until the director, Alberto Farro, suddenly yelled across at me, "Whip it!" I knew that the riding crop was somewhere by my side, and I rummaged around for it. Then I rather gingerly began to slap the leather end across my "lover's" erection. As you can imagine, it's difficult enough to keep a hard-on in front of 30 crew members and two whirring cameras without having it beaten with a riding crop. His cock seemed to shudder at every stroke, but, thankfully, it survived.

Most people I've encountered have a refreshingly wholesome attitude toward giving head. I expect this is because it does, in fact, involve "giving": Paranoid prudes don't feel they're being taken or used. Girls who are too mean or "moral" to fuck will, all of a sudden, think you're a nice, generous boy if you offer to suck their cunts. They'll even tell their friends how good you are. It works with men, too. Men who think a girl is "cheap" if she fucks a lot will think she's some sort of sexual paragon if she gobbles cock with steadfast tenacity.

So there's your answer. If you want to become the neighborhood hero or heroine, remember that the longer you suck, the more they'll queue up.

Don't say I didn't warn you. 🍆

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

SCREW



First with the most—that's SCREW.

And it's been SCREW since 1968, when it started the trend to honest, open sexuality. SCREW consistently leads the men's magazine field. When they are monthly, SCREW is weekly. When they are timely, SCREW is ahead-of-timely. When they are clever, SCREW is outrageous. SCREW is the one publication other men's magazine editors read before planning their issues because SCREW is always steps ahead of anyone else in its news, its photos, its candor. People who read SCREW get more, get it *faster*, and get it *every week*. Isn't it time you subscribed to SCREW?

SCREW

10 issues ☐ \$9.95
(Special Introductory Rate)

26 issues ☐ 3rd Class, \$19.95

or ☐ 1st Class, \$34.95

52 issues ☐ 3rd Class, \$37.00

or ☐ 1st Class, \$59.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

I certify by my signature that I am not a postal or government agent engaged in entrapment and that I am of legal age:

Mail to: Milky Way Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Advise & Consent

(continued from page 8)

try after having had great success in Japan. It's an electrically charged tweezer that supposedly works safely, quickly, and painlessly to remove hair anywhere on the body. No needles penetrate the skin as radio-frequency energy is passed through each hair by the tweezer, causing the hair root to slide out of the follicle. You can do it yourself or even have a lover help you. Write to the manufacturer, Optron Division, Universal Technology, Woodbridge, Connecticut, to find out where to purchase this item. Don't take off too much, though—most women love the feel of some masculine body hair next to their skin. Besides, fashions these days are so fickle that next year the furry look could be "in," and you'll be "out." Just take off a little at a time, and check the results with your girlfriends.

I have a problem that interferes with sexual activities: I have to be tired or disinterested to get my cock to stick straight out. Normally, when erect, it rubs against my abdomen. This can cause pain in some love play, not to mention difficulty in taking a piss in the morning. Is this a common problem? What remedies can you suggest?

Howard John
Ames, Iowa

If you are suffering extreme pain, a vascular surgeon should be consulted. There is a sinus

and veins that run down the penis that fill with blood at moments of sexual excitement, and it is possible that you have an obstruction in one of these vessels requiring medical treatment.

On the other hand, we believe your question indicates that you have some misconceptions about the most harmonious cock angle for fucking. Medical studies have shown that the younger you are, the more upright your erect cock stands and the better it is for fucking. Unless you're suffering from a serious weight problem (i.e., you have a fat, overhanging belly chafing your cock), relax—you just have the upright enthusiasm of youth and good health. If the only disadvantage is a longer wait before pissing in the morning, you needn't be concerned. As you get older, you won't be able to get it up as high, so enjoy your "highness" while you can.

Until recently I considered myself very good at eating pussy. It was always satisfying to the woman, and I thoroughly enjoyed being smothered in the warmth of a woman's thighs. A short while ago, I began a serious relationship with a chick here in Columbus. She told me she was undersexed (whatever that meant), so I thought I could please her by going down on her. The first time we were in bed, I began with all my usual foreplay, but after using up all my techniques I found she wasn't getting off. Since then, I've gone down on her four more times with the same result. The last time was the real ego buster. She told me I was the worst pussy eater in the city. We've talked about this, and I've asked her to tell me what feels good and what doesn't. The trouble is

that she can't talk while she's being eaten. I tell her what feels good and what doesn't, but she won't do the same. My inability to please her really bothers me, and I need your advice.

P. O.
Columbus, Ohio

It sounds like this chick is trying to bust your balls. She really has a problem if she says she can't talk while you're going down on her. What does she do with her mouth? If she won't tell you what she wants, don't waste your time. She is more interested in putting you down than she is in getting a good fuck. Do yourself a favor and ditch her.

My girlfriend says that she can make me come by sticking her finger up my ass and playing with my prostate. I let her try it, but it only hurt; I'm not sure she knows what she's doing. Can you give me some information about this?

Mel Bishop
Brooklyn, New York

The prostate is the gland that produces seminal fluid, which lubricates the tubes through which sperm travels from your testes to your penis when you ejaculate. The gland lies below the spinal column and can be reached through the anus by deep manual penetration. Manual massage of a relaxed prostate won't cause ejaculation, but it will produce what is best described as a spasmodic shiver throughout the entire groin area, leaving a drop of fluid on the tip of the penis.

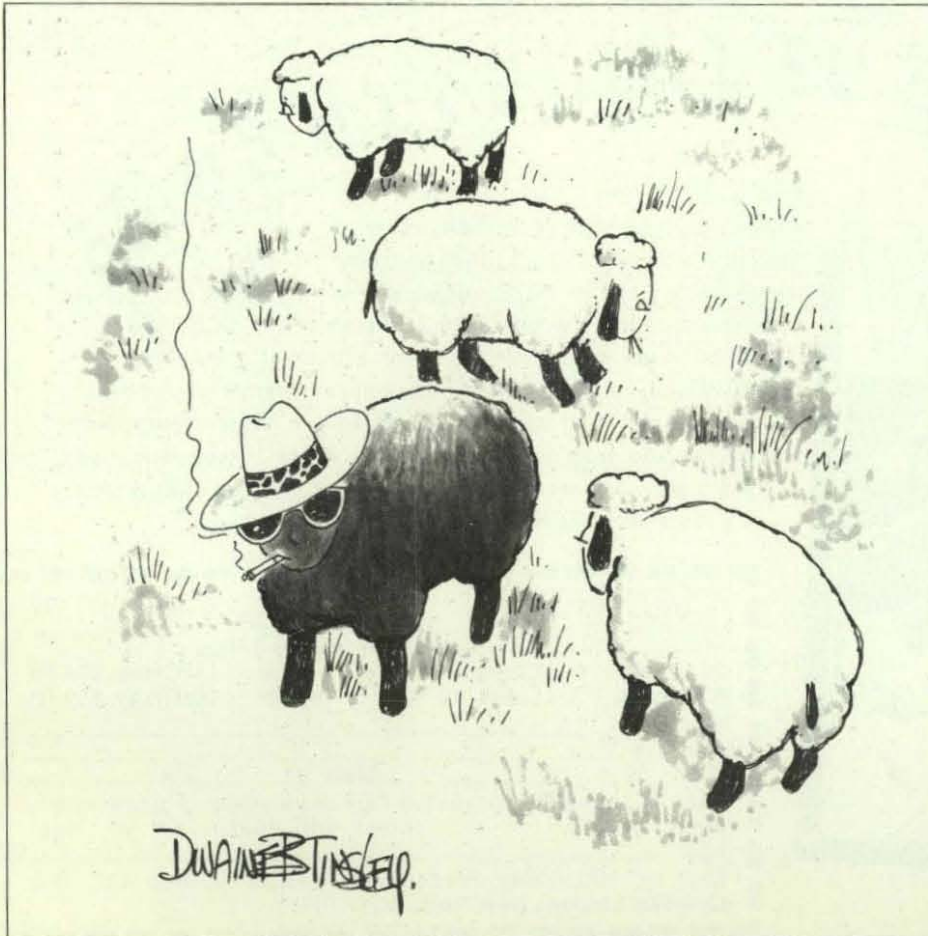
However, many men don't have relaxed prostates. In fact, many urologists believe that most of the tension and anxiety in men is channeled either to the stomach (where, at its most severe, it can produce ulcers) or to the prostate, where it causes a strain on the gland, making it sensitive to the pressure of surrounding body flesh—or to touch. If you are feeling some discomfort when your girlfriend does this, it simply means your prostate has become a vessel for some of your tension and anxiety.

In that case, you have two choices. One, don't fool around with it; or two, recognize that the effect may not be sexual, but may still be beneficial inasmuch as a gentle massage may ease some of your tension.

I've been married for 15 years, and my wife is a great sex partner, never refusing me in any manner—except one. Although she enjoys fellating me, she absolutely refuses to let me ejaculate into her mouth. She says that she just can't stand the taste. I've tried to overcome her "fear" of taking semen into her mouth, but to no avail. Years ago, she let me do it one time, and she gagged terribly. Can you tell me how I can overcome her objection?

T. J. T.
San Francisco, California

Semen changes in taste depending upon your diet. Why not eat only your wife's favorite foods for several days and then have her take a taste of you? Let her choose the foods. Showing her this letter in print should help to convince her to try it,



Dr. Robert Chartham's latest sex guide to the Sensations of Sex. This record-breaking illustrated guide to love which contains numerous full page photographs of beautiful naked couples in the full throes of love, and, for the first time, actual pictures of intercourse and fellatio, group sex, etc., plus a comprehensive instructive text on sexual techniques. **\$5.95 CODE 168**

Advise & Consent

and chances are she will like it. Experiment with different dishes and flavors until she finds one that satisfies her taste buds. Who knows? She may even become a gourmet cook!

I am 24 years old and have been reading your magazine for about three months now. I really enjoy it, since you have the best-looking models of any magazine. However, since I was 15, I've really been turned on by young girls. In fact, I once lived across the street from a 12-year-old girl, and I used my telescope to watch her get dressed. I couldn't help it. I still love to see nude little girls; they really turn me on. Every time I hear or see the words "little girl," "panties," or "training bra," I get so horny that I could die. I go wild just thinking about them. Is there anything I can do about this?

Name Withheld by Request
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

You seem to be trapped in the wrong culture. There have been, and still are, societies in which children are thought of as small adults and begin to have adult sexual experiences at very early ages. In some Eastern and Middle-Eastern countries, it is not uncommon to find pre-teenage girls offering themselves to grown men. (Myth has it that Cleopatra was only 13 when she seduced

Julius Caesar.) However, our cultural traditions hold that children don't have the information necessary to make adult decisions—including sexual ones. Therefore, our laws protect them.

HUSTLER suggests that you make a greater effort to get involved with women your own age. Save your fantasies about young girls for your fantasy life—where they belong.

I'm a truck driver with an unsolvable problem. Lately, the fleet dispatcher's wife has been giving me come-ons. Last night, she invited herself into the cab of my truck, and it was all I could do not to jump her then and there. I think about her all the time and really want to ball her. Unfortunately, this woman has a reputation for having a loose tongue, and if the dispatcher finds out, I'll be doing Death Valley runs for the rest of my life. Yet, if I don't do it with her, I'm sure she'll get so frustrated and annoyed that she'll tell her husband I made a pass at her and get me fired anyway. What should I do?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Full Steam Ahead! It's better to get fired for fucking her than for not fucking her.

When I get out of the army in September, my wife and I would like very much to start a family. We want to know the best time for her to get

pregnant. I have heard there are books on this subject, but I'm stationed far from America and it is very difficult to get books in English on any subject. I'm sure if you print my letter, I'll see it, though, because whenever we get back from the field some guys on base always have copies of your great magazine. Those HUSTLERs really get passed around!

PFC Donald K. Hawes
Address Withheld by Request

A very reliable way of determining your wife's fertile days involves measuring her body temperature. Your doctor can provide you with full information and a chart for recording the temperature.

Every morning before your wife gets out of bed, goes to the bathroom, eats, drinks, or smokes, she should take her temperature orally and record it. It's a good idea to use a basal thermometer. It has a shorter degree range that makes it easy to read and determine the minor fluctuations in temperature involved. This must be done for at least two or three months. Then show the chart to your doctor, and he can determine which days your wife is most likely to conceive. The chart should be kept in accordance with your doctor's instructions, since only he can really tell when your wife will ovulate. Good luck, and have fun trying.

I have a problem that I have always been too embarrassed about to discuss with anyone, but an anonymous letter to your magazine seems safe. Very often, when I make love, air somehow gets into my vagina during intercourse. Then, when my lover withdraws his cock, the air comes out like an explosion and makes the most horrible, embarrassing noise. Can you tell me if other women suffer from this problem, and if there is anything I can do about it?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

This is a very common occurrence that people are reluctant to talk about because they assume it doesn't happen to anyone else. Air is pushed into your vagina during sex. Then, when your lover's cock is withdrawn, the air will be released, making a noise like a fart. We know that with anal farting it is possible to control the sphincter muscle to such a degree that the air is expelled slowly and in a controlled manner, so that no noise occurs. It is also possible to gain control over the vaginal muscles so that the air can be expelled noiselessly in the same way.

Simple exercise by opening and closing the vaginal muscles, if performed regularly, can help you gain enough control so that your vaginal farts will be silent. The best answer, however, is that we should liberate ourselves from the fart hang-up. A natural and normal body function that we find adorable in children becomes an embarrassing occurrence as adults. Everyone, without exception, farts. We don't think it's impolite or disgusting; it's just another involuntary reflex like coughing or sneezing, and it's always a relief. As for passing air from the vagina, just relax and be happy it doesn't smell.

OK, Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 111). Mail to: HUSTLER, Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____ PHOTOGRAPHER:

Name _____

PHOTOGRAPHIC RELEASE

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs, of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. Furthermore, I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photographs.

I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature: _____

MINOR: The person photographed is a minor. My signature grants my permission for the minor to be photographed and the photographs may be used as stated above.

Parent or Legal Guardian: _____

PERSONAL INFORMATION FOR BIOGRAPHY:

Age _____ Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____



"Did you forget to flush the toilet again, Sara?!"

SEX IN ADVERTISING

(continued from page 63)

showcase puns and near words like "come," "shot" (shit), "taste" (testes), and "like" (lick) in their headlines often have other subliminals at work in the photos and illustrations. A recent ad for color TVs featured a television set showing a couple nuzzling each other, while the accompanying caption read "Kiss chassis tube problems goodbye." (Can color TV solve impotency fears?) Current Parliament ads inform you that "Kings, 100s or Box," which rather neatly translates as "Power, Money or Sex," are available.

(4) *Keep an eye peeled for symbols.* The classic Freudian symbols, such as carrots, bottles, cigars, logs, and guns, are used daily in most ads. Bowls, keyholes, targets, and cups, too. Of course, not every bottle is a cock, nor is every cup a pussy, but sexual symbols *do* abound. Watch how people grasp phallic or vaginal objects; chances are the objects are pointing at, or are in the proximity of, the crotch. Archetypal symbols such as mother or father figures, skulls, crosses,

and fires are also extremely common and rouse subtle emotional responses.

(5) *Study the backgrounds in photos.* Your conscious mind tends to ignore those blurry figures and shapes lurking behind the well-focused person or scene in the foreground, but sometimes those blurs are doing surprising things. Feel free to turn the ads upside down and sideways as you examine them. Your unconscious mind can read words and images from many unorthodox angles—and ad men are well aware of that fact. Also pay extra attention to mirrors and reflections on tabletops, windows, etc.

(6) *Use both your imagination and your common sense.* Subliminal devices in ads aren't always just sexual. Ad agencies know that any subject that hits you at the gut level emotionally (such as death, castration, social rejection, or violence) can be used for subliminal persuasion, and combinations of more than one of the above are not uncommon! Remember, none of it is accidental. We've concentrated on sexual examples in this article, but those are just the tip of the iceberg. Be careful not to go overboard and start seeing sublims everywhere, for in that direction lies paranoia. It will probably take

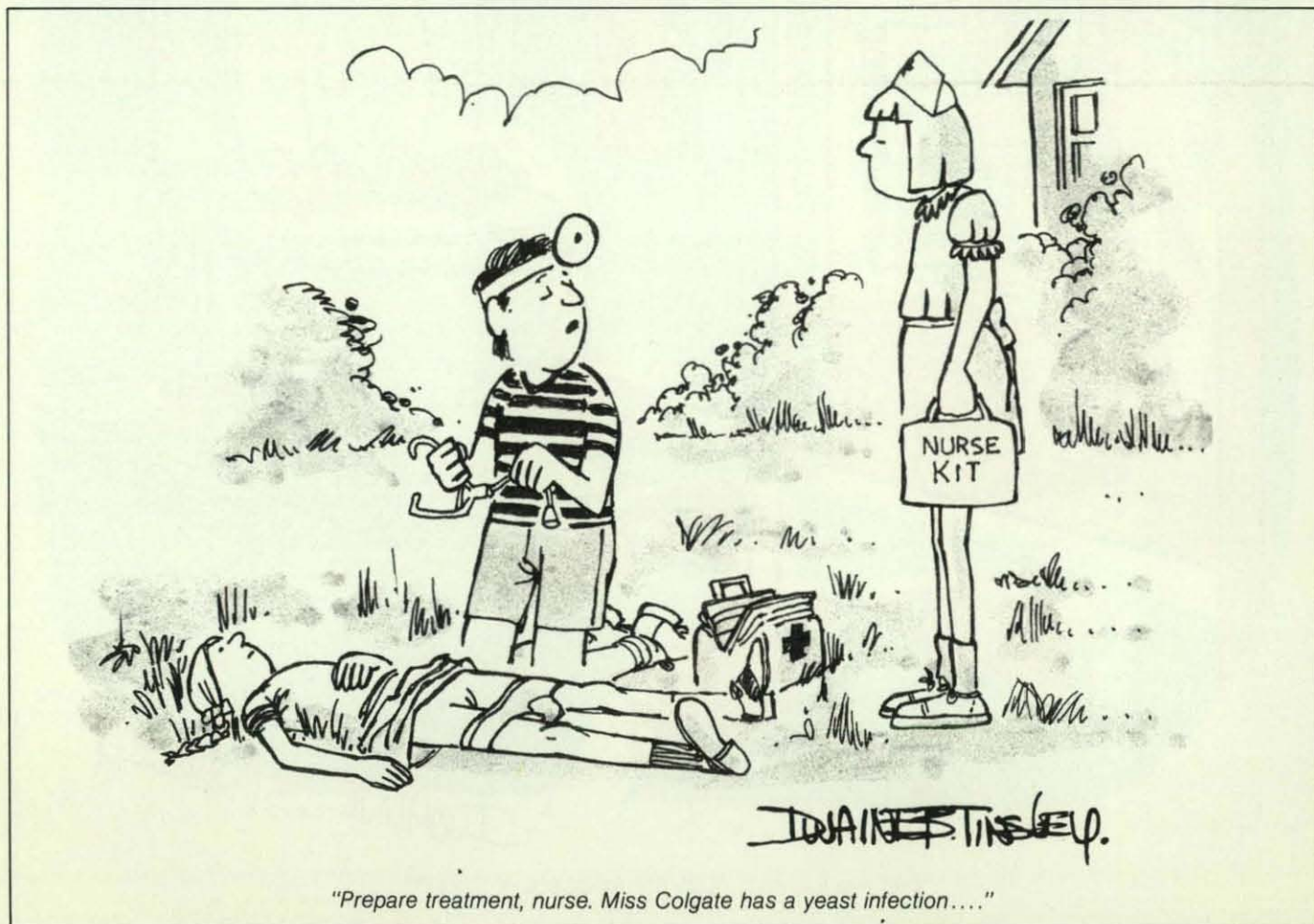
me a week just to shake off the craziness this article has stirred up within my own system.

Granting the reality of subliminal influences in advertising, we are left with the question: Can anything be done about it, and should we even bother?

As long as big business is determining just how free freedom of the press will be and is trying to sell you things you don't really want, there will be ad men using any device at their disposal to get your money. Subliminals will be with us quite a while. In any situation where someone is trying to stroke you, it's definitely to your advantage to be aware of what's happening and why. With just a little practice, there's no reason you can't detect the fix in the ad game.

You should take any step necessary to protect your right to purchase a product because you really *want* or *need* it, not because some woman in an ad with a subliminal bottle up her ass has duped your subconscious. Let's sharpen our wits for a little subliminal self-defense. We've all heard of Women's Lib, Sexual Lib, even Gay Lib. The time has come to start a new movement.

How about Ad Lib? 🍌



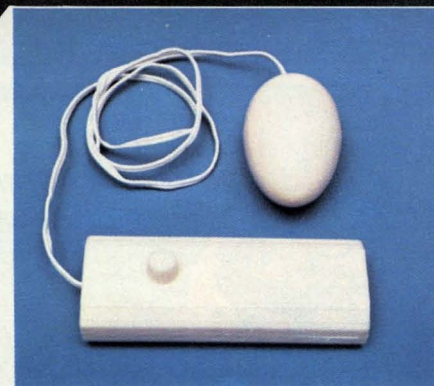
"DOC" JOHNSON'S HAPPY HELPERS



#0520 JUNGLE LOVE—Imitation "Spanish Fly" can be very effective in producing heightened response for both sexes. 24 capsules per box. \$10.50



#0270 PROLOONGING—Light and odorless cream that helps control and delay climax. \$4.99



#0780—BEN-WA DANCING EGG, REMOTE-CONTROLLED—Modernized version of ancient Japanese courtesan device. Variable speed, 22" cord, uses penlite AA batteries. \$14.99.



VIBRATO CORDLESS VIBRATORS—Available in 4" MINI #0250 (for those hard to reach places) uses AA batteries \$2.99; 7" PERSONAL #0240 uses C battery \$4.99; 10" EXTRA LONG #0230 uses C batteries \$5.99.

ORDER NOW BY PHONE — USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9218)

Send to:
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

0876
Please allow up to
4 weeks for delivery

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER
PLEASE PRINT

Date _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Cash not accepted)
Or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____ Expiration Date _____

STOCK NO.	SIZE	QUAN.	PRICE	TOTAL
0520			10.50	
0270			4.99	
0780			14.99	
0250	4"		2.99	
0240	7"		4.99	
0230	10"		5.99	
0610			7.95	
0630	Small		12.50	
0640	Med.		12.50	
0650	Large		12.50	
0460			3.95	
BATTERIES FOR ABOVE ITEMS				
0540	AA		2 for \$1	
0550	C		2 for \$1	

Subtotal \$ _____

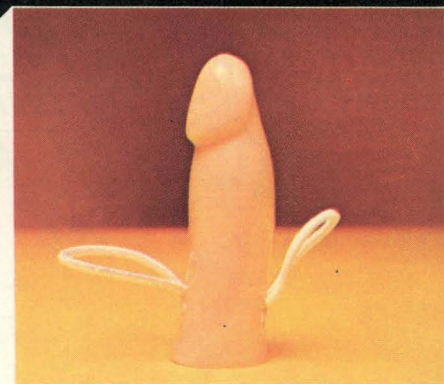
Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax _____

Postage & Handling _____ 1.00

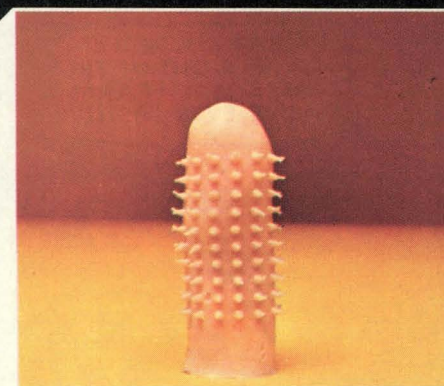
TOTAL \$ _____



#0610 MR. PROLONG SPRAY—New spray for men, prevents premature climax. \$7.95



THERAPEUTIC AID—Helps overcome impotence. Available in small #0630 (1 1/8" shaft), medium #0640 (1 1/2" shaft) and large #0650 (1 3/4" shaft). \$12.50 each.



#0460 STIMULATOR SLEEVE—Flexible massaging sleeve fits over standard 7" vibrator. \$3.95





WITH TWO DOWN IN THE 9th...



OK. LET ME HAVE ONE RIGHT IN HERE. RIGHT UP THE MIDDLE!

AFTER THE GAME, BABY... FIRST WE-

PLAY BALL!

STRIKE ONE!

RIGHT ACROSS THE TIT!

WATCH THE PITCHER'S BALLS, HONEY!

HOW CAN I? HE'S GOT HIS ZIPPER ZIPPED!

SWAK

HEY, CATCHER, I THINK YOU GOT YOUR SIGNALS CROSSED!

WRONG! I'M CALLIN' FOR IT LOW AND INSIDE!

I NEVER FIGURED SHE'D CONNECT WITH MY SPERM BALL!

SHE HIT IT! FER CHRISSAKE! LOOK AT THAT FUCKIN' BALL GO!

KRAK!

SLIDE, HONEY, SLIDE! GET IN BETWEEN HIS LEGS!

SPREAD 'EM WIDE, BUSTER, HERE I COME!

SAFE! A PERFECT SLIDE!

BABY, I COULD SLIDE ON IT ALL DAY!

MAMA, I'M COMING... I'M COMIN' HOME!

LATER, IN THE LOCKER ROOM...



HUSTLER HONEY



© 1976, HUSTLER MAGAZINE

HUSTLER HONEY



© 1976, HUSTLER MAGAZINE

HUSTLER HONEY



© 1976, HUSTLER MAGAZINE

HUSTLER HONEY



© 1976, HUSTLER MAGAZINE

HUSTLER HONEY



© 1976, HUSTLER MAGAZINE

**NOW ... See all the beautiful
HUSTLER HONEYS
in thrilling LIVING COLOR
in your own home or office!**

35mm COLOR SLIDES

5 slides in each set...all hand-picked by Larry Flynt...all first-quality duplicates from our photographers' original transparencies. Blow them up to life-size or larger with your own projector, or order the handy desktop viewer below.

No. 4530 — DONNA, SEA NYMPH (January, '76)

No. 4531 — RENEE GETTING READY (February, '76)

No. 4532 — JENNIFER'S SATIN FANTASY
(March, '76)

No. 4533 — THE BLONDE MAX (April, '76)

No. 4534 — SWEET SURRENDER OF JOCELYN
(May, '76)

No. 4535 — PAT, THE FUCKING ULTIMATE
(June, '76)

**ONLY
\$3.50**

per set
of 5
slides

HUSTLER HONEY



© 1976, HUSTLER MAGAZINE

HUSTLER HONEY



© 1976, HUSTLER MAGAZINE

HUSTLER HONEY



© 1976, HUSTLER MAGAZINE

SPECIAL!
No. 4525—
JACKIE
ONASSIS
NUDE
(August, '75)



**gaf Pana-Vue 2
Viewer**

- Compact viewer with folding stand for desktop or hand use
- Viewing area 1 1/2" X 1 1/2"
- Brilliant 2X magnification
- Powered by two "AA" size batteries (not included) or household current with GAF Transformer optional

Stock No. 4500 \$5.50

Send to:
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

0876

Date _____
Please allow up to
4 weeks for delivery

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

Please send _____ sets of Slides @ \$3.50 per set

- ☐ #4530 DONNA
☐ #4531 RENEE
☐ #4532 JENNIFER
☐ #4533 MAX
☐ #4534 JOCELYN
☐ #4535 PAT
☐ #4525 JACKIE O.

_____ Pana-Vue Viewers (#4500) @ \$5.50 ea.
_____ pr. of AA Batteries (#0540) @ \$1.00 per pr.

Subtotal

Ohio Residents add 4% Sales Tax

Postage & Handling (50¢ per Slide set, \$1 per Viewer)

TOTAL

PLEASE PRINT:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Cash not accepted).
or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____

Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____

(Foreign Orders add \$2.00)

Expiration Date _____

ORDER NOW BY PHONE — USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (in Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

Mail-Order Feedback is presented as a service to HUSTLER readers who order products from mail-order firms, including the firms that advertise in *Mail-Order Mania*.

The column will simplify the ordering of mail-order erotica. We will inform consumers of how to effectively deal with mail-order firms and alert readers to frauds and faulty products.

Shopping by mail is like shopping on a busy city street teeming with both honest merchants and rip-off artists: If you space around with your head up your ass, you'll probably lose your wallet to a pickpocket. However, if you keep your wits about you, you'll get your money's worth. To help you avoid the flimflam and get the goods in the mail-order marketplace, we're passing on the following basic rules for ordering mail-order products:

1. Write down the name and address of the company you're ordering from. Once you've mailed in the coupon, problems may develop in receiving your order, and you'll need to be able to contact the company.

2. Never send cash through the mail. It's inclined to disappear mysteriously, and you have no way of proving that you sent it if the mail-order company should later deny receiving it.

3. Send a certified check or money order. You'll get your merchandise quicker. Many companies wait until a personal check clears the bank before shipping your order.

4. Print or type your name and address, and always include your zip code number. Our friends at Leisure Time Products (who are old hands at this business) say it's amazing how many orders they receive that are impossible to read.

5. Postage-due letters will delay shipment of your order, so be sure to use the correct amount of postage.

6. If you move, be sure to give your local post office a change of address notification, and your order will be forwarded to you.

7. Please allow up to four weeks for delivery. Some items can be shipped faster than others, but most firms can process any order within 30 days. If not, they are required by law to notify you that there will be a delay. They must also allow you to approve the extension or to request a refund.

8. If you have a complaint with an advertiser in HUSTLER, please contact the advertiser first. Then, if things can't be worked out to your complete satisfaction, let us know, and we'll go to bat for you.

9. If you write to HUSTLER to complain about an ad in our magazine, please give us the page number and the month and year of the issue in which the ad appeared. It helps us trace the ad back to its original source and avoids confusion.

As we've said before, we can't guarantee

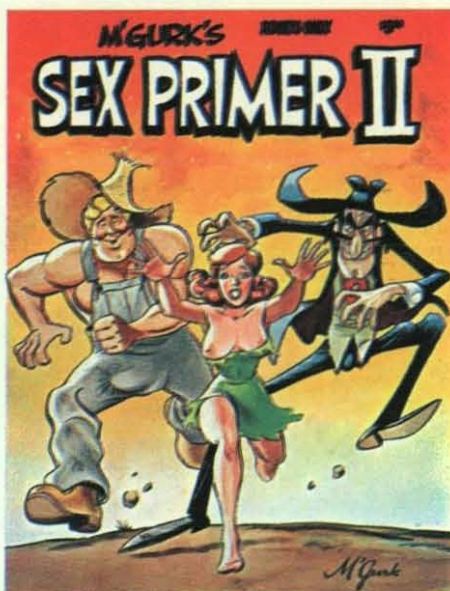
that fly-by-night operators won't occasionally slip into the ranks of HUSTLER's mail-order advertisers. However, we do hope that these crooks will think long and hard before buying ad space here once they know that our readers are wise to their tricks and know how to deal with them.

PRODUCT REVIEW

HUSTLER will review any mail-order sex products, including those that are advertised in *Mail-Order Mania*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order them. Companies that would like to have their products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to Mail-Order Feedback (Product Review), 40 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.

SEX PRIMER II

If you get off on raunchy comic strips, you'll enjoy the *Sex Primer II*, by Rod Q. M'Gurk. This 36-page, black-and-white cartoon book contains two stories. One story, a lengthy satire on silent-movie melodramas, concerns a voluptuous virgin who is despoiled by a moustache-twirling villain and a strapping farm-boy hero—and she learns to love it. The second story is a short vignette in which a swimming-pool repairman on a service call winds up servicing the foxy lady of the house right in her pool. The sex



action is hot and heavy, and it contains a graphically explicit '69' sequence.

Rod M'Gurk is a versatile cartoon artist who works equally well with pen and ink or brush. His women are realistically drawn and sexy, and they are usually depicted with huge cocks sunk into their eager mouths or cunts. M'Gurk's story lines and dialogue are also satirically clever, but the *Sex Primer II*, although amusing and arousing, is neither as imaginative nor as varied in subject matter as earlier examples of M'Gurk's work.

Sex Primer II is available for \$5.00 from Revel Co., Dept. BR07, P. O. Box 2856, Sepulveda, California 91343.

LOVE-SEX RING

The *Love-Sex Ring* is a basic silver or gold cock ring with the added attraction of semi-precious or precious stones set into the band. Like other cock rings, this one is designed to fit around your cock and balls. The tightness of the ring provides a sort of tourniquet stimulation to your erection while the strategically placed jewel rubs against your woman's clitoris. The *Love-Sex Ring* shouldn't be worn all the time, but it is a pretty piece of jewelry when worn. Prices range from \$14.00 to \$96.00 for semi-precious stones and up to \$5,000 for certified gems. One size fits all. They can be ordered from Leisure Time Products, P. O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

JAC-AROMA

This product (also marketed as *Heart-On*) is ostensibly an aromatic liquid chemical that, when allowed to vaporize by removing the cap of its container, will fill the air with an exotic fragrance. We tried this, and the room smelled like the freon used in air conditioners.

We were intrigued when we learned from our underground sources that the *real* use for this gunk is to inhale it (which the manufacturer specifically cautions against, both in its ads and on the product itself). Supposedly, it produces the same brief, heart-pounding rush as the pharmaceutical amyl nitrite ampules that some pseudohipsters like to inhale for an extra kick at the moment of orgasm. Once the Ohio State University chemistry department informed us that *n*-butyl nitrite, *Jac-Aroma*'s main chemical component, is highly toxic and will painfully burn the nasal membranes if inhaled, nobody on the HUSTLER staff had the balls to test-sniff the stuff in order to determine whether it really does produce the rumored intoxicating effect. Even Steve Hanley, our bull-goose loony associate editor who once offered to fuck a woman on a plummeting roller coaster in order to prove the credibility of a *Kinky Korner* story, gingerly pushed the half-ounce vial of *Jac-Aroma* away as if it were a radioactive isotope. We finally had to hold him down while we shoved it under his nose.

Once Hanley stopped trying to hold his breath like a condemned prisoner in a gas chamber and had taken a couple of good hits, he reported that the foul stuff had had no effect except to make him briefly dizzy and slightly nauseated. It was about the same as the roller-coaster ride without the redeeming pleasure of a good fuck.

We believe the OSU lab boys' advice that *n*-butyl nitrite is nasty stuff, and we strongly recommend that you *not* sniff it for purposes of getting high. However, if you're interested in *Jac-Aroma* (for whatever reason), it costs

(continued on page 132)

The Waterbhong™

Made of the finest Kentucky Clay—never gets hot. Burns slowly, completely. Large reservoir cools the smoke, filters out harshness. Lifetime guarantee against breakage, free replacement if it does!

Cools like a Hookah ~
Carburets like a Bong

ORDER NOW BY PHONE—USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Or send coupon to
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS 0876 Date _____
P. O. Box 2206 Please allow up to
Columbus, Ohio 43216 4 weeks for delivery
I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

Please send me
☐ DONG BONG (#2211) @ \$13.50 ea
☐ NEPTUNE BONG (#2212) @ \$10.50 ea
☐ SKULL BONG (#2213) @ \$10.50 ea
☐ BOSOM BUDDY (#2214) @ \$12.75 ea
☐ COLUMBIAN SMOKER (#2215) @ \$12.75 ea

Subtotal _____
Ohio Res. add _____
4% Sales Tax _____
Postage & Handling 1.50
TOTAL _____

PLEASE PRINT
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____
Signature _____ (Foreign Orders add \$2) Expiration Date _____



EXCITEMENT... FROM HORIZON!

Now...America's largest manufacturer of male contraceptives makes the easy contraceptive the *most exciting*! All with reservoir end, all lubricated with satiny SK-70 for natural action.

TAHITI Shaped to cling for increased sensitivity. Exotic colors lend visual excitement: Sunset Red, Siesta Green, Dawn Pink, Morning Blue, Midnight Black.

CONTURE Shaped to cling for increased sensitivity. Designed to hold in position. Moves as you do.

STIMULA Shaped to cling for increased sensitivity. PLUS textured surface designed to offer her an extra touch of pleasure.

PRIME Thin, sensitive, transparent. Easy and natural.



Add new horizons to
your sex life!

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS • P. O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please send me: _____ 0876 Date _____
— Set(s) of 4 samplers (#5007) @ \$2.50/set _____
— Dozen TAHITI (#5008) @ \$3.50/dz _____
— Dozen CONTURE (#5009) @ \$3.50/dz _____
— Dozen STIMULA (#5010) @ \$3.50/dz _____
— Dozen PRIME (#5011) @ \$3.50/dz _____
Specify TAHITI colors _____

PLEASE PRINT:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____

Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____

Expiration Date _____

HORIZON MEANS SAFETY. Meets stringent U.S. Food and Drug Administration tests, *plus* all existing international standards. Every sheath is tested electronically over its entire surface for uniform quality, then hermetically sealed.

ORDER NOW BY PHONE—USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE! Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

MAIL-ORDER MANIA

Life-Like SEX AIDS and DEVICES

Our ARTIFICIAL FEMALE ORGAN is undoubtedly the most unique sex aid ever offered. It is medically evaluated and can help overcome anxiety, tension, and other problems related to sex.

We have also designed a brand new ARTIFICIAL MALE ORGAN. It is medically tested and approved—and may help you and your partner experience the bliss of mutual satisfaction. Send \$1 for our fully illustrated brochure on these sex aids & devices. Send to: CONTINENTAL Dept. 1959 6311 Yucca Street Hollywood, Calif. 90028

New Apostate Exotic Love Potion lets you...

HAVE SEX WITH ANYONE YOU DESIRE

and have her
(or him) at
your sexual
command,
anytime...
ANYWHERE!!!

"IMPULSE" was created to sexually stimulate and excite the person you desire. Made from carefully blended erotic spices, "IMPULSE" entices her (or him) to think of love and respond eagerly to your wishes.

If you've ever wanted to have intimate relations with a certain person but could not succeed, then you owe it to yourself to try this unique apostate love formula. IMPULSE mixes easily in all kinds of drinks and is completely safe and tasteless. It can be used on either sex and is mailed in a plain package complete with instructions. If not fully satisfied, return within 10 days for a complete refund.

ORDER TODAY

Send Cash, Check or Money Order to:
PROGRESSIVE SALES, DEPT. HU-876
Box 310, New Rochelle, New York, 10804

- ☐ 5 Portion Size only \$4.95
- ☐ 12 Portion Size only \$7.95 (Save \$3.93)
- ☐ 24 Portion Size only \$11.95 (Save \$11.81)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

STAG FILM "PRODUCTIONS" OF
DENMARK, HOLLAND & GERMANY.

REGULAR & SUPER 8 MOVIES IN BEAUTIFUL COLOR!

MR. JOHN MILTON OF "SCREW", HAS MADE OUR FINE PRODUCTS KNOWN TO IT'S READERS! WE ARE ALSO LISTED AS A "SAFE-SELLER" IN "SEX-SENSE"!

NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE READERS OF "HUSTLER" MAGAZINE, TO FIND OUT ABOUT OUR BEAUTIFUL MOVIE-FILMS.

FOR OUR BROCHURE, SEND \$2.00 WITH YOUR NAME, ADDRESS & ZIP (PRINT CLEARLY) TO: ZODIAC ENTERPRISES, BOX 02441, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44102!

P.S. YOUR \$2.00 IS DISCOUNTED FROM YOUR FIRST FILM-PURCHASE!

Special Introductory Prices for a Limited Time Only!

*Have Sex
with
Anyone You Desire!*

Want to turn your chick on real fast? Want her to spread her legs wide just for you? Now you can put her and yourself 'in the mood' quickly and easily anytime, anyplace or anywhere! It's easy with these fantastic Placebo Aphrodisiacs and Sex Stimulant Products. Throughout the cultures of the world, certain folk remedies for virility and sexual arousal have existed in



Fantastic Placebo Aphrodisiacs & Sex Stimulants

legend and practice. By researching these facts, we have reproduced a number of these potions which contain those secret ingredients that the ancients employed for sexual prowess and fulfillment. For reasons that you will readily understand, we must offer these as novelty items only, and you must be over 18 to purchase or use these powerful surefire seducers.

Leg Spreaders!

A1 Ersatz SPANISH FLY POWDER with Sugar

A rare combination of genuine imported spices gives this a very stimulating effect on her private parts, and yours too! Dissolves easily in cocktails, coffee, etc., for a fast turn-on, yet the results last for hours.

Famous in sexual literature for hundreds of years, this has always been a reliable standby for getting women to open up to you.

For one ounce, our special price to you is only \$4.95

A2 WILD PASSION GINSENG

For more than a thousand years, the Chinese have used Ginseng as an aphrodisiac, and to build virility and sexual potency. At one point, so rare was the Ginseng root that it sold for \$1,000 a pound.

Now this sexy stimulant is all the rage here in the good ol' USA, and, through modern growing and processing techniques, you can buy this fine imported Korean Ginseng in handy easy-to-swallow gelatin capsules.

24 capsules—Special Introductory Price—only \$5.95

A3 SEDUCING POWDER

This powder will guarantee you a hot time tonight and every night, if you use it right. Mix it into a Bloody Mary, or hot soup, and then stand by for action! Our Seducing Powder stimulates her desire, makes her want to want you! We think this is just what you've been looking for. Relax, now you've found it...this powder will do the job. If it's action you want, you've got it!

Get a full ounce at our special low price of only \$4.95

A4 'KNOCKOUT' PILLS

Never before available on the American market, these "Wowie" pills will sure do a job on her. She'll never know who did it, with these high-potency capsules.

Just slip one of these quick-dissolving numbers in her drink, at a party, or in the privacy of your own home, and then just watch the results! You'll be amazed at what these powerful pills can do to improve your sex life!

For twenty pills, our first-time-ever price is only \$5.95

3 ADULTS ONLY FULL LENGTH SEX BOOKS

or 20 for \$5.00

Send \$1 to cover postage & handling

TIFFANY ENTERPRISES Dept. 1959

6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

GUARANTEED NOT A GIMMICK

FREE 100's of HOT OFFERS 100's of PHOTOS

\$5 SAVE MONEY \$5

Answering this ad is better than writing off

for all the other stuff in this magazine!!

\$1 POSTAGE & HANDLING

Diverse Industries, Inc. • 7422-CY • Melrose • Hollywood, Ca. 90046

COMMAND SEXUAL POTENCY!

A5 HARD-ON PILLS

A custom blend of exotic imported Oriental fragrant roots and spices, these little capsules pack a giant wallop. Be the Big Man you've always wanted to be! These amazing pills give you the performance you're looking for! Get sexual power when you need it with our powerful Hard-On Pills. Be ready for action when the action's ready for you! Buy some today.

20 fantastic Hard-On Pills are yours for just \$4.95

A6 PROLONG PILLS

Stay harder longer with our special Prolong Pills, and be still in there where the action is when ordinary men would have had to quit! You can be sure she'll love you for it, and be your woman for ever if you can keep on balling when the others stop! Carefully compounded of special spices from the Far East together with natural American herbs long reputed to have aphrodisiac qualities.

20 Prolong Pills, worth twice as much, for only \$4.95

SPECIAL PACKAGE OFFER FOR READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

All six of these unique turn-on pills
(A regular \$31.70 value) Only \$22.95

OUR NO RISK UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE!

If for any reason you are not happy with your purchase, simply return the unused portion within 10 days for a full refund of your purchase price.

COPYRIGHT © 1976 WORLD WIDE

WORLD WIDE, P.O. Box 8800 Dept. H-951
Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

Gentlemen: Please rush me in a plain sealed package, the items checked below, as per your 10 day money-back guarantee!

☐ I have enclosed \$_____ in full payment. ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O.

☐ I have enclosed a \$2 deposit. Please send C.O.D.

(NOTE: Please add 30¢ per item for Postage and Handling)

A1 Spanish Fly w/ Sugar... \$4.95
A2 Wild Passion Ginseng... \$5.95
A3 Seducing Powder... \$4.95
A4 'Knockout' Pills... \$5.95
A5 Hard-On Pills... \$4.95
A6 Prolong Pills... \$4.95
Special ALL 6... Only \$22.95

Signature _____
I am over 18 years of age

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SAVE MONEY! ENCLOSE FULL PAYMENT. SAVE C.O.D. CHARGES!

(New York Residents please add appropriate rate of Sales Tax.)

ALL ITEMS ON THIS BROCHURE SOLD AS NOVELTIES ONLY.

NOW YOU CAN PROLONG SEXUAL RELATIONS AS LONG AS YOU WISH...WITHOUT LOSING CONTROL!



A learned sexologist has discovered an easy to use, uniquely new sex miracle that INSTANTLY allows you to maintain the male erection as long as you want...while completely eliminating premature and untimely climax.

When you apply "ULTRA-STALONG" you are immediately ready to begin...and continue the sex act with any partner, the way you want—at any tempo you want...without ever losing control!

"ULTRA-STALONG" is completely non-detectable so she'll never know you're using it. It's also greaseless, odorless, non-toxic and 100% safe. No more "straining" or "holding back." "ULTRA-STALONG" will never let you down.

For your privacy, "ULTRA-STALONG" is mailed in a plain envelope complete with instructions. If not fully satisfied, simply return the label within 10 days for full refund. NOTE: NOT available in stores. Sold ONLY through the mail.

Do not accept imitations. "ULTRA-STALONG" is the only GENUINE potency product.

ORDER TODAY

Send Cash, Check or Money Order To:
SHORE PRODUCTS, Dept. HU-876
Box 427, Bronxville, New York 10708

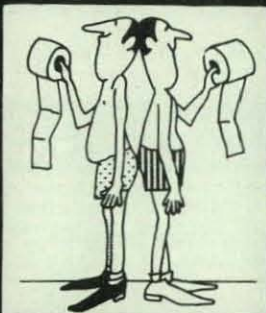
☐ 30-Day Supply \$5.95 ☐ 60-Day Supply \$8.95 (SAVE \$2.95)
☐ 90-Day Supply Only \$10.95 (SAVE \$6.90)

Name

Address

City..... State..... Zip.....

"THE FARTING CONTEST"



The Power of Positive Stinking
NOW!—Most famous and funniest
party record ever made. Now on
record, 8-track or cassette. This
tape features various fartist's —
The mightiest sounds of individual
combat ever recorded.

Send \$6.00 including postage and
handling per record, 8-track or
cassette:

To: GAMES UNLIMITED H-8

P.O. Box 369, Butler, WI 53007

Specify: ☐ Record ☐ 8-track ☐ Cassette

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Checks—15-Day Shipment—Cash or

Money Order—Shipped Immediately

Wis. residents add 4% sales tax

© Games Unlimited 1976

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

(continued from page 129)

\$6.25, plus 60 cents postage, and is available
from Mayers House Co., Dept. AD-4, P. O. Box
66311, Houston, Texas 77006.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

If you have any problems with the service you
receive from any mail-order advertisers, in-
cluding those in HUSTLER, let us know so we can
alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Write us a
letter, including all pertinent facts. We'll check out
the incident. If the advertiser can't or won't make
good on its promises, we'll refuse the company
future advertising space in HUSTLER. If you have
dealt with a good, reliable firm, we want to know
that, too. Address your letters to: Mail-Order
Feedback, HUSTLER Magazine, 40 W. Gay St.,
Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I am writing to complain about one of your
advertisers: Gem Sales, P. O. Box 184, Murray
Hill Station, New York City. On Sept. 14, 1975, I
sent for one of their films, paying by check. The
check cleared quickly, but I didn't receive any
merchandise.

On November 3, 1975, I wrote to them about
it, asking for the merchandise or the return of
my money. I received a postcard that said that I
should not write to them about an order since it
only slowed them down in filling it.

In February 1976, I wrote again, offering to
accept a substitute if they could not send my
original selection. I did not have to do that since
their ad in your March 1976 issue states that
there is a money-back guarantee. I still have
not heard from them.

It seems to me that Gem Sales is advertising
falsely—with HUSTLER's assistance. If I do not
get fast satisfaction on this matter, I will make a
formal complaint to the post office.

R. T. G.
Allentown, Pennsylvania

First of all, nobody advertises falsely in our
magazine with our assistance. If one of our
advertisers is ripping off customers, we have no
way of finding out—unless we receive com-
plaints. We have little knowledge of any of our
advertisers' business practices. We have con-
tacted the people at Gem Sales, and they claim
that your order was shipped in 1975. Since they
use third-class mail, merchandise sometimes
either gets lost or floats around in the postal
system for weeks before being delivered. In this
case, it appears that your order was lost. Gem
Sales has assured us that, in order to maintain
good customer relations, they have reshipped
your order, and you should be receiving it soon.
However, the postcard telling you not to write
about an order does sound shady, so if you still
don't receive your film, complain to them, and
then write us.

In the Bits & Pieces section of the February
1976 issue of HUSTLER, you had a story on

"ROOM TO KEEP YOUR COOL IN!"

ALL NYLON 1-MINUTE WASH-DRY MONO-KINIS!

10 DAY
MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE!



#283 You'll love to be loved in these custom sheer panel-kinis. The best for the most
of you. Black, White or Nude. S-M-L. \$3.49 ea. 2 for \$6.49.

#286 A wild bit of jungle for the male animal! Muscle hugging design with french-legs
to let you go ape with torrid pleasure. Jungle print. S-M-L. \$2.99 ea. 2 for \$5.88.

#207 V-Dip zip-front swim & brief marvels to mix fun with male power. A must for
a man! Black, White or Nude. S-M-L. \$4.49. 2 for \$8.49.

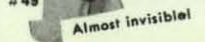
#377. Sleek Adonis briefs that will give you sex-appeal no lover can resist.
Built in support like never before. 40 denier. White, Blue, Peach or Gold.
\$2.99 2 for \$5.88.

#422 The "wet-look" jersey nylon briefs that cling and hug every muscle,
regardless of size. Fabulous in Black Seal. \$2.49 ea. 2 for \$4.88.

#19 A sling-shot cachette that is the briefest ever! Real man-size support for
modeling, under your jeans or swimwear. White, Black or Nude. \$2.69 ea.
2 for \$4.88.

#49 The coolest brief yet, for the masculine taste
in almost invisible next-to-nothing 15 denier
tricot. For the continental man. White, Black,
Hello, Mar Green or Nude. \$2.49 ea. 2 for \$4.88.

#105 Incredible design with dime-size opening
that stretches open wide. Muscle hugging cut in
Black, White or Nude. \$4.49 ea. 2 for \$8.50.



Regency Square, Dept. 1959
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca. 90028

RUSH ME ITEMS: #

Add 50c post. & hdl. ea. item plus 5% sales tax. En-

closed is \$ (PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY ON ORDER.)

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

Felch Comics ("Cumic Books"). The article mentioned that Felch Comics could be ordered from Keith Green, Box 11101, San Francisco, California. I ordered some of them and sent a check in payment. I got back the canceled check but have not yet received any books. It has been over two months. I wrote Keith Green a letter but never heard from him. Could you please check out Green for me and let me know whether I can get either my money or my books?

D. B.
Yuma, Arizona

Since the name and address of Felch Comics appeared in a Bits & Pieces item and was not a paid advertisement, we have no control whatsoever over how honestly the merchandiser in question handles orders. We put such items in Bits & Pieces only to let you know about new, unusual, or amusing products that are brought to our attention. Since Bits & Pieces items are not paid ads, we have no means of regulating these merchandisers. We have received a number of complaints like yours about Keith Green.

According to Federal Trade Commission regulations, the company has 30 days from the receipt of your order to either get the book to you or to let you know that it will be late in arriving and to return your money. Since Felch Comics has done neither, we suggest that you contact the Federal Trade Commission or the post office and register a complaint.

In October 1975, Mr. Hugh M. Hefner ordered a subscription to HUSTLER magazine. To date he has not received a single issue. Enclosed is a Xerox copy of the canceled check. Where are Mr. Hefner's copies of HUSTLER magazine?

Ellsworth Magazine Service
Chicago, Illinois

Mr. Hefner, we sincerely regret that you haven't been receiving your copies of HUSTLER. Our only excuse is that HUSTLER's circulation is growing so rapidly that we sometimes have problems in speedily fulfilling the demands of our burgeoning subscription lists. We know such difficulties are totally foreign to you so we got right down to the problem, and you will soon be receiving all the issues of HUSTLER you desire. We were glad to see that your check cleared, and we hope that you get off on our lively HUSTLER Honeys. Have fun.

Back in January, I ordered and received one of Leisure Time Products' inflatable plastic Love Dolls. I had the doll about three weeks when my wife found it and got a little upset. She got a kitchen knife and slashed the doll five or six times.

I would like to know if you have a repair kit I can buy for the doll, or if you could let me know what kind of glue to use on it. I have tried several types of glue, but none of them works. I sure would hate to chuck it into the garbage can and lose the money I spent on it. If I were to buy several more of these Love Dolls, could I

(continued on page 135)

CONDOMS from EUROPE

with Exclusive Features
not available in any
American Condom

First Time in America!

ANTI-BABY CONDOM with Spermicide!

This condom is unique and available now for the first time in the U.S. It gives you double protection against an unwanted pregnancy due to any possible stray sperm, because it not only is an efficient latex sheath contraceptive, but its lubricant is a powerful spermicide which will speedily kill any potentially-escaping sperm. "ABC" comes in natural skin color.

One Dozen \$6.00 • Three Dozen \$15.00

First Time in America!

Koralle

Textured for her Pleasure!

Koralle is not just a protective condom, it has a most unusual and fascinating textured surface which increases female sensation, while the very thin character of the latex enables the male to retain all of his pleasurable feelings at the same time. Koralle comes lubricated with Vaginit 2, has a plain end, and is a beautiful coral-red shade of color for sensual enjoyment. Individually sealed in a see-thru plastic and aluminum capsule.

One Dozen \$7.00 • Three Dozen \$17.50

First Time in America!

NON-STOP with PROLONG action!

Another unique condom, Non-Stop is lubricated with a prolonging (desensitizing) liquid, which helps prevent premature ejaculation in the male, and thus enables him to increase the sensual pleasure of his partner. Of course, Non-Stop is also an effective contraceptive and comes beautifully flesh-toned, sealed into a plastic sleeve.

One Dozen \$6.00 • Three Dozen \$15.00

NOW! A NEW TYPE OF CONDOM COMES TO AMERICA!

Now offered for the first time in America, we exclusively present the world famous Blausiegel line of unique condoms manufactured in Germany to the highest standards of excellence in workmanship and materials. You will find them the most comfortable, safest and most sensuous condoms in the entire world with features unobtainable in any other brand!

SPECIAL SAMPLER ASSORTMENT—Sample Dozen, containing four each of Koralle, Anti-Baby Condom and Non-Stop \$7.00

OUR FULL-COLOR CONDOM DISCOUNT CATALOG Featuring over 50 different American and European Condoms only **One Dollar** (Free with every order).

UNIQUE DISTRIBUTORS, INC., P.O. Box 1441
Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017 DEPT. H-155

GENTLEMEN: Please send the items I have indicated below:

ANTI-BABY E1 ☐ 1 Doz-\$6 E2 ☐ 3 Doz-\$15.00
KORALLE E3 ☐ 1 Doz-\$7 E4 ☐ 3 Doz-\$17.50
NON-STOP E5 ☐ 1 Doz-\$6 E6 ☐ 3 Doz-\$15.00

SPECIAL SAMPLER (4 Each Of Above) E7 ☐ \$7
CONDOM DISCOUNT CATALOG E8 ☐ \$1 (Free with every order!)

(PLEASE ADD 50¢ PER ITEM FOR SHIPPING & HANDLING)

☐ I have enclosed \$ _____ in Full Payment!
☐ I have enclosed a \$2 deposit. Please send C.O.D.
☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SAVE MONEY! Enclose full payment & SAVE C.O.D. charges!
(New York State residents please add appropriate Sales Tax)

YOU'LL GET A BANG... out of wearing these seductive teasers

- #87 OPEN END. No crotch 15 denier hose. Black or Nude. Sizes 8 1/2-11. \$4.95
- #440 KEEP YOUR COOL. Short, sexy little charmer. Black. S-M-L. \$8.95
- #935 OPENING NIGHT. Open front bra. No crotch panty. Lace trimmed. Black, Red, Nude. S-M-L. \$6.95
- #89 BARELY THERE. Separates and adds cleavage to your fanny. Black. S-M-L. \$2.50 3 for \$6.95
- #450 CAN CAN GARTER BELT—\$4.95
- #350 SCANTIE PANTIES 3 for \$4.95
- #99 HOLE IN ONE. Sheer nylon with daring cut out. Black, Red, Nude, Blue. S-M-L. \$2.95—3 for \$7.95
- #105 PIGALLE SATIN HALF BRA with 6 garter belts \$5.95
- #250 MONMARTRE SATIN GARTER BELT \$5.95
- #28 SINARA, SHOULDER LENGTH GLOVES \$8.95
- #26 BLACK DIAMOND OPERA HOSE \$5.95

ORDER ABOVE 4 ITEMS AS SET AND SAVE #FS SET \$25.00

Mail Orders to LILI ST. CYR Dept 1959
7471 Melrose Ave. Hollywood, Ca. 90046

Please rush me the following items. I have enclosed
☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order for FULL amount.
(SORRY—NO C.O.D.'S.)

HOW MANY	ARTICLE	STYLE #	SIZE	COLOR FIRST	CHOICE SECOND	PRICE

Bust _____ Cup Size _____ Hip _____ Waist _____ TOTAL _____
Name _____ Height _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Calif. res. add 6% tax

BUSHPILOT WINGS
2" WIDE PIN ON INSIGNIA

for your flight suit, cap, jacket, helmet, sweater, blazer, etc.

DIE CAST RIGID METAL NICKEL PLATED

P. O. Box 405
St. Peters, Mo. 63376

SEND \$3.95 ... **BUSHPILOT**

If you are searching for the ultimate in
PRIVATE FILM PROCESSING

send for price list & mailing bags.

 and  accepted

NUFO LABORATORY
Color & Black/White Processing
P. O. Box 811, Dayton, O. 45401

NEW!
PATENTED ACCU-JAC®
The sex simulators for Men & Women.



Great in foreplay—or by yourself. Erotic sensations so natural it would fool Mother Nature! Massaging membrane travels up & down—stays on by itself. Leaves you free to make fantasies "come true."

24-page catalog (with color) of all our products—\$3.

Funways, Inc., Box 9691, N. Hollywood, CA. 91609

Sensual Vibrator

Not a sex substitute. But an unchaste sex tool driving you to outrageous delicious sexual excess! Send now only \$22.00 cash, check or money order to Getup, Dept. CLX, P.O. Box 2605, Jackson, TN 38301. (Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.)

10 FREE SEX BOOKS

Guaranteed to be Full Length — THIS IS NO GIMIC
Send \$2.00 to cover Postage and Handling
CR SALES — 6311 Yucca St.
Hollywood, Calif. 90028 Dept. 1959

STAG FILMS CATALOG!

 **GIANT** with over **700 "Live Action" PICTURES**

Brand new 52-page catalog jam-packed with over 700 imported and domestic, photo-illustrated, film selections. Single Girls, 2 or More Girls, Boy & Girl, Bond/Sparking (Girls), Bond/Sparking (Boy/Girl), Black Man/White Girl, White Man/Black Girl, Single Male, 2 or More Males, Transvestites, and much, more... for your private collection! Also included are other hard-to-find adult "sex educational" materials. Only complete catalog of its kind in the world! Order today. Money-back guarantee!

You must be over 21 to order. Only **\$3.00** Add 25¢ post.

CLIMAX PRODUCTIONS, P.O. Box 119 - HU876
Murray Hill Station, New York, N. Y. 10016

A HARD MAN IS GOOD TO FIND!

Remember the night when you thought it would never go soft again? You didn't believe any man could last that long! Well, you can have nights like that again with **STUD**. The exclusive formula of 100% natural ingredients in **STUD** includes rare Damiana leaves, a renowned erotic stimulant that has been used for centuries in many parts of the world. **STUD** is a fantastic energy booster that renews sex drive. Many of our customers claim **STUD** actually increases size and gives harder erections! Of course, you'll have to use our program for at least 90 days; it takes time to bring about changes. Try **STUD** and feel the difference for yourself. 60 capsules \$8.95/180 capsules \$19.95.

WILMONT PRODUCTS, Dept. 307AG
8831 Sunset Bl., Suite 404, L.A., CA 90069



Stud won't let you down...
We've been satisfying customers for over two years!

SEXUAL BEST SELLERS

Now Available Conveniently By Mail!
C.O.D. ORDERS ACCEPTED!

EUROPE'S BEST SELLING SEX MANUAL
THOUSANDS SOLD AT UP TO \$12.95!

THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE
FEATURING OVER 100 LARGE FULL PAGE, FULL COLOR, UNCENSORED AND UNRETOUCHED PHOTOS

This is Europe's best selling sex manual! Now, you can obtain it in the U.S.A. It combines no-punches-pulled straight talk about sex in all its pleasurable variations with clear, full color photographs of live models—nude men and women—graphically demonstrating numerous techniques of sexual love. Almost overnight, you will learn how to transform dull, routine sex into exciting episodes of satisfaction and gratification beyond your fondest hopes. And it's all so incredibly easy to follow because the color photographs show you precisely what to do, every step of the way.

Special Deluxe ALL COLOR — Perfect Sound Edition 224 Pages
NOW ONLY - \$4.95

OVER ONE MILLION COPIES SOLD AT
UP TO \$12.95 Per Copy **NOW ONLY \$2.95**

The New PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE
FEATURING OVER 750 FULL COLOR AND BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Here it is new and revised, one of the all-time greatest and best selling sex manuals ever published! It's been translated into five foreign languages. It's been used in sex courses by such Universities as Johns Hopkins. It's been acclaimed by psychiatrists and members of the medical profession. Many have called this book "America's Advanced Sex Course" and for you and your mate, that's exactly what it will be!

The complete uncensored and unabridged \$12.95 Edition complete with FULL COLOR Photographs, in paperback — 264 pages
NOW ONLY - \$2.95

THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE
NOW! A SEX MANUAL THAT TELLS IT AND SHOWS IT... LIKE IT IS!

WHAT TO DO... HOW TO DO IT... WHEN TO DO IT! No dry theory... no boring philosophies... this book deals with lovemaking techniques far more completely and clearly than any book has ever attempted to before. Its 320 dynamic, bold and adventurous pages of text and its over 196 actual photographs of revealing, unashamed and unafraid live couples boldly demonstrating sexual lovemaking positions and techniques, will teach you all you will ever need to know to satisfy your love partner completely and totally.

The complete uncensored and unabridged \$14.95 edition; 196 actual photographs; in paperback—320 pages
NOW ONLY - \$2.95

Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Money Refunded Within 10 Days!

SPECIAL LIMITED TIME OFFER TO READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE!
BUY ALL 3 SEX BEST SELLERS FOR ONLY \$9.95 and SAVE \$1.00!
(NOTE: Please add 30¢ per each book for postage & handling)

Medi-Data, Inc. P.O. Box 4399
Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017

Please rub me in plain sealed wrapper, the books I have indicated below as per your 10 day money back guarantee!

☐ I have enclosed \$_____ in full payment. ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O.
☐ I have enclosed a \$1 deposit. Please send C.O.D.

☐ PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE — \$4.95
☐ PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE — \$2.95
☐ PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE — \$2.95
☐ **ALL THREE FOR ONLY-\$9.95**

SIGNATURE _____
I hereby represent that I am over 18 years of age.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
SAVE MONEY! Enclose full payment and SAVE Post Office C.O.D. charges!

SLIM INCHES AWAY IN THE AMAZING NEW BODY TAPER-TRIM SHIRT

Puts power in your sex appeal as it reshapes you to more manly "tapered" proportions!

- SMOOTHES TORSO
- BUILDS CHEST
- STRAIGHTENS BACK
- SLIMS ABDOMEN
- CINCHES WAIST
- FLATTENS BULGES

Extra-light, extra-comfortable long line undershirt puts power net LYCRA SPANDEX & NYLON to work providing firm, smooth control from chest to lower abdomen. Smooths out bulges and trims you with unprecedented built-in slimming-power. Worn as an undershirt, it works to keep you in shape. Completely machine washable. White only.

INSTANTLY HOLDS \$8.99 STOMACH IN!



10 Day MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Purchase Price Refundable if not 100% Satisfied

FROM THIS... TO THIS...

R. S. SALES, Dept. 1959
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

My chest is _____ inches. (Exhale & measure chest.)
SIZES: ☐ S (34-36), ☐ Med. (38-40), ☐ Lg. (42-44),
☐ XL (46-48), ☐ 2X (50-52) Add 50¢ per order postage & handling. Total Enclosed \$_____ Calif. residents add 6% tax. For COD enclose \$2.00 deposit.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SUPER BOOK SALE
OVER 2200 TOTAL PHOTOS!
No. 1 BEST SEXUAL SELLER!
 BRAND NEW
 GIANT EDITION!

The Complete
PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE
 to **SEXUAL INTERCOURSE**

NOW OVER **1500**
SENSATIONAL UNCENSORED & UNRETOUCHED
EXPLICIT PICTURES
 NOW ONLY **\$4.95**

SEE and LEARN the Ultimate in SEXUAL PLEASURES

Regain the thrills of sexual intercourse... achieve greater heights of sexual enjoyment and eliminate bedroom boredom forever! You'll find all the answers in words and pictures for a more fulfilling and satisfying sexual relationship in the new enlarged "COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE". In addition to the straightforward and honest text you'll see over 1500 explicit pictures of sensual young couples photographed in actual positions of sexual intercourse.

Originally made to sell for \$12.95, this new and outstanding achievement is now available through the mail (save \$8.00 if you order now!) only **\$4.95**

(NOTE: add \$5¢ for postage & handling)

FREE SUPER BONUS



PHOTO-ILLUSTRATED MANUAL OF SEXUAL LOVE

OVER **700** FULL COLOR and B&W PICTURES
 Originally sold for \$6.95

YOURS FREE WITH EACH PURCHASE!
 ORDER TODAY WHILE THIS OFFER LASTS!

PLUS Giant money-saving & sex-education and marital aids catalog sent **FREE** with each order.
 You must state you are over 21 to receive this merchandise.

PHOENIX DIST. BOX 320—HU876
Murray Hill Sta., New York, N.Y. 10016

FREE! Battery Operated Vibrator With Every Order! **\$2 Value!**

TRY US FIRST! LOWEST PRICES IN THE U.S.A.!

DISCOUNT CONDOMS BY MAIL!

NEW EXCLUSIVE LINE OF SPECIAL EUROPEAN CONDOMS! FIRST TIME IN U.S.A.!

WHY PAY MORE?

We Stock All Top Brands At Prices Way Below Retail!

Huge discounts by the dozen and by the gross. Our special sampler assortments give you much more for your money. We have them all: skins and latex... lubricated and dry... plain or nipple ends... in colors, textured, contoured... you name it, we've got it! Factory fresh stock of all name brands... Trojans, Naturalamb, XXXX Fourx Skins, Stimula, Tahlit, NuForm plus all others at DISCOUNT PRICES! We have our own computer for immediate order processing and shipment. All orders shipped in plain wrapper. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Our Giant Discount Catalog **FREE** With Every Order!

UNIQUE DISTRIBUTORS INC. Dept. H-156
 Box 1441, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017
 Gentlemen: Please rush me the following in plain sealed wrapper:

- ☐ 15 Asst. Condoms - 5 Different Brands - Sampler \$3
- ☐ 25 Asst. Condoms - 10 Diff. Brands - Deluxe Sampler \$5
- ☐ 30 Asst. Condoms - 15 Diff. Brands - Super Deluxe Sampler \$10
- ☐ 100 Asst. Condoms - 20 Diff. Brands - He-Man Sampler \$20
- ☐ Condom Discount Catalog - \$1.00 (FREE With Order)

I have enclosed \$ ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
 I have enclosed a \$2 Deposit. Please Ship C.O.D.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(New York State residents please add appropriate sales tax)
SAVE MONEY! Enclose full payment SAVE Postage & C.O.D. charges!

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

(continued from page 133)

buy them without the electronic Vibro-Pussy features?

J. L.
 Stockton, California

We were dismayed to learn about the terrible demise of your Love Doll. Perhaps your approach was wrong; you should have introduced the doll to your wife and told her that the doll could help her in the kitchen. Now that the damage is done, though, all we can suggest is that you get a plastic repair kit from a sporting-goods or department store and try to patch things up with both ladies. You'll be happy to know that Leisure Time now has a Love Doll without the electronic vagina. Her name is Susie, and she sells for \$29.95.

Let me take this opportunity to inform you that I think your magazine is great, and I look forward to each issue. Now let me tell you of a problem that I am sure you would like to hear about. In the early part of January, I answered an advertisement in HUSTLER for a Swedish porno magazine called *Private*. I sent in the money and the request around January 8. To date, I have not heard from *Private*. If *Private* does not intend to honor the subscription, I would like to have my six dollars refunded.

N. R.
 Little Neck, New York

Again, *Private* was a Bits & Pieces item and not a paid ad. We have received a number of complaints from readers who have not received the issues of *Private* that they ordered. We checked and found that *Private* is being confiscated by U. S. Customs, which evidently doesn't appreciate works of art. We have tried to discover a way to get the magazine into this country, but to no avail. We can only suggest that you write to *Private*, explain that your issues are being confiscated, ask if they have a commercial outlet in the U. S., and, if not, ask whether you can get your money refunded.

You recently featured an advertisement in HUSTLER offering a book for sale that is called *The Complete Photographic Guide to Oral Love and Sexual Intercourse*. I ordered that book, but instead I received *The Complete Photographic Guide to Sexual Intercourse*.

I sent the company (Phoenix Distributors) a couple of letters asking them to send me what I ordered, but I have not yet received it. Can you help me?

B. V.
 Bronx, New York

Your order was apparently confused by Phoenix Distributors because two of its books have similar titles. We contacted them, and they are sending you the book you originally ordered, *The Complete Photographic Guide to Oral Love and Sexual Intercourse*.

FROM THE LAND OF THE ACUPUNCTURE MIRACLE
Ginseng! CAPSULES

Ginseng - the unique Oriental herb! Used by wise men of the Orient for 5,000 years - once paying **\$1,000 a pound for it!** They brew it like tea, or swallow it like a vitamin capsule. Some call it the 'life root.' Today, movie stars, celebrities, athletes - they're all trying Ginseng capsules! Just ask your doctor and you'll know what the excitement is for!

NOW AVAILABLE HERE!

SUPER GINSENG BRAND capsules are the real thing! **IMPORTED!** Available only from us! **Guaranteed!** Order direct and save BIG!

Starter Size - \$3 95!

50 Capsules - \$5 95!

100 - \$10 50! 200 - \$18 50!

Send check or cash to

SUPER GINSENG, Dept. 1959

7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046

YOUR NAME IS WORTH \$21 TO US!

WE WILL SEND YOU NEW SEX EDUCATION INFORMATION consisting of:

1. Manual of Sexual Intercourse\$3
 (Photographically Illustrated) list price
2. How To Arouse A Woman To Her
 Fullest Potential\$3
 (Photographically Illustrated) list price
3. 14 Techniques For Making Longer-Lasting,
 More Vigorous Love\$3
 (Photographically Illustrated) list price
4. 6 Basic Mistakes In Sexual Techniques\$3
 (Photographically Illustrated) list price
5. Advanced Oral Sex Techniques\$3
 (Photographically Illustrated) list price
6. Sexual Gimmicks and Gadgets\$3
 (Illustrated) list price
7. An Illustrated Guide To The Gentle
 Art of Seduction\$3
 (Photographically Illustrated) List price

TOTAL VALUE \$21.00

IT'S ALL YOURS FREE!

Over 350,000 copies sold.

State your age. Available to persons 21 years of age or older.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND \$1 to cover postage & handling charges.

OVERLOOK COMPANY
Dept. 1959 - 6311 Yucca St.
Hollywood, California 90028

THE BEST OF HUSTLER

THE BEST OF HUSTLER #1

THE YEAR IN REVIEW

AND, NEVER
BEFORE!
32 NUDE
PHOTOS
OF
JACKIE
ONASSIS



An exciting and revealing compilation of our first year's best pictures, cartoons, stories and features, including 32 NEW nude photos of Jackie Onassis.

ORDER NOW BY PHONE — USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216) 0876

Send to
HUSTLER MAGAZINE
P. O. Box 2204
Columbus, Ohio 43216

Date _____
Please allow up to
4 weeks for delivery

Please send _____ copies of The Best of HUSTLER @ \$2.75 ea \$ _____
Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax _____
Postage & Handling 50
TOTAL _____

PLEASE PRINT

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____ Expiration Date _____

HUSTLER BINDERS Get it all together!

This attractive, durable new binder in dark brown vinyl, with HUSTLER stamped in gold leaf, holds six magazines. It's a handy way to preserve and protect your complete collection of back issues.



Stock No. 6200
Single Binder \$4.95

Stock No. 6201
Set of 2 \$9.00

ORDER NOW BY PHONE—USE OUR TOLL-FREE HOTLINE!
Call 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

Or send coupon to
HUSTLER MAGAZINE
P. O. Box 2204
Columbus, Ohio 43216

0876

Date _____
Please allow up to
4 weeks for delivery

Please send me
_____ Single Binder (#6200) @ \$4.95 ea \$ _____
(single binder holds 6 issues)
_____ Set(s) of 2 Binders (#6201) @ \$9 per set _____
(Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax) Postage & Handling 1.00

PLEASE PRINT

TOTAL _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____ (Foreign Orders add \$2) Expiration Date _____

PREVIEW

SEPTEMBER PREVIEW

SINATRA—Power mad and arrogant, there is more to Sinatra than the headlines he hates. Old Blue Eyes' reputedly foot-long cock, his treatment of his "broad," his Mafia friendships and political shenanigans are showcased in September's HUSTLER PROFILE. By James T. Houston.

BEER GUZZLERS, UNITE!—Norman Jackson Smith takes us on a mouth-watering tour of the beer industry in this article that gives HUSTLER readers a taste of what goes into pouring their second favorite kind of head.

MAIL-ORDER SEX—Staying on top of the "sex by mail" business involves secretly planned innovations and spying on each other for two publishers of swingers' magazines. Bob Baron, Barry Nelson and their swinger catalogs are investigated for HUSTLER. By Harry Markham.

POLITICAL INSTINCTS—In the flurry of the national convention, a presidential candidate seeks the nomination and regains his balls. September's HUSTLER fiction probes the inner depths of politics. By Bud D. Marx.

FISTFUL OF FUCKING—If you'd like your lady to knuckle under to the new sex technique of fist fucking, you'll appreciate the pointers found in September's SEX PLAY. By Marco Vassi.

KINKY KORNER—Looking for a new approach to get a rise out of your humdrum sex life? A reader shares his breathtaking gimmick: "Hog-Grinding-Smother-Fucking."

MATCH THE SNATCH—Readers will have to pull out their collection of HUSTLER and get the pages unstuck so that they can match the faces to the proper snatches of models in back issues.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT—Rookie photographers keep flashing their snappy work at us as HUSTLER's amateur erotic photo contest continues.

PLUS—All the corn and kernels of knowledge you always get from BITS & PIECES, HUSTLER HUMOR, ADVISE & CONSENT, SEX BITS and MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK.

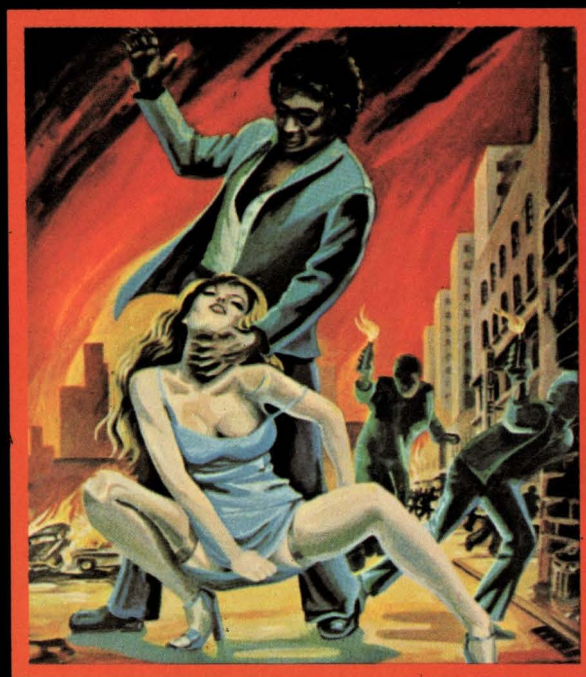
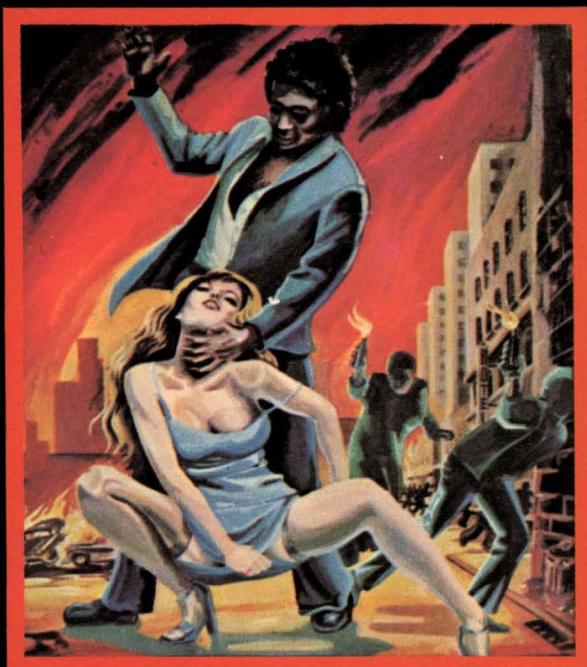
PREVIEW

THE FIRST FEMALE DIRECTOR OF TRIPLE X FILMS

THE HARE

BRINGS YOU
THE FILM THAT WILL KEEP YOU
CUMMING—CUMMING AND CUMMING
—HOLE NEWS—

HOT SUMMER WILL KEEP YOU ON THE
EDGE OF A CLIMAX FOR 70 X-CITING
MINUTES
—HOLE NEWS—



THE MOST SENSATIONAL
X-RATED MOVIE ABOUT
INTEGRATED SEX EVER
PRODUCED

NOW IN PAPERBACK AND MAGAZINE FORM AT ADULT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE

HOT SUMMER IN THE CITY

RATED XXX

RATED XXX

COMING SOON
TO THESE THEATRES

"HOT SUMMER IN THE CITY" Directed by The HARE Starring LISA BAKER • DUKE JOHNSON
SHORTY ROBERTS • STITCH UMBAS • COKE CHAIN • BLACK ORCHID
Director of Cinematography R. LEONARD HUGHES A.S.P. • Screenplay by P. JAMES WRITE
Music Recorded at JAM OAKS STUDIOS • Produced by IMPERIAL & HARE Films 1 Eastman Color • RATED XXX

IF YOU CAN KEEP YOUR HAND
OFF YOUR COCK DURING THIS
FILM YOU NEED A SEXOLOGIST
—UG. NEWS—

STARTS JUNE 30TH →	5TH AVENUE 2541 W. MANCHESTER INGLEWOOD • CALIF.	RITZ 136 N. EUCLID ONTARIO • CALIF.	CORBIN 19620 VENTURA BLVD. TARZANA • CALIF.	CINEMA 1122 N. WESTERN AVE. HOLLYWOOD • CALIF.	ROXY 127 W. OCEAN BLVD. LONG BEACH • CALIF.	STARTS JULY 7TH →	THEATRAIR X 4505 HWY 31 EAST CLARKSVILLE • IND.
CINEMA ART 208 N. MAIN MISHAWAKA • IND.	CINEMA ART 613 E. WASHINGTON SPRINGFIELD • ILL.	NOW SHOWING →	FAUST 626 UNIVERSITY AVE. ST. PAUL • MINN.	GLOBE 3120 GRAND RIVER DETROIT • MICH.	IRVING 21220 FENKELL DETROIT • MICH.	6 MILE 16533 WOODWARD HIGHLAND PARK • MICH.	MEL THEATRE OAKWOOD AVE. MELVINDALE • MICH.
COMING SOON →	CINEMA X 1343 1/2 PORTAGE KALAMAZOO • MICH.	BROADVIEW CLEVELAND OHIO	OPENING ON BROADWAY IN NEW YORK	OPENING IN THE LOOP IN CHICAGO	CINEMA BLUE DORT HIGHWAY FLINT • MICH.	ART THEATRE 5760 W. WASHINGTON INDIANAPOLIS • IND.	CINEMA X 223 PEARL ST. FT. WAYNE • IND.

**SOME
STILL
CALL HIM
PIG.**



A PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE